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THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

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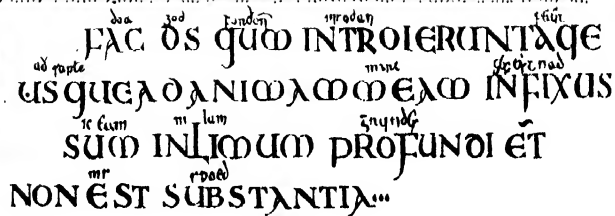




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*From the illuminated MS. sent by Pope Gregory to St. Augustine.
Facsimile published in 1640.*

The Psalter of St. Augustine

From the illuminated MS. sent by Pope Gregory to St. Augustine. Facsimile published in 1640. The first of these MSS. consists of 100 leaves of vellum, measuring 9 inches by 7. The body of the MS. is written with twenty-two lines of Latin text of the Psalms in a page, with a more recent interlineary Anglo-Saxon version



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TO THE INDIES.

By JOSÉ M. DE PEREDA.

(From "Mountain Scenes": translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

[JOSÉ MARIA DE PEREDA, the pioneer of the great leaders of contemporary Spanish fiction, was born at Polanco, near Santander, on the Bay of Biscay, in 1834. He is a wealthy country gentleman of good blood, but has always been a hard worker and assiduous student, especially of the manners and soul of his native district; he has never lived outside it and rarely written of anything else. The mountaineers and coast dwellers of North Spain regard him as their special literary champion, the only one for ages. Santander named a handsome street after one of his books, and he has had presents of plate and paintings on this account. As a man and as a writer he has followed exactly opposite paths: in politics, an extreme divine-right absolutist (having been a Carlist deputy) and reactionist; in literature a revolutionary realist of the most modern type. Especially he is a humorist of the fine old Spanish stamp. His first work was the publication in a local paper of the sketches afterwards collected as "Mountain Scenes." His first long novel was "Los Hombres de Pro" (The Respectables), in 1874; a satire on the ignorance, venality, pettiness and incapacity of the ruling order thrown up by modern suffrage conditions. "Don Gonzalo Gonzalez of Gonzalezville" (1878), the story of a returned "nabob" who has made a fortune in the colonies and goes into politics in his native land, harps on the same string. "De Tal Palo Tal Astilla" (A Chip of the Old Block) followed in 1879; then came "El Sabor de la Tierruca" (The Savor of the Soil), 1881; "Pédro Sánchez," 1883; "Sotileza" (Fine-spun), 1884; "La Montalvez," 1887; "La Puchera" (The Family Board), and "El Buey Suelto" (The Unruly Steer), 1888; "Al Primer Vuelo" (The First Flight), 1890; "Nubes de Estío" (Summer Clouds), 1890; "Pefías Arriba" (The Higher Peaks), 1894. He has also published the collected volumes, "Tipos y Paisajes" (Types and Landscapes), 1870; "Bocetos al Temple" (Sketches in Distemper), 1873; and "Esbozos y Rasguños" (Scratches and Scrawls), 1890.]

"OUR husbands, our children,
To the Indies still roam,
In search of the fortune
Lying hidden at home."

I.

"SAY, ma, this blouse is badly made, though!"

"Oh, you ungrateful rascal! Why, it fits you like your skin!"

"Nonsense, ma. I tell you it's too tight all over, and when I try to take off my hat the flaps work up round my neck!"

"Off with you, you impertinent little scamp, and don't stay here, bothering me!"

"Well, ma, you may as well give up fine sewing, anyway, and that good-for-nothing sister of mine, too! Just look at her now! She holds her needle as if it were a crowbar! My eye, look at what a shirt she's making! Now just try and make those stitches finer, can't you?"

"Oh, you rogue! Since when have you come to be a judge of fine sewing, and a howling swell yourself? And here I've been slaving for you night and day for more than a month! Mamma, I won't sew another stitch for him!"

And the unappreciated seamstress, a robust young girl, as brown as a chestnut, threw on the floor the shirt she had been sewing, and turned her back resolutely on the critical little dandy of thirteen, swift as a squirrel and thin as a rail.

His mother, some forty years of age, although the wrinkles in her face and the stoop of her shoulders give her the look of a woman of sixty, after struggling to make her thread fine enough to go through the eye of the needle, which is almost lost in her callous fingers, soothes the susceptible little sewer, goes up to the boy, makes him turn round three times, gives a vigorous pulling down to the garment he has criticised, and after gazing at her work for a moment in silence, she sits down again, exclaiming in a tone of deepest conviction, "Well, I'd like to see the tailor who could make you a better fit!"

But before proceeding with our story, and that our readers may better understand the situation, we will pause here to explain matters.

That our characters have their home in the mountains should be evident from the style of the above dialogue, and in case that has not made it sufficiently clear, I may state just here that such is the case. The reader may locate the scene of the story in that part of this province which best suits him, but the scene I am about to describe is found oftenest in the eastern part. [*I. e.*, about Santander.]

The stage setting in this case is the wide porch with red-tiled roof of a poor villager's cottage. The front of this cottage, like most of its kind, has in its center the main door, to the left the door of the sitting-room, to the right the kitchen window.

The two women are sewing, seated in the doorway. The second door stands partly open, as the good Uncle Nardo, the head of the family, husband and father respectively of the characters in our dialogue, has just gone in to settle up his accounts. As for the window, although this is an unnecessary detail, I will state on the word of a veracious historian, that it was closed; for its real use, more than to let light into the kitchen, is to let out the smoke when there is a fire in the fireplace, which just now is as cold as the mush that has been cooking there in the morning, — their food for the day. And we will add that it is now afternoon, stating also, and this is no idle detail as it may seem at a first glance, that we are in the month of September.

And now we have only to relate further that the little fellow who made such weighty charges against his mother and sister, came up to the porch, attired in a complete suit of gray nankeen, his neck tightly swathed in the intricate and tumultuous folds of an enormous cravat of red and white checked cotton. His small and intelligent face was almost hidden under the wide brim of his straw hat, adorned with a green band, and on his feet, to complete the picture, were clumsy, heavy shoes. The dust that covered them, the lad's flushed face, and the stout stick he carried, showed clearly that he had just come from a long walk. As for his grounds for complaint concerning the maternal shears and his sister's needle, we cannot deny that they appear well founded, after close examination of his clothing. At the same time it is evident that the poor women had never seen anything better in their way, and that the disdainful little fellow had never before rejoiced in such fine feathers as those which now embarrassed him. We can also affirm that, in spite of his opening speech, there is a certain gleam of pleasure, a smile on his face, which would seem to denote an inner satisfaction; his journey must have had a satisfactory ending.

But to understand this and other things which we propose to relate, let us take up our story where we left it before making this digression.

While his mother was saying the words we have recorded on having examined her son's suit, the boy seated himself on a bench between the two doors, and wiping the dust from his shoes with his pocket handkerchief, answered with some spirit: "You say this because you have nothing to compare it with, but if you should see me side by side with Don Damian, as I have just seen myself!... My, what clothes! his tailoress knows what's what! And such a cut! It's just glorious! Not such misfits as these, plague take 'em!"

"But you little imp of ingratitude, how do you expect to compare that fine cloth with your nankeen at fifteen cents a yard?"

"Who's talking about nankeen or the price of the cloth? I tell you it's all in the knowing how to cut it! If you'd only let a tailor at Santander make 'em, as I wanted you to, ... the vest is just the same way, too, and the trousers — on one side they're an acre too wide, and on the other, I can't turn round in 'em! And then these shoes! I don't know why it is, but the more I grease 'em the worse they are! Say, you ought to have seen Don Damian's! My eye, but they shine like the sun at midday!"

"But my dear boy, don't you know that Don Damian is a very rich man?"

"But you will be able, too, to wear fine clothes some day, ... isn't it so, mamma?"

"Come, come, you are already rejoicing in the thought of the fine clothes I am to give you! If you wear no others!" ...

"I don't need them, you may make sure of that! Poor I was born, and whoever loves me must take me as I am, in a woolen gown, and digging in the dirt!"

"Be still, you little goose! I just said it to tease you! You just wait and see if I don't dress you up like a real lady, one of these days! Won't I, ma?"

While her children were fighting it out on this line, tears came to the good woman's eyes, a phenomenon which Uncle Nardo had observed of late under like circumstances, with no little surprise. Having learned by experience that if she did not control her emotion in time, she would not be able to conceal it, she changed the drift of the conversation by asking the boy, "Did Don Damian give you a letter?"

The boy, who, moreover, seemed to have been expecting some such question, raised his right hand first to an inner coat-

pocket, and then to one in his vest. He hid a coin in his fingers, and smiling triumphantly, exclaimed, with a voice that rose higher as he went on: "Here is the letter—and here is something more! Can you see it? Do you really see it? And what do you think it is? My eye, you'll never guess, never in the world! It's a...it's an eight-dollar piece! that's what it is!"

"Eight dollars!"

"Eight dollars!"

"Eight dollars!" This last was from Uncle Nardo, who now showed his head at the door of the inner room. "Eight dollars," he exclaimed, and his whole length came into view. "Eight dollars!" he cried finally, joining at a bound the family group, who stood admiring the gold coin, which Andrew,—for it is quite time we should tell the boy's name,—was showing off as if it were some holy relic of a saint.

"Eight dollars it is!" he insisted, dancing round as if mad. "An eight-dollar piece, and brighter than the sun! See it! Don Damian gave it to me for my very own! Three cheers for Don Damian, say I!"

After the coin had passed from hand to hand through the whole group, and every one had looked at it again and again and rung it on the stones, Andrew took possession of it again, and insisting on every one's listening, he unfolded the letter, also from Don Damian, and read aloud, quite fluently, but without much regard for grammatical construction, as follows:—

SEÑOR DON FRUTOS MASCABADO Y CARACOLILLO, HAVANA.

My dear friend and former companion: The bearer of this letter will be, by God's grace, the youthful Andrés de la Peña, leaving Santander shortly by the good ship *Panchita*, bound for Havana, in which city he is planning to try his luck. I take the liberty of begging you to aid him in every possible way, endeavoring to get for him, to begin with, some position suited to his capabilities. Andrew is a bright boy, well-behaved, and writes a good hand; he knows his arithmetic as far as Partnerships inclusive.

Counting on your good friendship, I venture to thank you in advance for what you may be able to do for the boy; this will stand henceforth as one of the valued services among the many I am already indebted to you for.

Always your most affectionate friend and devoted servant,
(I kiss your hand.) Q. S. M. B.

DAMIÁN DE LA FUENTE.

After the reading of this letter it seems to us only proper that we should explain to our readers the true significance of Andrew's suit, and the unusual excitement concerning his outfit.

II.

Boys, as a general rule, after they have dropped their playthings, are seized with a desire, stronger than all other ambitions, to outdo all others in manly strength and to be taller than any one else. But our mountain boys of Santander, by an especial dispensation of nature, have the one longing to be independent, with the title of Don, and a lot of money, and to their way of thinking the only way to acquire this is to go to "The Indies." The dangers of the sea, the ravages of a hot climate, the disappointments of an illusory fortune, the forlornness, the loneliness of life in a land so far from home, nothing frightens them; on the contrary, all these obstacles seem to excite in them more and more the desire of conquering them. For is it not a fact that in America the smallest coin in general use is of silver? Now for a mountain-bred boy this one fact is enough to start him off for this happy land; his life which he risks in the undertaking seems to him of little account, and he would as fearlessly venture a hundred more, were a hundred more at his disposal! Does any one doubt this? Offer a free passage from Santander to Cuba, or with a promise to pay at the end of a year, and you will see how many will apply for it. And they are not dismayed if the passage is not first-class; a true boy from the mountains would cross the ocean on the top of the mainmast if need were.

Just tell him, "We are off for the Indies," and he will embark in a lemon rind with the same perfect faith as in a three-decker. A West Indian of this stamp will pass the best years of his youth meeting with one disappointment after another, and still will not despair. No work is so difficult as to frighten him, no opposition can lessen his faith. Fortune is there, smiling behind his bad luck, as real to his vision and his touch as in his boyhood, when, dreaming of her rich gifts, he swung to and fro in the high branches of the walnut tree which shaded the hut where he was born. And from this we may safely infer that the honor, the constancy, the industry, of the mountaineers are as great as their ambition, and no one can in

justice deny this noble race a quality which does it so much honor.

So our little Andrew, a true mountain boy, as soon as he could speak told his mother that some day he would go to Cuba. As he grew older this thought was the subject of all his dreams, and he so insisted on this plan that finally his family began to consider it seriously.

So one day Uncle Nardo and his wife went to consult with Don Damian, a very wealthy West Indian of their neighborhood, whose name is already familiar to us. Don Damian had certainly made a large fortune, and this it was that all the people of that region had constantly before their eyes, and that excited in all the youths this desire to emigrate. But what very few of them realized was, that Don Damian had grown rich at the cost of twenty years of incessant labor; that in all that time he had not ceased for a single day nor for a single hour to fulfill the trying duties of an honorable man, in spite of all the difficult circumstances of the life there. Moreover, Don Damian had gone to America very well recommended and with an education considerably superior to that which most of these poor mountaineers are able to obtain in these unkindly regions. All these circumstances, which really formed the foundation of Don Damian's fortune, he carefully explained to all who came to him to beg for letters of recommendation in Havana, and to consult him concerning the advisability of going forth, to seek their fortunes. When such considerations as these were not sufficient to disenchant the deluded youths, he gave the desired letter, and sometimes his signature promising to pay the passage from Santander to Havana.

Andrew's parents listened attentively to all the most prudent considerations and the wisest counsel the kindly West Indian had to offer when they went to consult him. To tell the truth, Uncle Nardo's wife did not need so many nor such good reasons for opposing her son's schemes. She saw, with a mother's loving eyes, beyond the seas, the storms and clouds that obscured the smiling illusions which dazzled her little boy's youthful vision. But Uncle Nardo, less apprehensive than herself and with greater confidence in the land of their desire, blindly upheld Andrew; so father and son together, if they did not convince, still prevailed over the unhappy mother, who, indeed, had the greatest respect for such high-minded courage, and never dreamed of opposing what might

be the will of God. The village priest had told her more than once that God spoke at times through the lips of children, and if Andrew's plan were heaven-inspired, she made up her mind to forward it in so far as this should seem to be her duty.

So as Andrew's strong will and his father's good faith outweighed Don Damian's most prudent considerations, the latter promised his protection, and from that day the little household we have learned to know did nothing but prepare as quickly as possible for the voyage.

The preparations were, indeed, of the simplest; they had to procure a passport, and make ready the outfit. This consisted of three linen shirts, one complete suit of nankeen, for Sunday best, a second suit of the same for everyday wear, a mattress and a blanket, a pine-wood chest of bright ochre color to hold the clothes Andrew would not need during the voyage. Don Damian loaned the passage money until Andrew should be able to earn it.

The price of their only cow, sold hastily and foolishly, was just enough to pay for the outfit of our future West Indian, and the little reserve fund he was to take with him, a fund that was enlarged by a half-dollar the priest gave him when he came to confess, and thirty cents from the schoolmaster who had lately been giving him lessons in arithmetic and writing by himself, and the famous eight-dollar piece. Don Damian's kindly loan was really all that kept this poor family from ruining itself in order to send Andrew off. Otherwise they would gladly have sold their bed and the roof itself. Examples of this are, alas, only too frequent in La Montaña.

The day which we have chosen for the opening of our story was the last which Andrew was to spend under his paternal roof. He has spent it in making his farewells, and we have had the pleasure of seeing what came of his good-bye to Don Damian. The day, between ourselves be it said, had cost his poor mother many tears, though carefully enough she hid them from the family; she could not resign herself calmly to seeing this cherished son of her heart thrown so early on the mercy of fate, and so far from her protecting arms.

Still, the hours were flying by, and she must make up her mind. When Andrew had finished his letter, his one real help in a foreign land, under cover of some flattering remarks concerning it the poor woman, who was choking with tears, told her son to go into the house so that his sister might wash the

things he had on, and lay them away, while she took the last stitches in his shirt. Andrew obeyed her, humming a familiar air, and leaping over the threshold of the door. His mother, watching his thoughtless gayety at such a supreme moment, fixed her sad gaze on him as he went through the narrow passage, laid by her work indifferently, and two streams of tears poured over her brown cheeks.

"Poor little son of my soul," she murmured, with a tremulous, hushed voice.

Uncle Nardo, more optimistic, not to say less loving, than his wife, failing to understand this anguish and heartache, did his best to win her over to his point of view.

"I don't know, Nisca," he said, when they were alone, "what fancy has seized you these days, that you do nothing but moan and groan. I'm sure I'm not sending the boy away from home, for we both of us are sure it's the best thing we can do. And I hope to goodness you do not really mean to oppose his going."

"Well, and what is left for me to do? I'm not opposing it to-day, though the hour is so near when we must say good-bye. My poor dear boy! They say he may grow rich, and we are so poor! There is little enough to make a living off, on this poor bit of land the Lord has given us! Aye, aye, if only He will take him into His keeping!"

"But why should you worry about that, foolish woman! Isn't Don Damian there?"

"Oh, you're always holding Don Damian up to me!"

"And quite right I am about it! What better example could you find? A gentleman who came back to the place loaded with money-bags, — who has made ladies and gentlemen of all his relations, — who no sooner learns his neighbor's need than he goes to help him, — who single-handed bears almost all the taxes of the village, and who puts an end to all lawsuits, that Justice may not absorb the rights of the one who wins nor the property of the other side, and in return for all this bounty asks only the blessing of honest men. What greater satisfaction could one ask than to see our son some day as highly esteemed as Don Damian?"

"Aye, Nardo, but in the first place Don Damian came of a most honorable family. . . ."

"Well, what if he did? Our Andrew needn't be ashamed of his people."

"And then God aided him to make his way."

"And why should He not aid our Andrew?"

"Don Damian was a gentleman from the beginning, and when he went from here he had a good education and was used to good society, and then he inherited his broadcloth, which is a great help in getting beyond the mud walls of our village!"

"Bah! Nisca, you shouldn't believe all you hear! Aren't we all of us sons of Adam, with five fingers on each hand?"

"It would be wiser, Nardo, if instead of thinking only of such examples as this good man, when it comes to sending our boys from home, we should look at cases that haven't turned out so well! What tears would be spared, if we only did! Without going farther, there's our neighbor who has been inconsolable for a month, weeping for her dear son who died in a hospital a short time after reaching Havana."

"Yes, Nisca, but that boy..."

"Was just as strong and healthy as Andrew, and like him he was young, and with good recommendations. So was Uncle Pedro's son, and he died poor and forsaken in those far-off lands. Then there was the mayor's nephew; he had a good start, but keeping bad company led to his dying in prison; and it seems as if God had a hand in that, for they say if he had got out of prison it would only have been to go to a worse fate. His cousin Antony struggled against his ill-luck for twenty years, and now he's a poor sailor, seeking his bread on God's wide ocean, to keep from starving to death. And right here at your door there's Pedro Gomez, waiting for the fading away of the little strength he brought with him from Cuba, after fifteen years of fortune-hunting there, that God may take him to his long rest by His side. For what is he now but a poor invalid, of no use to his family nor to the village, nor, worst of all, to himself; and now he curses the hour he left his home..."

"Go on, go on! tell every misadventure and every sorry tale you can think of! Why don't you mention Manco's boy, and the constable's son, who, they say, keep their carriage in Havana, and are so rich they don't know how much they're worth?"

"Bad luck befall them, Nardo! Aren't they letting their families here die of poverty, their own people who ruined themselves to fit them out? And do they ever so much as remember the land where they were born? Much as I love

our poor boy who is going to this new world, rather than see him some day without religion, forgetful of his family and his native soil, — and may God forgive me if I offend Him in saying this, — I would sooner hear of his death !”

“Come, come, Nisca ! To-day you have surely a gift at funeral orations and prayers for the dead ! Still, you can’t persuade me to look on the gloomy side of it all.”

“Lucky for you, Nardo, that you don’t see it yourself.”

“Now, Nisca, don’t be so foolish, just because I don’t look at these things as you do. Just because our village has been so unfortunate in the men who have left here for Cuba. . . .”

“Yes, think how it must be elsewhere, when in just this little corner alone there has been so much grief ! Aye, Nardo, though I can’t touch it with these hands, nor see it with these eyes, it doesn’t take Don Damian’s advice, with all the experience he has had, to make me weep at the thought of sending this poor little fellow alone out into the wide world.”

Andrew’s coming in cut short this conversation. He had on his traveling suit, new to be sure, but of a humbler make than the one his sister had packed away for him. At the sight of her boy, Aunt Nisca hastily dried her eyes, and carefully folded on her knees the shirt she had finished.

All that evening was spent in putting Andrew’s outfit in order, and that night she told her beads more devoutly than ever, praying to the Virgin for all she desired, with the deep, consoling faith of a Christian heart, an aid to the traveler who was setting forth, and for those who remained resignation and life until they should see him again.

III.

And now, if the gentle reader consents, as no doubt he will consent, for it costs neither money nor anything else of value, we will change the scene of our story, and find ourselves on the magnificent Mole of Santander.

As usual a crowd of carts, bales of merchandise, scales for weighing, brokers, clerks, merchants, sailors, fishermen, strolling visitors full of curiosity, all in the most confused and wild disorder, made it impassable from the Ribera to the Café Suisse. Let us stop a moment at this last point, as being the most free of all. By the door are passing three people whom we know

well, and they continue to the end of the Mole, not stopping for a moment to look in at the windows of the café, to stare at the mirrors and divans. They are Andrew, with his father and mother. Andrew walks between them with his hands in the pockets of his full trousers, the lapels of his coat pulled up to his shoulders, and his wide, mushroom-like hat well jammed on to his head. Uncle Nardo is at his right, in his new suit of gray, and his wife on the other side, with her white muslin kerchief over her hair, her mulberry-colored Sunday gown, and, tucked under her arm, a big umbrella in its striped cotton cover. The three are walking along without saying a word, — Uncle Nardo with the greatest possible indifference, his wife, as usual, in the depths of sorrow, looking through her tears at the fateful ship which waits for her boy, rocking out there on the waves, a mile from the Mole. As for Andrew, to judge by his determined air and his disdainful smile, we may rest assured he is cherishing a plan for building up on his own hook, when he should come back from America, a suburb as elegant and solid as the one through which they are passing.

They had come from their village three days ago, and when they had looked after all the papers and other affairs that every passenger has to attend to, they devoted themselves to giving Andrew a good time and taking him to all the amusements within their means. He had at his disposal two days and about twenty dollars, so at the moment of our meeting him again his every desire was satisfied. That is to say, he had absorbed, glass after glass, about two gallons of lemonade, "cold as the mountain snows"; he had eaten, six at a time, more than a hundred meringues, had treated every one from his own village and all the acquaintances he had met by the way, had bought a concertina in a German shop, and had attended High Mass in the cathedral. Sum total of expenses, with board and lodging for three persons at their little inn, five napoleons. So, as he said, nothing was left for him to see, when they told him it was time to go on board, because the frigate was ready to sail.

This news, though quite expected, was the last drop in his mother's cup, and even startled Uncle Nardo for a moment out of his accustomed apathy.

Let us follow them now along the Mole. At the foot of the last slope they embark in a small boat which then heads for the frigate; until now Andrew has only looked at her from a

distance, though he had never lost sight of her for a day since his arrival at Santander, so he had not yet really formed an idea of what she might be like.

As the three neared the vessel, its gigantic size gradually dawned upon them. The black hull seemed to surge from out the waters, and Aunt Nisca, though never in the habit of being deceived by illusions, firmly believed that such was the case. And she went even further than this: for her, this immense hull had a face, a satanic, terrible face, which fixed its awful eyes upon her, with a frightful expression that froze the blood in her veins. The cries from within and the countless faces that lined her sides, watching the arrival of the boat, seemed to her the diabolical and Proteus-like soul of that huge body, within whose hollow depths was soon to disappear the son of her heart. Uncle Nardo's dark face had turned livid.

Andrew, on the contrary, grew more and more enthusiastic as he approached the vessel. The vast size of her hull, the towering masts, the labyrinths of rigging, all fascinated him and even inspired him with pride. What was the poor hut in his village compared with this floating palace he was to live in for six weeks?

As for Uncle Nardo, to do him justice, as soon as he could appreciate the actual size of the ship, until they reached her side his one thought was to calculate the possibility of her sinking, seeing how heavy and hard she was, while the element which bore her up was so very soft and yielding! This question he discussed more than once, on his return to the village.

Still greater wonders awaited our friends when they arrived on board. Piles of ropes, stores of provisions, an ox that had just been skinned, enormous pens filled with cows, pigs, and sheep, and smaller ones filled with fowl; groups of sailors, here hoisting a yard, there lowering heavy weights into the hold; and finally, skipping in and out among all these obstacles, over a hundred lads of about the stamp of our future West Indian. The confusion and racket was something terrific; Uncle Nardo was seasick and his wife sobbed aloud, while Andrew looked on it all, still undaunted.

In this crowd of children some were crying, some were thinking sad thoughts, leaning on the railing, others watched with wonder all that was going on around them. One and all, like Andrew, were going to America to seek their fortunes, and all were going practically at the mercy of chance, like himself.

And to tell the exact truth, many of them had not even a letter, such as Don Damian had written for Andrew. Of all those who are setting forth with our hero, perhaps not one will find what he goes in search of ; all perhaps are gazing for the last time on the land of their birth.

Now Aunt Nisca has found the berth her son is to occupy during the voyage. Above the freight, stowed away in the hold, broad benches of pine boards have been built in ; and between these and the deck, a space much less than a man's height, are laid in line as many mattresses as there are passengers. One of these belongs to Andrew, and this part of the ship is known as the cockpit. The poor mother shuddered to see what a wretched place her boy was to sleep in, so unhealthy and close. And what if he should be sick ?

She ran, nay, flew, in search of the captain. She would like to fee him and provide some extra comfort for her poor innocent boy. She searches her own pockets and her husband's too, but can only scrape together fifty cents. And the captain is such a fine gentleman ! How would she ever have the face to offer him fifty cents ? But she notices, too, that he has a very noble face, and makes up her mind to speak to him. So between sobs and tears she says : " Oh, Captain, my son, who is going to Havana, is that handsome, smart-looking boy, who is watching us. Believe me, he is not going first-class, because not even by selling the shirt off our backs could we have got money enough together, with some left over for the poor boy, to provide for what may happen to him away from home. Surely, sir, I swear to you I am only telling you the truth ! But I did not know the place he was to sleep in was so narrow. I never dreamed of such a hole ! You see, sir, we are poor folks, but if they would look out for Andrew a bit on the voyage,—not that I haven't perfect confidence in you. . . . God knows you're an honest man, and one needs only to look at you to . . . I was going to say that . . . son of my soul, I don't even know what to do or to say to make matters better." Tears choked the poor woman, and she was half crazy with grief.

The captain, taking it all at its true value, promised the unhappy woman a first-class passage for her son when they should leave port, and tried to console her with kindly though brief words. He had always followed these tactics with all passengers sent out under his care, for we ought to say that all the fond mothers had begged for their sons just what Aunt Nisca

had for Andrew. And we must admit that this was an excellent way of quieting them all, as it was impossible to comply with all their demands.

Aunt Nisca returned with renewed courage to where her son was standing, telling him how kind the captain had been, and calling down many blessings upon his head. Then folding him close in her arms, she besought him once more to pray devoutly to the seapulary with the image of our Lady of Carmen which he wore on his breast; to be good and obedient, to shun evil company, to remember always his poor home and his native land,—in short, all that a loving mother must impress upon a beloved son, at the supreme moment of a long, perhaps an eternal farewell. Then the rattling vibration of the windlass is heard, they begin to weigh anchor, and the time to part has come.

The unhappy mother feels that even her voice fails her for the last “adiós!” Andrew realizes for the first time what it is to lose sight of his home and his native land, to go forth, little and alone, through the desert places of the earth, and weeps for the first time, perhaps regretting his undertaking. Uncle Nardo looks toward the Mole, and avoids speaking, that they may not see the tears that at last have come to his eyes, and lest his voice betray the pain in his heart. Wishing to cut short the scene, that he may sadden his son the less, he presses him silently to his heart, then turns brusquely to his wife and enters the boat with her, imposing upon himself the hard penance of never so much as looking at the frigate until they reach the Mole.

When they land there, Aunt Nisca seats herself in the first doorway they reach. With her elbows on her knees, her head in her hands, her eyes fixed on the ship, and her face wet with tears, she waits there motionless, like a statue of grief, till the black hulk shall disappear. Uncle Nardo respects her grief, stands by her side quietly, and then dares not take her away from the spot.

A half-hour passes thus.

The frigate spreads her white sails to the wind, the prow dips deep in the sea, as if to make a gallant farewell greeting to the port, and, cutting swiftly through the waves, soon disappears behind Saint Martin.

As the ship is lost to view the poor peasant woman did not fall fainting on the paving-stones of the Mole, for God has

given these poor souls a force and a faith as great as are their misfortunes.

That same afternoon, when the sun was setting, Uncle Nardo and his wife crossed the wide plain on the way to their village. Sadly they walked, and crestfallen, one behind the other. They were both thinking of Andrew, but Aunt Nisca, with the livelier imagination, thought over the whole extent of her sorrows, and found ample reason for the full bitterness of grief she was enduring. So she could not refrain from harshly apostrophizing the soil she trod on, hard and rugged, whose evident sterility drove away her sons, to seek in a distant land what the mother country could not give them. An unjust accusation, certainly, and one constantly in the mouth of so many ignorant people that it keeps up in this province a fever of emigration which is depopulating it.

But before certain reflections, which are more appropriate to a newspaper correspondent than to a painter of manners and customs, escape from my pen, let us return to our characters, if only to say good-bye to them.

But it is too late! They have crossed the plain, and have disappeared in a long narrow lane, formed by two leafy hedges, a green and picturesque shade, whose walls the feeble rays of the setting sun cannot penetrate. Nor is a soul to be seen in the level field. Nothing disturbs the silence of the solitude but the voice of a woman, who, from the depths of the lane, is singing in a shrill, thin voice: —

“Our men and our children
To the Indies still roam,
In search of the fortune
Lying hidden at home.”

This woman must have met Aunt Nisca and her husband on her way to the fountain. Perhaps seeing them walking home thus silently and sadly, she had remembered this verse, which, moreover, forms a fitting close to this scene in provincial life, as it is precisely the whole story told in a score of words.

THE SEAMSTRESS

IN A GARMENT OF HER OWN MAKE.

BY JOSÉ M. DE PEREDA.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

"How pretty you are to-day, Theresa."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"But it's true, though! that kerchief of pink crêpe against your white throat."

"Oh, you're joking!"

"And your hair is as black as your eyes, did you know it?"

"You flatterer!"

"And such a slender little figure, in such a gracefully draped gown! That's an awfully pretty muslin, you know!"

"You don't say so!"

"You see I am very fond of lilac. It always was a favorite color of mine. And then it falls so prettily over a dainty shoe, when it's as tiny as yours is. My, what a cunning foot it is, to be sure! If you would put it just a trifle further out... so!"

"Well, well, listen to this!"

"I would like to have your photograph, in just that position, but looking up at me, ... so!"

"What taste you have!"

"To be sure I have! And why not?"

"I'd have you know I've been photographed already."

"Indeed?"

"And by Pica-Groom."

"In the position I like?"

"Mercy on us, no! I'm in my ball-dress I had on Sunday when you met us near the gas factory."

"And nothing would induce you to look at me, Theresa! You were having such fun!"

"There were eight or nine of us!"

"Oh, surely nine, Theresa. You seemed to me the nine Muses, all in one graceful band together!"

"Oh, get along with you! You are always laughing at people and calling them names!"

"But among those trees, and going up that hill... Mount Helicon, of course..."

"Where is that?"

"Mount Helicon? Oh, it's a little beyond Torrelavega. But what I did not like about it was that Apolló who went with you."

"His name was not Pollo. He's a clerk..."

"I thought as much... I mean he seemed somewhat commonplace, while you were all so airy, fairy, beautiful!"

"There, now you're at it again! Yes, we were going to the ball at Miranda, as we do every Sunday."

"Yes, I heard the organ."

"And the man who was with us was one of the set who gets up the balls. And as he had given me tickets for all the summer dances in the garden, and if it comes handy will invite us for the winter ones, too, in the hall..."

"Yes, I know these impresarios and their friends are very gallant fellows. They pay, that you may dance all the year round, for nothing."

"Just so! And we are just as good as the ladies who do the same thing!"

"Of course you are!"

"It seems to me that the 'Cream and Flower' and the 'Organ' have no reason to envy any other dancing-place."

"Above all, in pretty faces and lively dancers!"

"As you say, it is..."

"What I said, or was just going to say is, that because you were going to a dance was no reason for not bowing on the street."

"Goodness! What would people say?"

"How do you mean that, 'What would people say'?"

"Why, that's clear enough! What would people say to your knowing us?"

"You say that with a tone..."

"No, no, not at all; but it's true, for all that."

"Nonsense! I bow to everybody on the street, and enjoy it, and above all when I meet you!"

"Thank you, but..."

"But what?"

"Well, I don't believe you, there! You're a great joker... and well, to tell the plain truth, I don't feel any confidence in you."

"Ah, there we have it! But why should you not trust me? Surely, you don't take me for a gay deceiver, do you?"

"Oh no, but the men in your set and you yourself are great gossips."

"You are hard on me, Theresa!"

"I'm sorry for it, I'm sure, but I always tell the truth. When you passed us on Sunday one of the girls and I were talking of that very thing."

"The one who was walking on your right?"

"What made you guess her?"

"Because she pleased me so much, the witty red-head!"

"So you're taken with the Anvil?"

"And why Anvil, if I may ask!"

"Stupid! That's what they call the girl."

"And why do they call her so?"

"Because her father is a blacksmith."

"Heavens! What a name!"

"And the one who was walking on my left, don't you know her name either?"

"No, my dear."

"Well, where do you keep yourself, anyway?"

"At least this will prove how unjust you were before, when you doubted my sincerity!"

"For all that I thought every one knew Beanie."

"I do not know her by that name. And how did she come by it?"

"Why, her mother sells beans in the Square."

"How atrocious!"

"Oh, we all have nicknames of that sort. And now you're beginning to see daylight, eh?"

"I assure you I am. And who has amused himself with baptizing you all in this fashion?"

"Well, when we were being taught as little girls, and then later at the dances, there's always some one who, for the sake of joking with us a bit, gives us a nickname, and as ill weeds grow apace..."

"What a notion! And among yourselves you go by these names?"

"Not a bit of it! Still, we know them, and as they are no disgrace..."

"Of course... but to return to our red-head."

"You seem to think of no one else."

"As you said you were talking about me..."

"I said that?"

"At least, you said something very like it."

"What I said was that we were talking about the way some men had of boasting about things that had never happened to them."

"I'm sure that doesn't hit me."

"No, certainly not, but some of the men you know very well."

"It may be so. And do you know, Theresa, that for some time the red-head has been putting on all sorts of airs and graces."

"Didn't I tell you!"

"Oh, I say it with no thought of injuring the girl."

"That's the way all these things are said, and then the Evil One is in it! If a girl is a little dressed up some fine day, my, how they talk! It's plain enough that you are used to hearing that a lady must spend a small fortune to present a decent appearance on the street, and as we have no income, the moment you see us spruced up a bit you think at once we have presents given us... as they should not be given. Neither the red-head nor I have anything but the twenty cents we earn by sewing at the houses where we are employed, and the cup of chocolate they give us for breakfast and supper, as you know. But we know our trade, and with two yards of tulle and six yards of dimity we make a dress that those who do not understand such things think must be worth a lot of money. Take the one I have on now... it will wear for four summers; and who knows how much longer, if water and soap and irons are still left us! So there you have it!"

"I think so, too, my dear."

"Of course, this girl is naturally showy, and has some style, and then she has a wonderful knack at cutting and sewing. She can make a ball-dress just out of old skirts..."

"I never said anything to the contrary, you know."

"And seeing her dressed for the street, as she has good looks and a pretty figure... uf! the least they think is that it was bought with bad money. And that you may know how things really are, the poor girl has to provide her father's smoking tobacco out of that same twenty cents! But of course, it's only a poor little seamstress... and so it goes on! And if I were to tell all I know... how many silk dresses rustle through these streets that have never been paid for, and how many, too, that have been paid for, without the husbands of the ladies that

wear them being a bit the poorer! But they are fine ladies, and are pardoned in advance for all their sins... and so it is with other things... how many of the graceful figures you admire so much have been made with these two hands! But I guess I'd better stop right there."

"You are unkind, Theresa! What I said about the red-head was just for the sake of saying something. For the last three or four days, when she went by at noontime in the Old Square, I noticed she was more dressed than usual, and..."

"That means you go there on purpose to watch her go by."

"I won't say that I go to see her, but perhaps to see her, you, and the others, yes."

"And what do you get out of it, anyway?"

"It does my eyes good! It really does! You are so pretty, one and all of you! But I must say I am deeply shocked to notice how you all manage to pass through the Square, no matter where you come from or where you are going to."

"Well, I suppose all roads lead to Rome, don't they?... and when we leave off sewing for an hour at noon, we take half of it to see people, and get a little fresh air."

"And what a pretty friend of yours that was that stopped you this morning at the corner of the street! But she is not so stylish as you are."

"Oh, you mean a very dark girl? She's not a friend of mine... she sews for a tailor."

"Oh, I see; but as you were talking with her..."

"She was just giving me a message. And it isn't that I don't care to be friendly with some of them, but you see that we who go out to do fine sewing keep ourselves to ourselves. And don't go and think we haven't good reason to set ourselves up above them... look at the way the dressmakers treat *us*! My, you'd think they were doing us an honor when they bow to us on the street."

"What a wise sly-boots it is, to be sure!"

"And now I think of it, what were you saying this morning to that gentleman with whiskers, when we went by, and you were staring so?"

"So you saw me?"

"Oh, I see all I want to, and more too!"

"You are a pretty little mischief-maker, Theresa! I shall take that as a warning. Well, then, I was saying to my friend that you were all so much prettier when you went out with

nothing on your head, with your hair so beautifully done up, and those fetching little kerchiefs round your necks, like the one you have on now, than when you wear a mantilla and shawl, which hide the graceful outlines."

"My eye, what a lot you see!"

"Of course we do!"

"But they don't all of them wear a mantilla."

"And you are one of the exceptions, and I warn you now, so that you may never make the mistake of putting one on."

"And where's the harm, anyway?"

"With the mantilla you would cease to be an exceedingly pretty type of the pure Santander race, and would simply be lost in the common crowd of young ladies all more or less far from chic."

"Some of my friends can wear a veil as well as anybody."

"But you see a veil is never becoming, because while it does not really cover an ugly face, it hides a pretty one, and then it requires a shawl, which conceals the figure."

"My goodness! What a lot you know about it all!"

"I am an artist, Theresa."

"And what are you driving at, after all?"

"Mere trifles. I study beauty wherever I find it."

"It seems to me that what you are studying is just pure mischief!"

"That is not true! Nor is it an argument in favor of wearing veils."

"Well, I don't like them, either, but they're the fashion. But what are you staring at so, through the window?"

"What makes you blush like that?"

"I, blush? Goodness! Perhaps you think it's because of that young fellow in the doorway over there!"

"You are defending yourself before you are accused, Theresa."

"You see, you might be fancying it was something else, and as the lad is more or less on my mind... and he's a real good fellow too."

"You are not telling me the truth, Theresa. I know him very well, and I know he would not be waiting every day at this hour, if he did not hope..."

"Has the good-for-nothing been telling you what is not true?"

"On my word of honor, we have not mentioned the subject."

"You see, that sort of thing happens so often. And now let me tell you, so you needn't go thinking something that is not true, that I do like the lad. But he is just losing his time."

"I do not understand."

"Well, a year ago he danced with me at the 'Cream and Flower.' And ever since then, I don't know how, he finds out where I am going to sew. But I am sure to meet him this way every evening when I leave off work, above all in winter, when we go out at night-fall . . . and that is what worries me."

"That he goes with you after dark?"

"No; that he seems to care less about going with me in the daytime."

"Then what is he about, over opposite?"

"Oh, he's waiting for me. But when we get to the corner of the street, he will make some excuse, and off he goes! And when I am at work on the Mole, or any central street, he waits for me in the same doorway, then we talk for a while, and then . . . each one goes off on his own hook. You see there is no real pleasure in this sort of thing, and for that reason I like my own kind better."

"And who are they?"

"Oh, the office clerks. We understand each other perfectly, and if some day, . . . well, you know what I mean, . . . it's all between poor folks. But with these fine fellows, it's a more serious affair, and woe be unto the unhappy girl who is tempted by one of them! What she has to go through with, first with him and then with the family, as if she it were who had been running after him! You know how it all comes about; it all begins in fun, and as it generally happens that the girl is foolish and believes what they tell her, she finds out too late to turn back . . . and that's why I tell you that young man is wasting his time."

"I believe just the contrary, as you yourself say that sometimes the girl has faith, in spite of everything."

"Well, you see I have profited by another's experience. For I have a friend . . . oh, the unhappy girl! When I think of the tears she has shed, and the way her father abused her! . . . and then the esteem she has lost through one of those rascals who deceived her! No, no, poor I was born and poor I'll remain. I don't care, for one, to be made a lady at that price!"

"And quite right you are about it. But with all this you don't dismiss your adorer, I notice."

"Oh, there's no danger so far, and there never will be ; . . . not if I know myself, and I think I do."

"Yes, I think you do !"

"You see, we've agreed not to take any notice of these swells, . . . but the time for the dances comes round, and as you know, they all go to the dances. For that's a queer thing about our balls . . . all the men who go to the ladies' balls come to ours too, and a good many more beside. Then you see they dance with us, say such pretty things, and then . . . what can a girl do ? Of course . . ."

"And all this amounts to saying that the young man yonder will not quite waste his time."

"It seems to me you are in the same boat !"

"Oh, Theresa ! Would that I could be ! Though it would be hard to go shares . . ."

"Why so ?"

"Because you are so very pretty !"

"Ah, now you're going to flirt with me ?"

"Yes, if you will play back !"

"And what if I tell the red-head ?"

"I don't care to know her, except by sight."

"Anyway, I don't care for you."

"Thank you for your fine frankness !"

"You have a bad opinion of women."

"If they all treated me as you do, I should have 'a fair excuse !"

"Now you've made me break a needle."

"Never mind, I'll give you a whole package."

"At this rate I shan't get this shirt done in a week."

"So much the better. I shall see you all the oftener."

"And the work will cost you a pretty penny."

"At this price you may keep on making me shirts forever !"

"If you don't haggle about the time, then, I'm going to rob you to-day of a quarter of an hour."

"To chat with me ? even if you took half a day . . ."

"No, no, just to go to a shop near High Street, to buy . . . a penny's worth of dried fruits,¹ which I adore."

¹ To understand to the full the subtle repartee that follows, it should be explained at this point that the word *orejones* may mean either a box of dried fruits or a box on the ear.

"Come, come, none of your tricks, Theresa!"

"As she gets them from Castille by wholesale, the shop woman, a friend of mine, gives me many more for a penny than they do in other shops. Don't you like them yourself?"

"No!"

"My! how queer! Will you please hand me that bit of tape down there near you, to tie up my work with?... Thank you... but how bad your face does look, all of a sudden!"

"Well, you see I have... a swelling on my gum..."

"And didn't it hurt you before?"

"Not so much as it does now, no."

"Then you'd better try a dried fig... they're awfully good for swellings."

"Thanks, so much!"

"And now good-bye. I'm off to buy my dried fruit."

"Good-bye, and good luck to you!"

* * * * *

To write a volume about the habits and customs of these mountain people without dedicating some pages to the seamstress, would be depriving Santander of one of its chief features. So important and conspicuous is this part of the population that the weaker sex there, after making some necessary exceptions, might be divided in equal parts between women who are seamstresses and those who are not. But to write of the habits of the former would be a great exposure for a person like myself who does not know them well. To be mistaken in the slightest detail would cost him dear! In short, gentle reader, I have a certain healthy respect for this seamstress class, and would hardly like to run the risk of painting her portrait.

And granting that "the style is the man," and therefore the woman too, study well this dialogue, which is true to life. See what you can make out of it, and govern yourself accordingly afterward, if Theresa considers herself injured by your deductions; in this case I assure you she would be guilty of injustice. For my own part, I am protected from her wrath by being able to say,—if I am hard put to it,—“You yourself have said it.” *Tu es auctor.*

A CORDOVAN HOUSEWIFE.

By JUAN VALERA.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

[JUAN VALERA, though most famous abroad for one strong novel, "Pepita Jimenez" (1874), — a struggle between earthly and heavenly love, in which the former wins, and the reader approves its winning, — has a far more varied note at home as one of the most versatile men of letters, affairs, and the world, that this age has seen: like Echegaray, but on a wider scale, and like Hurtado de Mendoza and other great Spaniards of the earlier time, and the great Greeks and Romans so often, he is as much man of action as of expression. He was born in 1827, at Cabra in Andalusia, the son of an admiral and a marchioness; educated at Malaga and Granada. Launched upon the diplomatic career, he was secretary of legation at Naples, Lisbon, Rio Janeiro, Dresden, and St. Petersburg, then minister to the United States and other countries; has been member of the Cortes, in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and Director of Public Instruction; ending as life senator and one of the Council of State. He was one of the eight leading men deputed to offer the crown to Amadeus of Savoy in 1868, and one of the group of Liberals who overthrew the government of Marshal O'Donnell by means of the review *El Contemporaneo*. He is a member of the Spanish Academy, and has been a professor of foreign literatures. He has written some poems and translated many, including pieces from leading American poets; has written many critical papers, and delivered many lectures and discourses before the Academy, which have been collected, as "The Older Women Writers of Spain," "St. Teresa," and other mediæval subjects; "Studies of the Middle Ages," "Liberty in Art," "The New Art of Writing Novels," mainly on the French naturalistic school, "Cartas Americanas," an appraisal of the literary product of Spanish America, and others. His novels, except the one first mentioned, though not contemptible, are not remarkable; they include "Las Ilusiones del Doctor Faustino" (Dr. Faustus' Illusions), 1876, "El Comendador Mendoza," 1877, "Doña Luz," 1878, "Currita Albornoz," 1890, "La Buena Fama" (Good Repute), 1894, "El Hechicero" (The Sorcerer), 1895, and "Juanita la Larga" (Tall Juanita), 1896.]

"WITHIN bears sway
The modest housewife,
The mother of children, —
And governs wisely
The dear home circle; —
She teaches the girls,
Restrains the boys,
And finds no rest
For her busy fingers,
Increasing her store
With housewifely lore."

It seems to me a century ago that the editor of a study of the women of Spain was so kind as to make me responsible for

one chapter of his book, and I naturally chose the women of the province of Cordova, where I was born and bred.

Thus far my extreme laziness has prevented me from keeping my promise of writing it. At times, with a vague desire of putting a decent face on my shortcomings, I thought out endless difficulties and objections by means of which I attempted to cast the blame on the editor's plan, in order to justify my delay in contributing to its realization with my work.

What essential difference, or even what especial accidental difference, can there be, for example, between the women of Cordova, of Jaen, and of Seville? In the past ages, perhaps, such a difference may have existed, as communications were then less direct, and it was easier to lead an isolated, sedentary life. But to-day, when not alone the men and women of neighboring provinces, but those of distant nations, far-lying lands, and widely separated kingdoms see each other easily, and make frequent visits, how can this variety and individuality of type exist, offering us the opportunity of describing women who, by their mode of life, their beliefs, their manner of thinking and feeling, their face, bearing, and dress, differ to such a degree that the pictures and descriptions made of them may be varied in fact, and not simply in the style of the one who paints them and the one who describes them? Besides, I said to myself, although the stamp of race and nationality is indelible, so that even constant living together and the most intimate spiritual intercourse could not efface it, in the epoch when we all read and write and travel so much, in this century of steam, electricity, railroads, and telegraph, I still am unable to persuade myself that there is also a stamp of provinciality, as there is of nation, tribe, or race. The exclusive quality in race characteristics comes indeed from divisions which nature herself has made, and not from such arbitrary divisions as provinces. A woman from Malaga or Seville may doubtless have more in common with certain women of Cordova, as far as racial traits and those of the soil go, than a number of Cordovans one with another.

I can readily conceive that between the Galician and a woman of Cataluña, and between one from La Mancha and the provinces on the Bay of Biscay, there must exist radical differences; but I can hardly believe that each province, whatever it may be, must possess a type of its own. All that could save such a book from monotony, in my opinion, and give it a real variety, would be the differing genius of each author, in his

manner of handling the subject, his peculiarities of style and way of thinking and feeling.

The editor had no thought of our writing a learned and exhaustive study, a series of lives of all the most famous women of each province. This would have been, perhaps, not only pleasing but most edifying and instructive ; but there was no question of this, nor could I have undertaken to write my share had such been the case. What he planned was no biography nor history, but a sketch of manners and customs, a study from the life, a faithful portrait of what may be seen to-day in every province : the habits, the culture, the ideas, and other qualities, conditions, and occupations of the women. This being the case, I repeat, I could think of nothing, or almost nothing, to relieve the monotony of the work as to its design, though as to its subjects it would doubtless blossom into a garden of flowers, like the student's cloak, thanks to the variety of styles and the idiosyncrasies of each writer who should contribute to it.

And while I was somewhat perversely enlarging on these objections to the undertaking, it happened that certain family duties called me to the center of the province of Cordova ; to a beautiful région, where provincial local color was lavishly diffused by nature, so prodigal and inexhaustible in her varied works. And beholding this stamp, this type, in everything about me, I asked myself how it could fail to exist in the women of the province too, for is not woman as soft as wax to receive impressions, and as hard as bronze to preserve them ?

More than five months I spent in my native village, during which time I entirely changed my point of view concerning Señor Guijarro's book. There was now no shadow of an excuse left for not writing the essay. I was persuaded that if the woman of Cordova whom I should depict was not a type *sui generis*, it would be because I did not know how to reproduce clearly what I saw around me every day. So I decided on the spot to attempt the sketch, confessing frankly that if it did not prove to be original and novel the fault would be my own, and not that of the model.

But one thing troubled me, and made my scheme a difficult one to carry out. Looking upon and studying the Cordovan woman of to-day, there came back to my imagination the almost forgotten types which from my childhood, so long past, alas, had been sleeping in my mind, of the Cordovan of the first third of this century. The disparity between the memory and the

present impression confuses me a little. The feminine Cordovan type has not disappeared, but it has changed, if indeed the change has not been from native to foreign. The change has come about through the inner development of the true essence of the Cordovan woman, which, like all immortal essences, remains the same in its fundamental principles, although it may assume new forms and new qualities.

The woman of Cordova of the present moment is not the woman of an earlier period, but she is still true to her type, and continues to act in accordance with her real nature, as does each of her neighbors, giving outer proof of the typical idea which is her very own, and in each of these varied evolutions she shows herself in a new aspect.

But I see I am climbing quite too high, and propose now to come to earth again, leaving all philosophical flights for a more fitting occasion.

To-day I see the Cordovan as she lives and breathes, while memory recalls the woman of thirty or forty years ago. Hence a certain confusion and conflicting of ideas. But if we study this attentively, a slight effort resolves it into a final synthesis, which synthesis, could I succeed in developing it into an essay, would make an ideal one! More than this, the synthesis is essential to the essay, as I am not going to paint the Cordovan who is dead, at the end of her activity, stationary, inert, fossil, but the Cordovan alive and stirring, unfolding, progressing, developing not with impulse from without, but in accordance with the laws of her true greatness and of her rich and generous organism.

In order to form a perfect concept of our Cordovan, we must study her in her different classes and conditions of life, from the great lady down to the wife of the rough laborer, from the little girl to the aged woman, from the daughter of the family to the mother and grandmother. We must see her and visit her, now in the ancient and splendid capital of Califato, now in the Sierra, to the north of the Guadalquivir, abounding in mines, in wild and sterile levels; now in the fruitful plains, where are populous villages and even beautiful cities, wherein wealth, comfort, and culture prevail. Still, if we were to analyze and examine all this in detail, our essay would lengthen out beyond all limits, and so we will touch on the more important points, and condense into two or three types the most salient features of our Cordovan woman.

To be sure, the province of Cordova counts many wealthy ladies who have been or are still in Madrid, who perhaps go to Baden or Biarritz every summer; who speak French and drive in the Bois de Boulogne; they are, perchance, familiar with several foreign courts, read the novels of George Sand and Lamartine's verse in the language in which they were written, and are patrons of Worth, Laferrière, la Honorine, or la Isoline. And in all these great ladies exists the essence of our Cordovan, but one would have to delve too deep to discover this essence beneath so many foreign additions and so many artificial externalities. So we will seek the genuine article where there is no necessity for penetrating so deep nor of eliminating so much in order to find her; let us look for her in the native woman, be she rich or poor, lady or servant. 167253

The native of Cordova is extremely industrious. However poor she may be, her house is shining with cleanliness. The floors, whether of marble blocks, bricks, or concrete, are scoured with a mop till they shine. If the lady of the house enjoys a certain degree of wealth, the glass and china are resplendent in the closets, and the kitchen walls are adorned with symmetrical rows of kettles, saucepans, and other vessels of brass and copper, in which one can see one's face as in a mirror.

Our Cordovan is all diligence, cleanliness, attentive and careful economy. She never gives up the keys of the storeroom, of the pantries, the chests, and the cupboards. On the storeroom shelves she keeps in rich profusion a provision of various eatables which bear witness, some to the prosperity of the household, some to the fertility of the master's estates, if they are indigenous, and, as the saying goes, of home growth and labor; some prove the skill and ability of the mistress, whose labor has made the rough material valuable through her art of preserving and spicing. Here are walnuts, chestnuts, almonds, potatoes, imperial prunes wrapped in paper for drying, brandied cherries, dried apples, and a thousand more of such goodies. Bird peppers, cherry peppers, and garlic hang in long strings, side by side with the dried fish, in the least showy part of the storeroom. On the shelves decked out for show are sugar, coffee, sage, limes, camomile, and sometimes even tea, which was formerly only to be found at the apothecary's. From the ceiling hang huge savory hams, sweet winter melons, grapes, pomegranates and other fruits. In deep jars of glazed earthenware the housewife keeps her salt pork, covered

deep with lard, and the harslets of the same useful quadruped ; there too are artichokes, fungi, and mushrooms, and wild asparagus, all of which may be heated up at a moment's notice, to afford a sumptuous feast for any guest who may arrive unexpectedly.

In all households of moderate circumstances the "killing" takes place once a year, and in this hard work the mistress is wont to display all her skill and activity. She rises before the sun, and surrounded by her servants, she directs if she does not herself bear a hand in the series of important operations. She it is who must season the great mass of sausage meat, sprinkling in, each in its proper proportion, salt, pepper, sweet marjoram, sage, cumin, and other flavorings ; then comes the making of every kind of sausage, long and short, round and flat. The greater part of these are hung in the chimney flue, from long iron bars, and this gives the kitchen a delicious air of succulent plenty. Almost always in winter time visitors are entertained by the fireside, where is burning a pile of ilex, the evergreen oak, and olive wood, with blocks of pressed grape skins, under the broad, overhanging mantel. Then the man who comes in from the street, or from the field, soaked with rain or frozen with cold, lifting his eyes to heaven to give thanks for finding himself so well off, cannot but repeat his fervent thanks, he finds himself so much better off when he discovers that close constellation of sausages and blood-puddings, whose aroma puffs down into his nostrils, steals into the stomach, and there arouses a mighty appetite ! And how often I have satisfied mine, spending the evening with a circle of friends, round one of those hospitable fireplaces ! Sometimes the mistress of the house herself, sometimes a smiling, graceful serving-maid, would take down one or two of the big sausages and toast them over the embers on a gridiron. Eaten with white bread, and washed down with a draught of native wine, — the best wine in the world, — the while a gay and witty conversation is going on around one, the sausages seem a foretaste of heavenly joys !

That report is false which asserts that there is no good food here in Cordova. In my province there prevails a rustic sybaritism which is full of charm. My countrywoman knows well how to choose and serve at table the most delicious fruits, beginning with what is grown in her own orchard, a thousand times more pleasing to the palate and flattering to her pride



than the product of some one else's garden she has heard so highly praised. There is no lack, at the right season, of big sweet cherries from Carcabuey, pears from Priego, melons from Montalvan, peaches from Alcaudete, figs from Montilla, oranges from Palma del Rio, and even those unique plums, only to be found on the slopes around the castle of Cabra, — plums sweeter than honey, that smell better than roses! As to the grapes, it is impossible to say that they are better or worse in any one part, for they are prime everywhere; early and late varieties, purple, black, of golden amber and of pearly white perfection.

The olives offer no less a variety. There one finds the apple olive, the slender pointed ones, the great queen olive, and who knows how many others. And our countrywomen have a thousand ingenious methods of preparing them, with a thousand different flavors; but be the olives whole or in halves, stuffed or dried, the bay leaf is always a part of the recipe, the green bay which crowns the poet's brow.

But what praises, what endearing terms, will serve to celebrate our Cordovan when she blossoms out as an expert! What sauces she makes, or superintends in the making, what preserves, what a rare abundance of frosted cakes, what pasties of tenderest puff paste! Now with every sort of spice, with walnuts, almonds, the Oriental sesamum, with all that is pungent and aromatic, she flavors the Moorish honey paste. Again she turns her skillful hand to the making of the fragile, flaky puff paste, light and ephemeral! — or the tiny cakes made of pine nuts and sugar, that melt in your mouth. The pancakes are made with a generous wine, and over them is poured what is so abundant in those regions, a wild, pale honey, perfumed with thyme and rosemary, growing on the heroic and mountainous "Fuente Ovejuna," which in old times was called the great honey pot. Sometimes the sweets are extracted, thanks to the adventurous bees, from the almost ever blooming orange blossoms, found on the same tree with the ripened fruit in all the green orange groves in the fecund regions of the Jenil and the Betis rivers.

But it would be a never-ending tale, were I to relate in full what a Cordovan knows about the art of making sweets and pastries. The *gajorro*, for instance, is a hollow cylinder, formed by twisting a ribbon of dough in a spiral. To make these so that they gently melt in your mouth the instant your teeth

have crunched them requires the highest art of a *cordon bleu* in preparing the dough as well as in frying it. A confection made of the sweet yam, and conserves of apple and quince, which every housewife prepares with skill, are worthy of being served and appreciated at the tables of kings and princes. With the new wine are made fritters, pastries, and endless preserves and syrups; gourds are used, fruits are cut up so fine as to earn their name of "angel's hairs," and every sort of grape is put up for winter use.

I must pass over in silence, for it might weary the reader and brand me perhaps as a bore and a lover of dainties, the enticing subject of cakes! Oh, those round pancakes, made of the finest flour and lard, the endless variety of biscuit,—the best are those filled with sweetmeats,—the paste cakes, the comfit cakes, the honey fritters, the fruit cakes, and the dog biscuit, exquisite in spite of their unattractive name. But how can I resist lingering to sing the praises of certain meat pies, delicious to my thinking, and so peculiar to this province that no one but a born Cordovan could ever possess the *quid divinum* required in kneading them, nor the art of cooking them to a turn. These works of art are in a certain sense incommunicable! Though in a higher degree, they are like the Jijona nougat, in that the imitation is instantly detected. Although the most learned cook may know the authentic recipe, most minute and exact, I will wager she cannot make them if she is not a Cordovan of blue blood, and not a mere *cordon bleu*! To one who has never eaten these meat pies it may seem abominable that, though the filling is of anchovies and sardines, with chopped tomatoes and onions, they are served with chocolate; but this is the truth, and oh! they are good, however improbable this may seem.

This art of concocting sweetmeats and pastries is no new thing, nor is its perfect flower in Cordova a novelty. According to an ancient document, lately reprinted and published,—“The truthful story of the sprightly Andalusian,”—the said art flourished in the beginning of the sixteenth century. This distinguished woman, who was a native of Cordova, made to perfection every delicacy we have recorded here, though the author makes but hasty mention of it, without going into detail, as we have. So it is proved beyond a doubt that even then this “gay saber”¹ formed part of the education of my

¹ I.e. the “cheerful art;” a graceful and witty allusion to the “Art of Poesy,” the gay science or art of the troubadours, the musicians of that time.

countrywomen, and that it has been handed down from mother to daughter, to this day. Thus it is that any Cordovan who has both her hands and an average intelligence can boast to-day, as did Lozana the sprightly in her time, if so be her modesty does not prevent, that she excels Platina's *De Voluptatibus* and Apicius Roman's *De re coquinaria*.

On the whole, as regards this last, that is, cooking in the widest sense of the term, to speak frankly there is not so much to boast of as in the sweetmeat department. This art, including as it does, though this appears at first sight an inconsistency, all that appertains to a gentle skill in killing, is more of a liberal art, and less given over to hired hands. There is scarcely a mistress of a household, however haughty her ways, or however negligent, who does not give herself up to this work with heart and hand. She seasons the pickle, and with her fair right hand she prepares the sausages for stuffing and fills them with her tin funnel. She pricks the black puddings, that the air may escape, using a knitting needle or a hairpin from her shining locks.

It is customary to be sure to employ on these days devoted to killing, or just before Christmas Eve, when a thousand dainties are being prepared, some skilful woman, one of the three or four that every village boasts of, who superintends it all. Again, she may come in during the vintage, to make the sirups and fritters, or a little before Holy Week, to prepare the pancakes, paste cakes, gajorros and pine-nut cakes, with which to celebrate that season. Still the mistress rarely abdicates entirely in her favor, giving up all responsibility, and this woman hardly goes beyond being her aid, her *alter ego*. The lady of the house really directs it all; she only gives up this supervision, or rather, shares the responsibility, when it happily chances that an inspired genius is at hand, with an especial vocation for that sort of thing. Such a genius was a woman known in our village by the name of "Generous Johanna." It is true that on dying she left a daughter who inherited her magic arts, still genius is not hereditary, and the daughter fell far short of the mother's attainments. As all competent judges who knew them both declare, she was much less "generous" in every way than her mother.

The daily routine in the kitchen is quite another thing. A careful housewife knows just what is prepared, visits the store-room and gives orders, but the actual seasoning and cooking is

left entirely with the cook. Hence the decadence of the art. The Cordovan cuisine was once no doubt original and grand. To-day it is like the palaces of Medina-Azahara, and the enchanted gardens of Almunia. There are only ruins left, sure signs, sad relics, of a past greatness; remains which some skilled archæologist of cooking might restore, as Canina has restored the ancient monuments of Rome.

It would require a technical skill, which, alas! I am lacking in, to characterize the Cordovan cuisine, excellent, though now fallen into disuse, to define it and assign it a place among the other cuisines of the different peoples, tongues, and tribes of the earth. The reader will pardon me if I speak as one almost outside the temple of this lofty matter. I believe that, without undervaluing the French cuisine, which to-day alone prevails in the world, there are remains and roots, if I may call them so, of the Cordovan cookery which are not to be despised. Who knows but that they might yet put forth excellent fruits, without foreign grafts, but retaining their native qualities?

With our peasantry the principal food is beans, in spite of the anathema of Pythagoras, who once condemned them as being aphrodisiacal. The way in which they prepare them, called par excellence *cocina*, is exceedingly rich. I doubt if the most skillful French chef, with nothing to work with but beans, thick oil, muddy vinegar, pepper, salt, and water, could produce so rich a food as the said dish of beans, as any Cordovan woman prepares it. I will say the same of the sauce they prepare for stewed rabbit, of a dish made of crushed garlic, bread, oil, and water, and others of the same order. They may be very bad, and the fine, disdainful ladies of Madrid may make a thousand wry faces when they taste them, but just let them take these ingredients, combine them, and see if they can do better!

As for the rest, the rabbit stew, eaten with the country brown bread, and

“Peppers red, with stinging garlic white,”

of which the sharp sauce is chiefly made, it should have a place as a refined creation in the art of pleasing, especially if it has been well pounded for a long time, and by strong hands, in a big wooden bowl. As for *gazpacho*, it is healthful in warm weather, and after the fatigues of harvest time. It is withal poetical and classic, for it is nothing more or less than *gaz-*

pacho that, according to Virgil, Testilis prepared as a cool, refreshing treat for the weary reapers : —

“Savory herbs, wild thyme, with garlic she pounded together.”

I will not stop to speak of the boiled meat with vegetables, the stews, fricassees, chicken with garlic, and the like, as they are alike throughout the Andalusian provinces. But I will say a word in defence of *alboronia*, a dish made with love apples, pumpkins, and pimento, because a friend of mine, a witty writer, made fun of it, and because modern science has furnished us with a means of justifying it, even proving that the ancient Cordovan cuisine was an aristocratic, or almost royal one, which has degenerated in our day. The learned Orientalist, Dozy, proves that the inventor of *alboronia*, or, at least, the one to give it a name, was no less a person than the Sultana Boran, — beautiful, accomplished, and *comme il faut* among all the princesses of the Orient. Perhaps the creator of *alboronia* dedicated his invention to the Sultana Boran, as do the most famous cooks now, dedicating their dishes and naming them in honor of some illustrious person. Thus we have a steak à la Chateaubriand, a salmon à la Chambord, and sauces à la Soubise, à la Bismarck, à la Thiers, à l'Impératrice, à la Reine, and à la Pio Nono. For the sake of conciseness, the name of the dish is suppressed, and only that of the famous personage remains, so we may be eating a Pio Nono or a Chateaubriand without being liable to punishment as anthropophagi.

Doubtless then, as following the indisputable assertion of Dozy, the *alboronia* is derived from the Sultana Boran, the Maimon cakes, soaked in wine, must have been named for Maimon the Caliph, husband of the said Boran, and not for the great Jewish philosopher Maimonides, who was a Cordovan, and so a compatriot of Maimones, be they wine cakes, round cakes or cakes filled with sweetmeats.

It must be confessed that, after all, these things have degenerated. They are like the refrains which were once the wise sayings of ancient sages, and have come to a lower use, or like certain families of good stock, who have fallen into obscure poverty. It is surely a great shame that this has come to pass, for the first constituents of cookery are exquisite in all Cordova.

Among the rock roses, the tamarinds, the lentils and laurestinas, in the thickets of the craggy sierra, in the shade of the

high pines and the thickly branching cork-oaks, run the valiant boars and the light-footed deer and stags. In all the fertile plains abound rabbits, hares, partridges, and even the fat moorhens, and every variety of dove, from the wild gray pigeon with white neck to the stock-dove. The olive crop has no sooner begun to ripen than the thrushes flock over from Africa, filling the air as if with living clouds. Linnets, loriots and yellowhammers make the spring merry with their amorous song. The great Guadalquivir furnishes fat shad and enormous pike, while in all the small rivers and streams are found frogs and sweet eels. I should write on indefinitely, were I to tell here of all the products of the vegetable kingdom, the flora of this country, favored above all others by a kindly heaven, in whose zenith, according to popular conviction and rooted belief, is placed the throne of the Holy Trinity. It is enough to know that the thousand and one orchards of Cabra are an earthly Paradise. There, if mythology were still in fashion, we might say Pomona had placed her throne, and continuing in the same vein, we might add without the least hyperbole that Pales, the god of flocks and shepherds, reigns in the lonely regions of the desert, Ceres in the fields that extend between Baena and Valenzuela, while Bacchus holds sway over the Moriles, whose wine excels that of Jerez (sherry) in every way.

Our Cordovan housewife looks upon all this with disdain, either because it is an everyday matter, and so of no value, or perhaps because of its delicate spirituality. Nevertheless, some of the wealthier women are zealous growers of fruits, and are interested in acclimatizing those hitherto unknown in these parts, such as the strawberry and the raspberry. And she keeps her yard well stocked with hens, geese, and turkeys, which she herself feeds and fattens. Sometimes, but this is rare, one finds the discordant speckled guinea hen in such a yard, while the pheasant is still as rare to my country-women as the fabulous phoenix, the griffin, or the two-headed eagle.

But the Cordovan wife and mother chiefly shines in the management of her inner household. The lines which Schiller wrote in praise of his countrywomen could with greater justice be applied to mine. The great poet has described, not the German mother, but the mother of a family in my province.

“Within bears sway
The modest housewife,”

The mother of children,—
And governs wisely
The dear home circle;—
She teaches the girls,
Restrains the boys,
And finds no rest
For her busy fingers,
Increasing her store
With housewifely lore.”

How hard she works! Watch her, as from early dawn she is busy now in the granary, now in the cellar, now in the store-room! She spies out the finest spiders' webs, and has them swept away, unless, indeed, she attacks them herself. She dusts all the furniture till it shines, and piles up in the clothes-press or lays away in chest or closet the fresh house linen, sweet with lavender. She embroiders exquisitely, and never forgets the thousand fancy stitches, the hemstitch and plain “over-and-over” she learned to work as a child on her rich “sampler,” which is always preserved as a precious souvenir. Not a shirt is there of cambric or of cotton but she has marked it, no stocking is left unmended, no rent unrepaired. If she is well-to-do, the family is always clean and well dressed; if she is poor, on Sundays and on gala days the carefully kept best clothes come from out the depths of the chest; a cloak or a long square shawl from Manila, a handsome gown and mantilla for herself, and for her husband a shirt as white as snow, embroidered with birds and flowers, a velvet vest, a neckcloth of scarlet or yellow silk, a short jacket well mended, full breeches with handsome buttons of silver and passementerie, and elaborately embroidered gaiters of well-tanned calfskin. Over all this, when going to mass or to any other function or ceremony, my countryman is wont to throw his cloak. It would show a lack of decorum, almost even of courtesy, to present oneself without it, though the thermometer mark thirty degrees Centigrade! And, indeed, the cloak, like all long and sweeping garments, gives to its wearer a certain amplitude, an air of proud display. Nor can I deny that in my home we abuse somewhat this cloak-wearing habit. I remember a doctor in our village, who used to visit us when I was a boy, who never left his off. He was constantly muffled up in it, and never took it off, even to feel one's pulse! And as a matter of course, one who never removes his cloak is still more prone

to keep on his hat, except on very solemn occasions indeed. He may even keep it on in his sleep, pulling it down over his face to protect it from the sun or the light, if he take his siesta in the open, and so he shoves it to the back of his head, holding on to it with his hand to salute whoever may be most deserving of respect and courtesy. But let us return to our heroine.

Poor or rich, as I have said, she is a zealous housekeeper. In some houses the rooms are papered, but usually they are whitewashed, which is rough and rustic if you will, but the white is cheerful, and gives the whole place an air of cleanliness. The mistress herself, if she be poor, and if not, the maid, whitewashes the whole house, including the façade. And this mania for whitewashing reaches such an extreme that a lady in my village, some years ago, whitewashed her piano. It was the first piano ever seen there, but now there are many and good ones, some even of *lignum vitæ*, and the ladies who play and sing are counted by the dozen.

The patio, or courtyard, in Cordova and in other cities in the province, is, like those in Seville, surrounded by marble columns, paved with flagstones, with fountains and flowers to make it gay. In the smaller villages they are not so fine and well appointed, nor is the architecture so good; still the flowers are cared for with a more devoted love, which often becomes a real passion. In the springtime and on summer evenings the lady of the house often sews, and entertains her guests, in the patio, whose walls are covered with a thick matting of vines. The ivy, the passion flower, jasmine, honeysuckle, climbing roses, and other creepers weave this mat with their interlaced leaves, and embroider it with their flowers and fruit. Sometimes a good part of the patio is covered with a leafy arbor, and in its center, so that it may be easily seen through the glass inclosure, if there is one, rises a mass of flowers, formed of potted plants, grouped closely on wooden shelves. There are carnations, roses, sweet basil, southernwood, knee holly, Hottentot cherry, laurel, and quantities of sweet four-o'-clocks. All around are borders, filled with flowers too, and as a background to the flowers are hedges of beautiful reeds and canes; these are made to form triangles and other mathematical figures, while their graceful outlines frame a thousand charming vistas. The tops of the canes, which are interwoven in supporting rods, are often adorned with eggshells and pretty, many-colored

gourds. Bees and wasps buzz about, and make the patio lively during the day, and the nightingale furnishes music through the long summer night.

In the winter the housewife takes great care to adorn her home with evergreen plants; canaries and linnets recall the springtime with their song, and if the master of the house is a hunter, there is no lack of partridges and whistling quails in his inclosure, while guns and trophies of the hunt adorn the walls; and round the hearth, almost a part of the family circle, lie stretched the greyhounds and hunting dogs.

In almost every aristocratic home in the villages there is generally a sort of clown or funny fellow, who recalls, though only by his clownish side, the lackey of our old comedies. This merry-Andrew has a thousand talents, catches thrushes with whistle and snares, and linnets with birdlime and nets; he fishes for eels, wading in the pools and streams, catching them with his hands. Sometimes one has a leaning to poetry, wishes his mistress good-day in verse, composes couplets in her praise, and satires against rivals or enemies. He also looks after and entertains the children, and knows a number of stories which he tells with great animation and amusing mimicry.

The village servant, too, knows many stories, and tells them gracefully. Hers are tales of terror, of charms, of love, and all are very serious. For fun and laughter she has a store of piquant anecdotes.

When I was a little fellow, I never wearied of listening to tales that the house-servants told me. The prettiest one, and my chief delight, was the one about Lady Guiomar, whose plot is essentially that of the Indian drama of Kalidasa, entitled "Sakuntala." The Arabs brought this story, with a thousand more, from the farthest Orient, in the Middle Ages.

The maid who excels in cleverness, in pleasant, entertaining ways, wins the good will of her mistress and becomes the companion or favorite of the lady of the house, or of the young or unmarried daughter. She is very like the "confidante" in classic tragedies, and may even play the rôle of CEnone. At all events she accompanies her mistress when making visits, going to mass, to take walks, takes messages back and forth, and keeps her supplied with the latest news of the village.

And this curiosity about other people's lives, and the habit of backbiting, are, it must be confessed, deplorably strong in the ladies and the wealthy middle class in these parts.

The personal charms of the Cordovan woman are those that come of robust health and active out-of-door life. The lass who from her childhood up walks a great deal, works hard, and goes constantly to the fountain in the public square to fill the big earthen water jar, which she carries resting it against her hip, or with the linen she has washed in the river, is strong but not too stout. The fountain or water basin was the end of my daily walk, and there I used to sit on a stone seat built in the wall, under a tall black poplar. Watching the young girls at their washing, or filling their jars and carrying them so gayly, light and graceful in their walk up the steep hill, I returned in spirit to the old patriarchal times, and now fancied myself a witness of some Biblical scene, like that of Rebecca at the well; or again, fancying myself in the place of the prudent king of Ithaca, I imagined I was watching the Princess Nausicaa and her fair companions. There is nothing of ornament nor attempt at display about these girls. The shabby, short dress, especially in summer, clings to the body and falls in graceful folds, veiling and revealing their youthful charms like the statue of the huntress Diana.

Unfortunately the fine ladies of the village have adopted as far as possible all the French fashions, and are gradually giving up their native modes of dressing, and the old way of wearing their hair. One and all are devoted to dress, and no doubt some day they will suddenly give up wearing the mantilla and take to common hats. They all dress their hair elaborately, copying the wax models in shop windows, and call this coiffure à la Pompadour, or à l'Imperatrice, that even the name may have a foreign flavor. And their dresses, instead of being short, are worn with long trains, so that they sweep up the dust of the sidewalk as they go along. In short, this giving up of the native and suitable mode of dress is a thousand pities.

In spite of all these disguises, beauty, or at least grace, jauntiness, and liveliness are common gifts among my countrywomen. They walk delightfully, and dance even better. Country dances, the waltz, and polka, are becoming general, but the fandango is not yet banished. Even young ladies dance through a figure, if they are coaxed to in some country fête, and they frisk about gayly and easily, shaking their castanets right merrily. There are women of the people, who in the art of dancing and playing the castanets are superior even to la Teletusa, celebrated by Martial in the epigram beginning:—

"Playing with nimble finger the Andalusian Cithers."

As the married woman is a model of conjugal endurance, so the young girl is almost always an exemplary fiancée. Punctually she appears at the window every evening to talk with her lover, and then the regular business of flirting begins. In every street of every village in Andalusia may be seen, from ten until midnight, muffled forms that seem actually glued on to almost every grated window. He perhaps sighs, and exclaims, "How hard-hearted you are!" And she answers, "No, no, not I, but yourself!"

And then another sigh.

And thus hours after hours are passed!

This practice has such a charm for them, especially for the men, that not a few engagements are prolonged more than that of Jacob and Rachel, which lasted fourteen years, simply that they may not miss these sweet delights. The poor girls endure it patiently, but they languish under it, and dark circles show under their eyes.

It is true that when they are married the woman is not obliged to go on at service, or working too hard, as is often the case in other places. Though the lover may be a poor day laborer, he provides that the girl he is engaged to, as soon as she becomes his wife, shall no longer toil, shall no longer weed in the cornfields, nor pick olives, and shall be queen and mistress in her own household. If she is out at service she gives up her place, and henceforth sews and washes, irons, scours, and cooks, only for her husband and her children. The man, save in rare cases, is the one who works, and scrapes together in one way and another what is needful to support the whole family.

The Cordovan, of whatever class, is all heart and tenderness, yet free from that false sentimentalism that has come from abroad. No one, to our shame be it said, has as yet painted the Cordovan woman of the people, passionate and enamored, true to real life, as has Mérimée. His *Carmen* is the ideal type of a woman of humble and lowly condition in life, but of lofty soul.

From an early date the Cordovan woman has been the mirror, the inspiration, the guiding star of lovers. Her eyes, like Laura's, inspire platonic, mystic passion, and induce a Moor like Ibn Zeidun to write odes more beautiful than those

of Petrarch, thanks to the Princess Walada, who was a poet herself.

The loves of Cordovan women have had an immense influence for good in this world. They have aided in and have, indeed, been the origin of Spain's most precious glories, and of events so providential that the European civilization of to-day is explained only by a knowledge of them. Were it not for Zahira, in love with Gustios, Mudarra would never have been born, the seven children of Larra would have had no avenger, the flower of Castilian chivalry would have perished ere it came into flower; we should perhaps have had no Cid, since, had he not been inspired by Mudarra's sword, gaining new courage from it, he would not have killed Count Lozano, nor have laid the foundation of such imperishable glory. If Doña Beatriz Enriquez had not fallen in love with Columbus, in Cordova, consoling him and encouraging him, Columbus might have left Spain, might have died in an insane asylum; thus he might never have discovered the new worlds, whose existence an inspired Cordovan had divined and foretold, more than fourteen hundred years before. And this passionate and immortal Cordovan gave him new courage and resolution, which led him on to victory. So one sees how much my countrywomen have done and are still doing. May God bless them one and all!

It seems impossible that good and pleasing as they undoubtedly are, the rascally men should neglect and desert them. But besides the long journeys they take, on the pretext of important affairs, they leave their homes for the casino, where they pass their idle hours. The great Donoso was more than justified in thundering against the casino, as he does in his eloquent book "Concerning Catholicism." It is true there have always been casinos, only in earlier times for the rich they were called the casilla, and were in the apothecary's shop, while for the poor they were in the tavern. But to-day this no longer suffices, and every village, however small, is swarming with clubs. Every clique, every shade of difference in political opinion, has its own. There is the conservative club, the radical, the Carl-ist, the socialist, and the republican, so the unhappy women are left alone. I do not see how a woman can be a liberal! All should be absolutists, and indeed, many are so at heart.

The only compensation that modern liberalism brings with it for woman is that it weakens considerably that conjugal and paternal authority which before was so terrible, even to the

point of tyranny. They were governed by the rod ; still, to a mettlesome woman like our Cordovan, it hurts more to be disdained than to be whipped. A rebuff would cut deeper than a cowhiding.

At all events, the Cordovan, like all other Spanish women, has always one pure source of comfort in all her troubles and sorrows, and that is the Christian religion. Without exception my countrywomen are deeply religious.

Among the men impiety is widespread. The soldier off duty takes home with him some odd number of the " Quoter " ; newspapers are read, and not all of them are pious in tone ; and, finally, many a student comes back from college infected with Krause and even Hegel, ready to pour forth his learning into the rustic ear, to see if he cannot make converts of them to pantheism and egotheism.

The wife does not understand, nor does she desire to understand, such perplexing new terms, and continues faithful to her old beliefs. They are balm for all her heart's wounds, they fill her with unfading hopes, and open up in her ardent imagination infinite horizons, gilded with the divine light of a sun of love and glory.

Even for less sublime exigencies and more vulgar satisfactions her religion is an inexhaustible source of comfort. Almost every honest pastime possible for a woman is founded on her religion. If it were not for that, what of the joyous pilgrimages to the Virgin of Araceli, and to the Virgin of la Sierra de Cabra ? Would there be a Child Jesus to clothe, the processions to watch ; the images borne through the streets during Holy Week, — the Descent from the Cross, Abraham, the trumpeters, the Romans, the Apostles and Prophets, and the Brothers of the Holy Cross ? There would be none of these sacred joys, dear to the heart of all true Catholics. There would be for her no concessions of indulgence, no nine days of prayer, nor would she listen to sermons, trim the altars with flowers, deck out the cross of May, and rejoice in the holy month of Mary. The swallows which now are respected, because they pulled the thorns out from Christ's crown with their beaks, would be persecuted and killed ; they would no longer return every year to the same house, to build their nests under the eaves of the roof, nor salute the master with their merry cries and chirpings. Everything would be dead and without meaning to her, were there no religion. The passion flower would lose its symbolic power,

and even the love of her fiancé, her husband, or her lover, which she combines always with the presentiment of immortal joys, and which she idealizes always with a thousand vague rose tints of mysticism, would be changed into something a good deal less poetic.

Such is, in general outlines, the woman of the province of Cordova. Were we to go into detail, this essay would be simply endless. In this province as in every other, there are a thousand grades of culture and wealth, which make the types vary, and then again the individual differences of character and intellectual gifts.

I have omitted one very important point which I shall touch upon very slightly, before bringing this article to a close, and that is a question of philology ; namely, their peculiar language and style of expression.

Ordinarily the letter *h* is aspirated, and it will be understood that I am speaking now of the servants or the working-women, and not of the well-educated classes. They also have a marked tendency to fortify words by prefixing an intensive syllable ; when calling some one a rascal has left her soul unsatisfied, she relieves her feelings still further by calling him a re-rascal ; when Dios ! fails to express her sentiments, she exclaims re-Dios ! In various villages of my province, and in the province of Jaen, also, one often hears a certain inarticulate interjection, very like a snore or a snort. And finally the Cordovan is prone to adorn her speech with many a flower and fancy, flavors it with witty sayings and sparkling jests, making it lively with varied gestures and play of the hands.

In pronunciation we must acknowledge there might be slight changes for the better. The letters *z* and *s* are all one to her, as are *l* and *r* and *p*. It may well have been some Cordovan schoolmistress who said to her pupils, "Children, precert is written with a *p*, and sordier with an *l*!" Still, though anarchy prevails in pronunciation, as far as construction and vocabulary go the women as well as the men are fluent and most elegant on occasion, and always pure in style, easy and graceful. Not a few Castilians would do well to go there, to learn to speak Castilian, though not to pronounce it.

Without too great flattery I may affirm that the Cordovan is as a rule discreet, witty, and acute. Her natural vivacity makes up for a lack of study and knowledge. Her conversation is very entertaining, for she is naturally eloquent and spon-

taneous in what she says and thinks. Fond of laughing and teasing, she plays merry tricks with her menfolk ; and swift at repartee she bombards them with many a stinging shot, though never really angry.

And now what is left for me to add ? One Cordovan is miserly, another prodigal, but all are generous at heart, and charitable. Here and there may be found one who reads the ancient books, most of them devotional, which once belonged to her great-grandmother, and are as if fastened by chains to the house. For instance, "The Perfect Household," by one Master Leon, "The Contempt of Court Life and Praise of the Country," and the "Mount of Calvary," by Brother Antonio de Guevara, and even the "Complete Works," some twenty folio volumes, by the venerable Palafox. And I am not inventing here. I have really known a native Cordovan who owned and had actually read these books, and more of the same style. Others there are who read only modern novels, and those of the worst sort, while others again read nothing.

Some there are who have been to Seville or Madrid, who have been to Malaga, and have seen the sea ; while others there are who have never left their own little town, and whose ideas concerning Madrid are as vague and confused as mine might be of some city that possibly exists in another planet. Almost without exception they are satisfied with their lot. Good nature, excessive meekness, is very common. Their pride, moreover, incites them to despise what is not within their reach, and love of country, confined within the narrow limits of the town in which they were born and bred, grows more intense, energetic, and even irascible, leading them to love to madness that town and that society, preferring them to all others, and to turn almost furiously against whoever may venture to blame them.

If I were to go on relating and describing things circumstantially, I might end by writing a volume of some five or six hundred pages ! So we will bring it to a close just here, praying that this sketch may not sin by its too great length, and that the reader may have sufficient indulgence, leisure, and calm of mind, to be able to read it all without being bored, weary, or inclined to yawn !

SIX ETCHINGS.

By ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

[ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS, generally regarded as on the whole the best Spanish novelist of this generation in tone and touch and truth, was born in 1853 near Oviedo, the capital of the Asturias, in northwest Spain. Educated at Avilés and Oviedo, he took a law degree at the University of Madrid; he studied also especially political and moral science, looked to a professorship of them, and was made secretary for these departments at the city Athenæum. In 1875 he became editor of a leading scientific magazine, *La Revista Europea*, wrote many scientific articles, and much good literary criticism later collected. In 1881 he published his first novel, "Señorito Octavio." Among the others are the one best known in translation, "Marta y Maria" (Martha and Mary, the English version called "The Marquisé of Peñalta"), 1883, — the story of two sisters, the younger a born housewife and mother, the elder a petted beauty who yet is a born devotee and fanatic, scourges herself or forces her maid to do it, breaks her engagement, and has herself arrested as a Carlist partisan, to enable her to enter a religious life; "El Idyl de un Enfermo" (An Invalid's Idyl), 1884; "José," 1885; "Rliverita," of a young man about town, 1886; its sequel, "Maximina" 1890; "El Cuarto Poder" (The Fourth Estate — the press), 1888, — the nominal plot, which however is subordinate to a love story, being the establishment of a newspaper in a small old town; "La Hermana (Sister) San Sulpicio," 1889, the reverse of "Marta y Maria," a novice finding herself drawn to her old life and her lover rather than to a convent; "La Fé" (Faith), 1892, a sort of "Robert Elsmere," where a priest tries to convert a freethinker and has his own faith crushed; "El Maestrante" (The Grandee), 1893, a painful story of child martyrdom; "El Origen de Pensamiento" (The Origin of Thought), 1894, where a crazy old amateur scientist undertakes to discover the secret of mental action by removing part of the skull to see the making of the brain; "Los Majos de Cadiz" (The Dandies of Cadiz), 1896. He has also written sketches of Madrid life entitled "Aguas Fuertes" (Etchings), 1885, the following among them; and "Espuma" (Foam), 1890.]

I. THE "RETIRO" AT MADRID.¹ A MORNING IN JUNE.

AMONG the many delights that a citizen of Madrid may indulge in, during the lovely month of June, there are few that can rival the joy of rising with the dawn, and taking a walk in the "Retiro." No reasonable person can doubt that the habit of getting up early in the morning is one that develops character and gives one an immense superiority over one's fellow-men. The reader who has had the energy to attempt this elevating experiment will have noted within himself a certain complacency not entirely free from pride, a delightful sensation akin to that which Achilles felt after having dragged the body

¹ Literally "The Retreat," a fine park just outside Madrid.

of Hector round the walls of Troy. Heroism appears in varied guise, differing with the age and with the country in which we find it, but at heart it is all one.

When we arise at break of day, to go and sip indifferent chocolate in the restaurant of El Retiro, an inner voice, communing with our soul, cajoles us with congratulations and pleasing compliments. We instinctively assume a greater vigor and feel ourselves to be strong souls, noble, serene, worthy in every way of admiration. The street sweepers give their brooms a rest, in order to gaze on us, and in their eyes we read these thoughts, or words to this effect: "That's the kind for me! down with lazy do-nothings; you're a true man, sir, you are!" And as a proof of their great admiration they send the dust flying by the bushelful, directly in our triumphant way!

On the day set apart for this early rising we acknowledge no social distinctions excepting such as are made by the act of getting up early or late. All other differences are swept away in favor of this dividing-line drawn by Nature herself. Every one we meet walking in El Retiro has a claim to our sympathy and respect; for are they not worthy colleagues, forming with ourselves an aristocratic and privileged family apart? And on our return, when we meet some friend who is just leaving his house, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, we can hardly refrain from assuming an impertinent tone of voice on greeting him, an irrecusable proof of our unquestioned superiority.

But the drinking of poor chocolate in the Retiro of a June morning is but a small part of our delight. The first thing we have to look at is the sun, rising in full majesty above the tree-tops, diffusing at first a sad, white light, that coldly kisses the statue of Charles III. at the Alcalá gateway; then a rosier light and far more joyous tints the walls of the first houses it meets with, and finally come the vivid, smiling, resplendent blushes that belong only to sunrise. The floating escort of little clouds that follow its upward flight is the most graceful and elegant imaginable: these cunning clouds are all arranged in such capricious and picturesque ways, taking most difficult and effective steps round about their central corypheus. Still, the good people of Madrid are not devoted to this kind of spectacle. They prefer watching the moon rise in the painted skies of the Royal Theatre; the variety of moon that masquerades as a round cheese, appearing obediently in answer to the solemn trills of the mezzo-soprano. And there is a plausible

reason for this. The sun is obliged, as a matter of duty, to rise every morning in all sorts of weather, while the aforesaid moon shines only when Señor Rovira thinks best. If the sun were not so prodigal of its light and heat, and demanded a somewhat higher price for a front seat, I for one believe it would have a much greater reputation. For instance, if it only appeared three or four times each year, and if the newspapers announced in advance that "the most distinguished of our stars will make his debut on Tuesday, at one o'clock precisely; all seats will be sold in advance," it strikes me that the renters of chairs in the Retiro would drive a brisk trade.

Next to the sun, the most remarkable thing I find in the Retiro are the dressmakers. This most respectable sisterhood, and even more beautiful than respectable, come into close and loving contact with Mother Nature as soon as the month of June is come. As their numerous affairs prevent them from going to pass a season at San Sebastian or at Biarritz, and feeling the necessity of giving expression to the poetic sentiments which fill their souls, our pretty seamstresses have chosen the Retiro as the field of their matutinal excursions. For trees, birds, and flowers, when they are not artificial, offer, no doubt, greater attractions. There is nothing a dressmaker so longs for as a primitive condition of things, where all is in accordance with Nature's laws. During the winter her mind lies dormant, while her hands work diligently under the light of the prosaic kerosene lamp. But when the enchanting month of May is with us, when its warmth steals through our veins, then the soul feels it too, eclogues and idyls stir in the reawakened brain, and our hard-working sewsters dream of green meadows enameled with gay flowers, of swift-flowing crystal-clear brooks, of cool dark grottos, where amorous swains await the sweet recompense due their pressing importunities. Then it is that our dressmaker, as the first sign of the influence of such pure ideas and enchanting visions on her plastic mind, frees herself from certain artificial restraints; if she be of a truly inspired temperament, and treasures in her heart that host of tender and ineffable sentiments which we have every reason to expect of her, the outward proof will be observed in the extreme lightness of her apparel. She rises very, very early, and without waiting for the landau, betakes herself on foot to the Retiro in company with a few chosen friends and some distinguished artisans. How fresh and smiling she is! How her beautiful

great black eyes glow, and how her delicate bosom heaves with joy ! The party moves along, inclined to forget for the moment all ridiculous social ceremonies, the fastidious refinements of life in Madrid, and to return to all that seems to belong to a state of Nature. And indeed, they start out well provided with the trappings and works of art belonging to a primitive civilization, such as our earliest ancestors are most commonly supposed to have used in some form or other, — hoops, jumping-ropes, tops, shuttlecock, etc., etc. Our dressmaker, as she approaches the Municipal Arcadia, becomes possessed of a greater sprightliness, and in her movements and poses one sees the active influence of rural ideas. She chatters and runs, laughs, jumps, cries out in her excitement, and allows herself with her girl friends the innocent liberties believed to be usual among shepherds and shepherdesses in bosky dells ; she blinds their eyes with her hands, pinches them, takes off their hats, and pulls their noses in a deliciously simple manner, conforming in every respect to the laws of Nature.

As soon as they enter the park and choose a fitting place, silent, shaded, perfumed with the odor of the acacias, the games begin. Your sewing-girl is a rare wonder of grace and skill in skipping rope, tossing the shuttlecock, and twittering all the while like a swallow ! How pretty she is, as she frisks and flirts, and how cunning are her endearing, entrancing little ways with the gentlemen who turn up there as if in answer to those shrill cries ! The games take her back to the days of her childhood, and so she sits on her companion's knees, and bids him fasten up the loosened braids of hair, without a thought of what desires these scenes may awaken in the mind of the casual spectator. No one could imagine for a moment, while watching these modest and innocent graces, that our heroine had ever been through less pastoral experiences.

At times, overcome, panting, her eyes shining, her hair disheveled, her cheeks flaming, I have seen her give up all the fascinating sports to take the arm of some youthful swain with yellow gloves. At such a time I have observed her follow slowly a lonely pathway between lines of shade-trees, until the pair were lost to sight in the leafy woods. Were they in search of some cool, fresh arbor, where the cares of this world might be shaken from their weary shoulders ? I know not. This rural life is full of ineffable mysteries it were wiser not to penetrate !

II. THE GREAT LAKE.

No sooner have we left behind us the famous Alcalá gateway, and taken a few steps in the tree-shaded way that leads to the heart of the Retiro, than a light, moist breeze begins to refresh our face with proud suggestions of a wind from off the sea. Our heart and lungs alike expand, our eyes close involuntarily to receive the grateful kiss of this zephyr, and there throng vaguely to our memory visions of white sandy beaches where the waves break, rocks, boats, sea-gulls, and better than all, the vast horizon of the ocean, inviting one to dreams. But continue, keep on with your eyes shut! Have no fear of running into anything, for carriages do not roll in that part of the park. For some precious moments you may safely cherish this illusion of the sea, for which you have, as a matter of fact, paid your share.

Not that I promise that when you open your eyes you shall find yourself by the sea, for such an exaggeration would serve merely to cast discredit upon the noble projects of our government; as I understand it, they never thought of establishing a real ocean at Madrid, but simply an epitome, a compendium of the real thing. Yet, if not actually on the seashore, you will still find yourself gazing on an expanse of water which will appeal to and foster your love for the sea, though it may not satisfy it entirely. The bold pranks of this mighty mass of water are held in restraint by simple walls of brick, on which is an iron railing, by no means a high one.

When you lean over the railing to examine more closely the ocean so kindly provided by a paternal government, perhaps you will agree with the majority of the citizens of Madrid in thinking that its waves are scarcely clear enough or clean enough, and that the city fathers would do well to renew them frequently, if they propose — and this is quite certainly their plan — to kindle and develop by this means the love of Nature and the poetic sentiment inherent in her worthy inhabitants. Nevertheless, these green and somewhat stagnant waters ripple with the breath of a caressing breeze as do the most beautiful of lakes; sometimes, too, at the witching hour of noon, and under a clear sky, they shine forth with dazzling and pleasing lights. It is with the lake as with plain women: they all have their moments of beauty, graceful poses, or pleasing motions.

As I have already shown, it is certain that the origin of the aforesaid lake is due to the expediency of instilling in the minds of the citizens of Madrid certain poetic and naturalistic tendencies. And indeed, a paternal government having clearly perceived — as it could hardly fail to do — that in great cities like Madrid the love of Nature is sadly neglected, and that in consequence the quickness of perception in the lower classes does not obtain the development necessary to preserve it from the grossest positivism, has made and is still making the most praiseworthy efforts to keep alive in all the social classes an urban and municipal romanticism in harmony with every requirement of the human heart.

No department of Nature has escaped their benevolent efforts. The umbrageous and impenetrable forests, full of color and harmony, which are the marvel of the solitudes of America, are represented by the thickets of the Retiro, the groves on the squares of the Orient, of Santo Domingo, and others less well known. The great desire common to every human heart to refresh the soul by gazing upon mighty mountains on whose lofty summit the mind of man, like unto the clouds that fly through space, may repose from its fatigue, finds sweet satisfaction in the Montagnes Russes. And finally, the powerful aspiration that fills the soul while meditating sadly in the presence of the vast ocean, which reveals to us the dark secrets of the Infinite, finds an adequate response, if not a perfect one, on the shores of the Great Lake. And just here a slight difficulty presents itself. While it is true that a soulful contemplation of the sea greatly exalts and purifies the mind of man, it is none the less a well-certified fact that its more savage moods may awaken nervous fears and fill this same mind with gloomy forebodings. In order to meet this psychological danger the government had recourse to an expedient in which they had perfect confidence ; they called to their aid a host of geese and swans. And in truth these aquatic creatures, by their gentleness and affability, are well adapted to inspire the heart of man with smiling thoughts and a love of peace, thus to counteract the mighty and overwhelming impression that must necessarily remain in one's mind after contemplating a lake of the magnitude of the one in El Retiro.

So in the lake aforesaid were introduced a dozen or more of these creatures, intrusted with the important duty of seconding the plans of the generous municipality, receiving from them

in exchange the necessary food. And it is only just that we should bear witness that these innocent birds play the part assigned them in the most exemplary fashion, earning their daily bread most honorably. See how gracefully they cross the lake in every direction, as if gliding over the waters driven by the wind, and not by virtue of the motion of their feet. Observe their capricious and fantastic poses! How picturesquely they spread their wings over the water, stirring up little clouds of foam; now they dip their head under water, to catch an insect, now they hide it under their wing, now they rise suddenly in the air, to fall again after a short flight, lazily and gently, on their elastic couch, like a satrap on his softly cushioned divan. No one can doubt but that all this affords a scene so pastoral and so bucolic that it cannot fail to produce the desired effect. However greatly exalted the soul may be, it must in the end yield to the mild influence of the combined forces of this dozen of geese.

Sailing over the lake is a goodly number of boats, barges, canoes, and other vessels of divers shapes and sizes. On holidays we may watch against the horizon line a steamer that never wearies of whistling and hissing, as if it were a spectator at some drama of Catalina. On inquiring about the price of the trip, I found that to visit all the shores of the lake, stopping at the principal points of interest, a first-class fare was two cents. But you can see at once that these voyages, where the route is all made out for one in advance, are only suitable for persons of little imagination, for the vulgar and narrow-minded. Souls full of fancy and love of adventure prefer to travel with no itinerary. And many others there are who prefer to equip the boats and canoes, navigating without a prearranged plan, and stopping just where they please, for the length of time they judge best. The love of nature and the desire of learning to know the rude fatigues of a sailor's life impels them to take off their coats, and to seize the oars with their ring-covered hands. And now our explorer's face is fixed in hard lines, and assumes the terrible and gloomy expression common to pirates; his movements are slow and heavy, like those of a sea-wolf. As they come near the coast, and see some young girl, more or less pretty, watching them in absorbed admiration, it is their habit to wink with a certain rude slyness, crying out with a hoarse voice, "Keep your eye peeled, mates! a frigate off the weather bow!"

Others still it inclines to sentimentalism, and the sight of the sleeping waters of the lake recalls to their memory Venetian tales and Swiss ballads. Resting motionless on their oars, letting their boat rock with the waves, they fix their eyes on space with the bitter expression that belies the broken heart, and from time to time they burst forth with the melodies of the tender boating songs they have learned at the Royal Theater.

The marvelous adventures as well as the boating songs cease abruptly as soon as a voice is heard, mighty as that of Neptune himself, which reaches on the wings of the wind every portion of the lake: "Boat number seven..." (a solemn pause) "time is up!" Immediately the ship, after executing the necessary manœuvres, steers its course back to the friendly haven. If it arrives happily, as is usually the case, the ship's crew, weary and out of breath, lose no time in jumping on to the pier, dusting their trousers with their pocket-handkerchiefs, previous to restoring themselves joyfully to the bosom of their respective families.

III. THE ZOO.

It is impossible for me to give the date of the institution whose story I am about to tell; perhaps it began under the paternal government of Señor Moyana, though I will not state that as a fact. And before beginning to write about it, perhaps I ought to examine documents concerning its erection and later development, so that future generations, when they read this study, may know to whom the wild beasts owe the charitable shelter which they enjoy to-day. However, I prefer to improvise a few pages which will fall well outside the domain of historical science, for which I feel but slight inclination before having breakfasted.

Some three hundred feet from the Great Lake rises the famous hospice in which a government, attentive to the moral needs of its loyal supporters, has placed some half-dozen wild beasts and twenty or thirty monkeys, with the intention of diverting and at the same time invigorating the garrison of Madrid. As the swans on the lake receive their salary in return for inspiring the natives with bucolic ideas and pastoral sentiments, the animals in the Zoo have come straight from the deserts of Africa in order to infuse into the hearts of our troops

that ferocity they are wont to lose in their intimate intercourse with serving-maids and seamstresses. One can but admire the skill which governed the choice of these terrible animals, and the accuracy with which they have managed to utilize their various attributes. No one can doubt, for instance, that the lion was imported in order to arouse the hearts of the lookers-on to worship nobility and bravery, as the leopard symbolizes ferocity, the wolf swiftness, the hyena cruelty, the monkey slyness, while the bear stands for the dignity of calm. When at eventide the Spanish infantry, in the pleasing companionship of those whom they worship, visit the cages of this establishment, they feel themselves regenerated, and disposed to have it out with the entire race of Republicans, be they fierce and harmful or tame and domesticated.

The wild beasts, as is only logical, know all the recruits of the garrison by sight, and not only the recruits but their relatives and friends. The best entertainment one can offer a friend, after treating him to glasses of rum and maraschino, is to take him to the Zoo, and walk for a time round about the cage of monkeys. "Come, come, Auntie Rosa," those who have been there tell the anxious aunt at home; "you need have no fear but that Gabriel is having a famous good time at Madrid. He can spend the whole evening looking at the monkeys in a place they call the Zoo, and as I live, there's nothing else to compare with it in all Madrid."

The Spanish soldier is, besides being high-minded, long-suffering, frugal, and endowed with a nice sense of honor, et cetera, et cetera, brilliant in thought and quite Attic in the phrasing of his poignant satire. This indeed is an unquestioned fact. Well then, you must know that this facetiousness, this concise style of wit with which Nature has endowed our army, and, above all others, the infantry troops, increases at least fifty per cent while they are promenading in the gardens of the Zoo.

In that region of delight, standing before the cage of the African lion, the Bengal tiger, or that tiniest of monkeys, the Indian titi, the exhilarating genius of our "Number Five"¹ pours forth its treasures of cleverness. Here are heard the witty phrases, the brilliant repartee; here it is that the epigram that flashes like steel, the argument full of convinoing cunning, stand revealed. Stopping before the cage of the leopard, who is sleeping quietly in a corner, our Number Five remarks to him

¹ The fifth man, on whom the lot falls to serve in the army.

in a jesting tone : "Up with you, lazy-bones ! aren't you tired of sleeping, you rascal ? You've got what you like, you thief of the world !" He passes on immediately to the lion's cage, and there pours forth another storm of jests : "Only look at him ! Only look at him ! What a mouth the greedy fellow is opening on us ! You would like us to join you at breakfast, wouldn't you now ? Well, friend, have patience and call on Cachano, for are we not all sons of one father ? Look, Manuél, there's a mane for you ! It looks just like Uncle Ferruco's hair !"

On such occasions the recruit is puffed up with pride, for he has an appreciative audience. In his suite are always some half-dozen robust servant-girls from the Alcarria, who listen to him enraptured, and follow him eagerly. How they laugh till they ache and fairly scream at the jests of our witty soldier ! No one else is so deeply penetrated as are they with the innermost import of his sayings, nor can any one appreciate so well the vigorous subtlety of his humor. Between the recruit and the servant-girls there is established at once a mysterious current of sympathy, by means of which the poetic depths of their hearts and all the sweet thoughts and vague aspirations of his mind are merged into one. Our recruit feels the eyes of the girls from the Alcarria in the back of his head, and they excite him constantly to sharper wit and repartee, while the girls notice with innocent joy that this brilliant display of fireworks is in reality a fervent homage of adoration, which the charming recruit is dedicating to them.

And there in the twilight hour, when the clouds lie low adown the depths of the valleys, and the zephyr folds its wings over the flowers, Manolo may be observed to inflict a tremendous blow on his friend Gabriel, which sends him flying among the maids. The latter accept this knock-me-down as a proof of respect and a delicate attention. From the moment the blow is struck there is established between recruits and maid-servants an everlasting friendship. So the fierceness our military acquires on the one hand he immediately loses on the other, thus bringing to naught the thoughtful plans of the paternal administration.

And before completing this article it is my duty to inform the municipal corporation of an abuse which tends to the deterioration of the country and to the discredit of the important institution with which I am at present occupied. However painful it may be to me to mention the fact, it is only too cer-

tain that the wild beasts belonging to the municipality do not fulfill as they should their sacred trust. Why were these animals brought from the deserts of Africa and Asia at the cost of a thousand pecuniary sacrifices? We have already said that the purpose was to inspire with energy and give new life to the people and the army. Well then, I cannot say how well they fulfilled this duty in the beginning, but I can say that at present they are far from performing it with the exactitude and zeal required of them. Instead of assuming attitudes which surprise the soul and fill it with awful terror, instead of roaring, flashing fire from their fierce eyes, and shaking the grating of their cages, showing a disposition to jump out and devour all the spectators before they could so much as murmur a credo, they pass the greater part of the day in a shameful lethargy, shrunk back into a corner like inanimate objects, so that the liveliest efforts of a well-meaning public are powerless to make them so much as wag their tails. When by chance you do find them afoot, they are merely taking a quiet walk in their cell, with no display of ferocity whatever, but pacing back and forth as might some lyric poet who is thinking out a difficult sonnet for the next number of the "Spanish-American Sketch-Book." When they open their mouths and stretch their claws it is never apparently as a menace, but to shake off their ennui in the most unmannerly fashion ; and if by chance they are seized by a desire to roar, they roar so mildly that they seem rather to be making anxious inquiries about the spectator's health.

Evidently this abuse must be put a stop to, but how? By seeking the origin of the evil we may strike a blow at its very root, and the origin of such apathy and carelessness on the part of these animals can be no other than this ; they are insufficiently fed. The animals at the Zoo belong to the educational classes, and like most professors, are ill-paid. Their bones stick out, their hides lie in wrinkles, their whole aspect is miserable and dejected. A friend of mine, a professor, who also has projecting bones and wrinkled skin, told me a short time ago that he only taught just so much science as should be the equivalent of the seven hundred dollars salary he received. The wild beasts probably follow the same system. Increase their salaries, then, give them sufficient third-class meat, and our government will see the duties belonging to the professorships of Energy and Ferocity faithfully discharged.

IV. THE CARRIAGE DRIVEWAY IN THE RETIRO.

A titanic struggle has just taken place in the Senate and in the columns of the newspapers. We pedestrians defended ourselves gallantly, we made incredible efforts to rescue our Retiro from the savage invasion, but we were defeated. The beautiful shaded walks now profaned by the vulgar rich echo to the hoof-beats of swift horses, and the modern conquerors, the barbarians of wealth, make their proud entrance, trampling us beneath the feet of their chargers.

We have always been wont to live here happy and at peace with mankind, and at times we said to ourselves: "You rule the theaters, the salons, the Country Club, the Castellana; you are the masters of Madrid: but we, we own the Retiro. To enjoy the perfume of its flowers, the cool shade of the trees, the fair perfection of the long hedgerows, you must leave your carriage at the gateway and soil the soles of your shoes a bit. For the Retiro was made by God — with the aid of government, for us, solely for us, the great Middle Class."

But behold! the day comes when the outer barbarians take a fancy to invade with their chariots, their women, and their children, our delicious camping-ground. The venerable trees, some of them the growth of a century, were felled to the ground, and their leaves served as a carpet to the victor. Our bowed heads, too, served them as a carpet.

And the worst of all is that, vying in cruelty with the soldiers of Alaric and Attila, they have borne and still bear us bound to their chariot-wheels. Did I not know a certain youth who fought valiantly against the invasion in the columns of *The Correspondence*? I recall an article by his pen which stated, "It is not true that the municipality is thinking of opening a driveway for carriages in the Retiro." This article fell like a bomb in the enemy's camp, creating serious ravages, and almost put an end to their hopes. And now, — have I not seen with my own eyes this very youth ignominiously bound to the dog-cart of the barbarian, which was bearing him onward much more swiftly than his plebeian feet could have done. And it even seemed to me that the barbarian's daughter was laughing at him.

Some people tell the story of the origin of the driveway as follows: they say a certain English horse, bored to death with going and coming so often to and from the Castellana, suffering

from the spleen, and in imminent danger of committing suicide, took it into his head one day that life would be worth living if he could but tramp up and down through those exclusive gardens. He gently intimated this extravagant desire to his master, gave his reasons in support of the same, and finally persuaded him that he should use his influence in having the privilege now only enjoyed by bipeds extended from that time forth to well-groomed and well-educated horses. The master, a magistrate himself, proposed it at the next meeting, making a fine speech in its favor, wherein he placed before the consideration of the assembly the principal arguments his nag had suggested to him. The resulting insurrection was most warlike in tone. The bipeds refused to abandon their rights in the Retiro, and called upon the press to aid them; they drew attention to the fact that the felling of trees to the ground was characteristic of primitive peoples; also that it is very easy to build a house, but Nature alone can make a tree. They referred to the devastating ax, and made bold to entertain doubts concerning the poetic sentiments of the members of the council.

To all this the English filly answered through his master's mouth, saying these were mere "hollow invectives," and that when the driveway was opened up and completed, then we should see what we should see. And, in fact, time has proved that the filly was right about it. The driveway for carriages, far from lessening the beauty of the Retiro, has actually added a certain showy splendor which it lacked before. Let us give the Devil his due!

And the driveway does not follow a straight line, as does the road leading to la Castellana, as its object is not to awaken general ideas in the minds of the citizens, but it forms a graceful curve, and quite a long one, stretching from the Zoo to the statue of the fallen angel, around which the carriages pass in turn. This is a statue of Lucifer, with curved spine and dislocated neck, and the muscles so tense as to give the impression of an equestrian artiste from Price's circus. And his mates here below, other fallen angels who are known by the name of la Tomasa, la Adela, la Camilla, la Berta, etc., etc., as they drive close by, are wont to gaze on the statue with sovereign contempt. No one of them has fallen in that way, down a fearsome precipice. Without exception they have fallen upon some English milord, — who keeps a carriage.

In this new driveway the Upper Ten convene and meet each other by appointment of a winter's afternoon, to enjoy the ineffable delight of gazing on each other for two hours or so. Then they hasten away to dine, and drive as fast as their horses can bear them, to gaze on each other again in the Royal Theater for another three or four hours. One would think it a company of dervishes, whose supreme joy consists in contemplation. One man has grown bald, and defrauded the state, and ruined several families, simply in order that his span may take him from one part of the city to another, to gaze on other men who, like himself, have grown bald, and have cheated the government and private individuals with the same object. The people of Madrid, more than any other people of ancient or modern times, have elevated to the realms of high art this exquisite enjoyment. In church, at the theaters, on the promenade, and in their salons, every means is exhausted that may further this, their chief pleasure in life. When the hot season comes and one is forced to leave Madrid, when separation seems inevitable, then society flies to the beaches of San Sebastian, that they may not lose sight of each other for an instant.

From five o'clock until half after five the avenue is in full glory. A thousand carriages crowd together in the rather narrow way, so that there is no possibility of moving along. Sometimes a single turn lasts an hour and a half, which condition of things, it is easy to see, constitutes the chief charm of the whole affair for those who perpetually fill the said carriages, for in this way the art of contemplation is made easier and more intense. The ladies gently lift their parasols, and gaze from under them at the other ladies, who in like fashion gently lower theirs and return glance for glance. For many years they have been at it, and have made a study of the clothes, the carriages, the horses, the pets, the bracelets, the rouge, the very moles on their faces. So, ordinarily, there is but little conversation. Only from time to time a lady communicates with her companion in a low voice, and in telegraphic style certain observations of no great importance are exchanged : —

“Have you seen Bermejillo?”

“Yes.”

“Is he riding behind Harriet's carriage?”

“Yes.”

And again they keep silence.

“Have you seen Madame de Quintanar?”

"No, not yet."

"And Madame Beleño?"

"No, I've not seen her either."

Then the lady is silent again, but she feels slightly annoyed. In order to return home quite satisfied, and to dine with a good appetite, they should all be there: Madame de Casagonzalo, Madame de Trujillo, Madame de Torrealta, de Villavicencio, de Córdoba, de Perales, de Velez Málaga, and de Cerezangos, at whom they have been staring for the last twenty years, in every possible place, and at all hours. If not, they depart in a bad humor, saying the drive was far from *chic*. The coachmen and footmen, from the height of their box, cast Olympic glances at the carriages, and murmur from time to time insolent remarks concerning the ladies who pass, or perhaps they stare hard at their companions' liveries, planning to demand the like from their masters.

The horses, bored to extinction, gaze on each other constantly, and keep silence as do their masters. Nevertheless, they let fall at times, between a snort and a toss of the head, some pointed remark concerning their fellow-horses:—

"My, what shining ornaments they've hung on the Villamediana nags! They make me smile!"

"Why, what would you have them wear, my dear fellow? They're just a span of donkeys without ears!"

"And what do you say to the Rebelledo turnout?"

"That those horses are no more English than the horn of my hoof!"

So the horses talk small talk, and the masters as well.

In one of the old side paths walk the bipeds of the bourgeois class, gazing with fixed eyes on the showy procession of aristocratic quadrupeds. When weary of walking they sit down on the iron chairs, placed there purposely that they may gaze on each other without fatigue. Large and respectable families, whose chiefs are worthy pillars of the public administration, allow themselves daily the savory pleasure of watching pass by the long procession of ladies and gentlemen who keep a carriage.

On either side of the highway, with faces turned toward the carriages, certain lordlings are wont to stride, distinguished chiefly by the canes they sport. Their soft hats are inclined slightly to one side, their coats buttoned up to the chin. They seem to wear within them a secret spring, which at intervals

obliges them to stop, lift their hand to their hat, wave it in the air, and then continue their walk.

And the sun, not to be outdone by all the others, gazes with dying eyes upon this interesting scene, darting his slanting rays among the trees, and calling into play a thousand graceful reflections in the varnish of the carriages, the clear glass of their lamps, and in the brass and silver buttons of the liveried minions. Before dying, the orb of day wraps with soft caress the motley pomp of the crowd which has eyes only for itself; it makes the horses' trappings flash, the ladies' jewels glow, tints with vivid colors their silken apparel, and spreads a brilliant cloth of gold over the passive and silent procession. The trees receive the last kiss of the day-star with greater pleasure than does man, and through their leafy bowers are dancing graceful and fugitive splendors. At the left the pure azure of the sky is disclosed, pale and colorless now, and its luminous depths are interrupted at intervals by the stiff outlines of some conifer, or by the cocked hats of the guards, who sit as if glued to their horses, and the horses in their turn seemed glued to the earth, like statues. In the middle of the curve which the avenue forms they have made an opening in trees where one can look out on the landscape beyond. It is like a wide balcony, whence one descends league upon league of country, arid as is the whole region surrounding Madrid. This landscape is beautiful only at nightfall. Then the twilight mists, pierced for a moment by the rays of the setting sun, beautify with their delicately varied coloring the vast plain, the distant hills seem to float in a cloud of blue, and higher up, shining out like white dots, are scattered homesteads.

The play of light on the vast level tracts creates counterfeit woods, fields, rivers and villages that do not exist, an unreal, theatrical country that bears a certain resemblance to the background of Velasquez' picture of the "Lancemen." And still the view fascinates one with its splendor and thrills the heart with its immensity.

The luminous mist that just here envelops the driveway, softening the glare of the gay sunshades, effacing the graceful outlines of the horses, toning down the features of the ladies till they seem a mere sketch, and endowing the whole scene with the perspective of a picture, slowly loses its brilliancy and is transformed into an ashen dust which seems to fall from out the sky like a herald of the night. And at length night comes:

the sun hides its flames beyond the boundaries of the desert waste; a few flitting clouds like lines, fine and slight, traced on the firmament, after growing blacker and blacker, finally disappear altogether.

The avenue is robbed of its splendor, and is now a mere mass of carriages, without luster or poetry. The throng of people feel almost at the same instant a slight chill from the night air; the ladies muffle themselves in their wraps, and pull the fur robes closer over their knees; the riders bestir themselves, pull on their coats, and beat the air with their arms like the wings of a windmill. The horses paw the ground impatiently, dreaming of the near delights of the manger, and the charioteers crack their whips, heading them all toward the city. In a few moments the avenue is deserted. Those afoot, who naturally are left in the rear, hear from time to time the sound of the retreating carriages, like the murmur of surf breaking against some far-off strand.

V. THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

Madrid possesses a national library, fronting on a street of the same name, which street leads on the one side to the Square of the Incarnation, and on the other to the Square of Isabella II. The building is readily recognized. Besides this, Madrid possesses in the suburb of Salamanca the foundations of a new-library, built with the greatest solidity, perfectly guarded from all unseasonable weather, and surrounded by a very pretty iron railing. With such rudiments of learning one must admit that the capital of Spain is not lacking in aids to education, and that all who desire to study may follow their bent. Nevertheless, one thing always surprises me, and that is that the national library is not so much patronized as one would expect it to be, considering the number of inhabitants and their recognized love of crowding together in all places where there is nothing to pay. It may possibly be connected with the fact that the library is closed for the greater part of the day, and of the night also. As for the foundations, in spite of their being so fine and substantial, they are always deserted, which gives them a certain resemblance to a pagan necropolis, certainly not in harmony with the purpose for which they were instituted,—as Pavia said on the third of January, in speaking of the civil guard.

Still, setting aside the foundation stones, whose importance I delight in recognizing, and concerning which this is by no means my final word, and returning to the ancient library where his Majesty's government dispenses learning according to the dosimetric system, that is, in small and repeated doses, I will say first that it has an entrance very like that of a wine-shop, where the wise men of the morrow wait shivering with cold, giving futile kicks against the paving-stones to warm their feet, until the door is opened. Cold is by nature an enemy of learning, and from the earliest ages has always been on a war footing with scholars. Hence the chilblains, always so characteristic of men of learning.

Straight up from the doorway leads a staircase, moderately spacious, carefully carpeted with dust, as is only fitting in this sort of institution, and ending in a sort of porters' lodge, where are generally seated six or eight gentlemen occupied with the difficult task of watching those who go out and in, chatting and carrying on discussions in a loud voice, so that those who are studying within may accustom themselves to concentrating their attention, as did Archimedes of old.

"Will you kindly give me an order slip?" humbly begs the scholar who has made his way thus far, trailing clouds of dust.

The assistant, whose duty it is to give them out, turns his head and gazes at him with a cold and hostile look; he then quietly continues his conversation.

"How much did you pay for your ticket to the bull-fight?"

"What they cost at the box office. My master asked a member for three, and let me have one."

"Well, well! a rogue is always in luck, to be sure!"

Thereupon follows much laughter and shouting. The conversation next turns on the chances that Frascuelo has of getting the better of Lagartijo; the bulls are from Veraguas, there will be a fair fight, and the matador will assume his airs of great importance, without . . .

"Would you kindly favor me with an order slip?" The scholar repeats his question, this time a little louder.

The assistant glances at him again, if possible still more coldly, rises slowly, moistens his fingers to take the slip from the pile, and says, "But, I assure you, I pay for no first choice; at the last hour the price must fall."

"Will you give me an order slip?" says the scholar impatiently.

"Ah, you're in a hurry, aren't you, sir?" answers the subordinate with a certain disrespectful smile. The scholar writes in silence on his card the title of a work, well known, though recent in date, and enters the main room of the library. At either end there is a group of gentlemen, standing apart from those who are reading at the tables. The sage of to-morrow hesitates between the group at the right and the group at the left, and at length decides to direct his steps toward the first, proceeding according to logic. One of the gentlemen of the extremes takes the card, but before reading it, examines our scholar carefully from head to foot, as if he were trying to pump out of him, by studying his looks, what perverse desire had led him to come thus far in search of a book. As soon as he finds out what he wants, his suspicions evidently grow stronger, for he pierces his very soul with his scrutinizing gaze in such a way as to make our would-be sage look to the ground shamefacedly, feeling himself guilty of standing there under false pretenses of scholarship. The employee, without taking his eyes off of him, passes the paper on to another, and so it passes successively through the hands of all the group until it reaches again the one who was first to receive it. He returns it to the original holder, saying, "Go over there to the other side." And so our scholar crosses the room and approaches the opposite group, where he undergoes the same examination at the hands of the government-inspecting party, and the previous scene is reenacted with no change whatever. Restoring the paper to him, they also remark, "Go over there to the other side." "I have already been there." "Then go to the catalogue department, first door to the right."

In the catalogue department a haughty employee reads the order with perfect calm, and, without saying a word, disappears into the hall. Our scholar waits a good half-hour, drumming with his finger tips on the desk railing. From time to time he lifts his eyes to the bookshelves, where in correct lines are rows upon rows of books, grim and wrinkled, of forbidding aspect, which fill him with awe. Not one of these books can remember having been taken down for the purpose of being read. Hence their respectability. In this world the things of little service are always the most awe-inspiring; senators, for instance, field-m Marshals, academicians, and canons. Almost

all of them have written on their rigid backs in large letters the word "Opera." Nothing but "Works" are to be seen: works above and works below, works before us and works behind us. Then comes the haughty employee of the catalogue department, still silent as a fish, and instead of the desired volume he returns the order slip. Our savant, still in the chrysalis state, not knowing what this may mean, turns the paper over and over until he discovers two short words in plain lettering under his request: "Not in." The scholar, happily possessed of a ready wit, understands that these words are intended to convey the information that they do not possess the book. And the same thing has happened to every scholar in existence who has gone to the nation's library with the intention of reading. No recent book is there. And why should it be? Would not this library lose much of its prestige if it admitted, without question, any book of recent publication? A national library may not follow the rules of a private one. In order that a book may have the honor of entering its sacred precincts it must be approved by time, for up to now no better means of testing knowledge has been found than the warrant of years, and the more the better. A new book, well printed, fresh and clean, would find no fitting place among these worthy, grave, and reverend Opera, full to bursting with Latin and wisdom.

And our scholar, revolving all these things in his mind, returns to the assistants' desk, where he writes on another order slip the title of a volume of philosophy of the thirteenth century. The paper passes through the hands of the two gentlemen of the extremes, but this time, to the utter bewilderment of our student, these gentlemen look at one another in great consternation. At length one of them says humbly: "Sir, the book you ask for is on one of the highest shelves, and it is rather dangerous, climbing up to get it. If you could ask for another just as well?..." Why, certainly! Even if it did not answer the same purpose! Learned men have ever been humane and keen in their sympathies! On no account, in no way, shall the assistant be incommoded! On no account would our student consent to risk the life of so valuable a servant of the government. So slowly, slowly he returns once more to the desk, racking his imagination to think of some book they could readily supply him with, whatever it might be.

At length he can think of nothing better than "Don Quixote."

"What edition will you have?"

"Whatever one you choose."

"Ah, no, excuse me, sir; but we can only give out the edition we are asked for."

"Well, then, bring me the edition of the Academy."

"Kindly indicate that in your order."

And this necessitated another trip to the assistants' desk.

Finally, after so long and so fruitless a struggle he has the great pleasure of receiving a volume of "Don Quixote" from the hands of the employee. The student utters a sigh of relief; he has been in a cold sweat with all this anxiety. He next plans to seat himself at one of the tables that are scattered through the room, on which, to make sure that nothing may distract the attention of the reader, there is nothing to write on, no paper, pens, nor ink; nothing but the polished and shining wood, inviting one to study or to skate! On taking one of the chairs he remarks to his sorrow that it is covered with dust and dirt. And why not? Learning and dirt are not declared enemies; on the contrary, it seems that in old times they lived happily hand and glove together, as a number of examples will testify. Sacred Theology most especially has always had a marked predilection for dirt, and the wisdom of a theologian was formerly measured by the amount of soilure adhering to his cassock. Literature has always shown marked tendencies in this direction, and it is proverbial, especially in the provinces, that our men of letters never bathe except when it rains. There are shop-boys whose eyes are wont to fill with tears of enthusiasm when they expatiate on some extraordinary uncleanliness of Carlos Rubio, or the manner of life of Marcos Zapata; and in regard to the latter, as a friend of his I can swear that the report is exaggerated. Reasoning no doubt from these premises, his Majesty's government has contrived to keep up in the national library a fitting and adequate condition of dirt, in the preservation of which are employed various ill-paid youths.

Our immature sage, who has not yet reached these lofty realms of wisdom, and thus does not understand the powerful aid which these piles of dust might lend him in his search for Truth, takes out his pocket handkerchief and spreads it neatly over the chair; then he sits down on it, full of confidence.



Yes, at last our student is fairly seated! Already he blows the dust from the table and places his hat upon it; already he half slips off a boot which presses most painfully upon his chilblains; already he clears his throat; and now he draws toward him the precious volume and studies curiously the seal of the Academy engraved upon the title-page; now he begins to read: "In a village of La Mancha whose name I purposely fail to recall, there lived not long ago a gentleman of the kind who keep a lance in the rack, a thin old nag..."

Ting-a-ling... ting-a-ling.

"What is that?" he asks in surprise of the fellow-student at his side.

"Oh, nothing. It's just the bell for closing," he answers, rising from his chair.

So our scholar rises also, follows him, returns the "Quixote" to the employee who gave it to him, and then — he goes home.

VI. THE BEE. A SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY PERIODICAL.

Not long after I had come to Madrid with the purpose of making law my profession, I was invited by a friend to join a certain Students' Academy or Athenæum, in which a number of industrious youths were exercising themselves in the art of eloquence. I accepted the offer with joy, was present at the meetings for several Thursdays, and after I had conquered the timidity natural to a young fellow from the provinces I at length took part in a debate, if not with flattering success, at least with the kindly tolerance of my fellow-workers. When this noble and learned society had been established for three or four months we all felt the urgent need of some printed organ, and resolved on starting one immediately. It was to appear weekly, and to be called *The Bee*. Forthwith we emptied our purses into the hands of the President, a man it seemed to us born to have charge of our paper, and placed ourselves entirely at his disposal. The publishers' office was to be established in the same room with the Athenæum, that is the quarters devoted to study by one of our comrades. This was a sort of storage room in an attic, and as it was used for washing the house linen on Saturdays, we could not hold our meetings on that day.

The rules and regulations were thoroughly discussed, the manager and editor-in-chief were nominated. I was chosen

assistant editor, with the additional duty of having an eye to the printer, and correcting the second proofs.

After a month of feverish activity and of no slight labor, the *Bee* was issued, containing among other things an article of mine on Philip II. This article, in which the policy of the Spanish monarch was justified, and his fame vindicated, aroused the attention of several of the editors' families, and brought me not a few congratulations.

What intense pleasure was felt by that group of youths assembled in the attic room, when the boy from the printing-office threw down on the floor a big bundle of *Bees*. I was sent out in search of salesboys. In less than an hour I had collected twenty or thirty little fellows at the door of the house, but they resolutely refused to give a farthing for the new periodical. After much hesitation, as we were all burning with the desire to hear our *Bee* cried through the streets, we decided to let them have it for nothing,—"but only for this first time." The little boys, taking the handfuls of copies that I, almost trembling with emotion, divided among them, started off at full speed, shouting. "The first number of the *Bee*, a scientific and literary periodical, price two farthings!"

I followed, eager to see what effect its first appearance would have "on the race-course of the Press," as the leading article called it. I ran like a deer, but keeping out of sight as much as possible, that they might not know I was watching. How my heart did beat! The boys' cries seemed to fill my ears with ineffable sweetness! the streets were more animated than usual, the faces of the passers-by seemed happier, the sky was bluer, the sun shone with greater power. I expected that people would have to fight for a copy, that they would sell like hot cakes, the name was such a taking one! But no, not a person stopped to cry, "St, st, boy, bring me a *Bee*!"

The boys ran on and on, always shouting vociferously, and I followed them, panting. The first flames of my enthusiasm had now quieted down to a steady white heat. This swarm of *Bee*, scientific and literary, that buzzed about the center of the city, awoke no sympathy in the general public. On the contrary, they fled from them as if afraid they might sting. In the Carretas Street a stout man with a flame-colored beard bought a copy. I was touched to the heart, and longed to embrace him. Never shall I forget the face of our first patron! A little later in the day I was seized by the desire of distinguishing

myself above my fellow-writers. I called to me two or three of the boys, who recognized me as the man who had given out the papers, and ordered them to cry: "The first number of the *Bee*, with the defense of Philip the Second's policy in the Netherlands." Contrary to my expectations, the new cry produced no great effect. I only noticed that a number of young men came by, laughing and making poor jokes about the Netherlands, so that I considered it more prudent to revoke the order.

Grieved by the cold attitude of the public, which I was at a loss to account for, I entirely forgot such minor matters as lunch. At times I ascribed this indifference to the slight or less than slight love of literature that exists in Spain, while at times I accounted for it by the lack of advertising. Again I thought that the spring was a poor time of the year for starting a periodical, and then even yielded to superstition, trying to persuade myself we had made a mistake in printing ours on Tuesday. I noticed that many persons were buying on account of the latest bull-fights and lotteries, and that fact brought to my mind an endless train of bitter reflections. At length I went back home, utterly fagged out and sad at heart, after wandering through the streets for four or five hours. Passing by the Puerta del Sol I heard them shouting: "The *Bee*, price one farthing." "Oh, you lazy rascal," I cried, blind with rage, shaking one little fellow by his coat-collar, "it's plain to see they cost you nothing!" That reduction in price seemed to me a terrible disgrace.

Although the illustrious editors of the *Bee* experienced a bitter disappointment, they were not discouraged for all that. The noble desire of fame had greater influence with its worthy members than the love of filthy lucre. They had lost some money, it is true, but on the other hand they had come forth into the glare of publicity, and had seen their thoughts in print, with their signatures affixed! In order to have the second number printed, it was found necessary to levy a new tax upon the associates, who willingly imposed upon themselves this pecuniary sacrifice.

From a financial point of view the second number of the *Bee* was no more fortunate than the first. The little newsboys clung to their fatal idea of not venturing a penny for this literary and scientific output. "If you want to let us try it for nothing, all right! If not, may God help you!" The love of glory triumphed once more over sordid self-interest, and we

graciously confided our precious papers again to the shameless little blackguards who were chuckling over our inexperience.

Such sacrifices as these were compensated for by certain delights which can only be understood by those who have felt them. The first great joy, that of considering oneself a writer for the public, carries with it an idea of mastery and influence over public opinion, and, consequently, the respect of mankind.

When we went into cafés, and leaning against the book-stalls where papers and magazines are sold, we looked lovingly at the pile of *Bees*, with its vignette, a woodcut full of symbolical allusions; an inexpressible rapture flooded us, our physical and moral being swelled visibly, and we smiled disdainfully on the crowd that surrounded us; it seemed to us impossible that they should be talking about anything but the *Bee*, and should not suspect that they had the honor of rubbing elbows with its editors. And again, what an intense pleasure we took in saying to our respective landladies as we left the house, "If any one asks for me, you will tell them I am at the publishing-office, — you understand, the publishing-office." And as we pronounced this magic word our lips seemed filled with sweetness, as did those of a certain saint, the story goes, when he uttered the holy name of Mary.

We passed the greater part of our time, almost our whole existence in fact, in the attic publishing-office. Not that we spent all our time, or anything like it, in writing; there were side issues of a publisher's work which, though material in nature, were none the less exalted for all that. For instance, the dainty art of cutting, addressing, and pasting the wrappers, in which almost every one of us excelled, and the no less exquisite practice of putting on stamps with our own saliva, which delightful task often left us exhausted, with dry, parched throats.

For a weekly publication, and that of no great size, the fact is that the nineteen editors who had the glory of starting it were quite sufficient. Why then was the position of honorary editor offered to a large number of our companions? Doubtless in order that each editor might satisfy the desire of a friend, or because of personal obligations that could not be set aside. There is no doubt that this tolerance finally brought about the most disastrous results. The space occupied by the office and publishing-room was not large enough to admit of

the constant presence of so many people. At an early hour in the morning the editors began to pour in, and as not a single one went out, the consequence was that in a short time the place was crammed full, and the editors were humming like real, live bees in a hive. They elbowed each other, pressed against each other, and prevented at every point the entrance of any late comer. In fact, there was one unhappy editor who for eight days was unable to set his foot in the office.

How could we have foretold so early a death to a paper destined to be "a vigorous leader in the field of learning, and an indefatigable champion of home culture"? — such were the exact words of our paper's program, signed by the editors. It was fated, however, that a few days before sending out the fourth number of the *Bee*, a mighty storm should arise in the ranks of the aforesaid "indefatigable champions of home culture." The loftiest enterprises, the most exalted and momentous works, may fall to the ground through most insignificant motives. Troy was burned because of the frenzy of a jealous lover, and the *Bee* came to an untimely end because of a historical disquisition.

I had written a short article vindicating the memory of Don Pedro of Castile, going to show that the surname of *cruel*, with which most historians have qualified his title, was not so appropriate as that of *just*. In matters of history I am very fond of defending those characters that have been ill treated of all times, and had indeed already done as much for Philip II. But this defense displeased one of the editors, whose arduous, not to say dangerous, duty it was to issue to our subscribers at proper intervals certain reminders designed to aid in collecting our receipts. This useful personage took it upon himself to maintain without reserve the contrary opinion.

Instantly I flashed forth, crammed full with learning, overflowing with conclusive data, and the discussion that ensued was, to say the least, animated in character. The non-conforming editor, for lack of facts at his command, contended that this standing out in the face of public opinion was the height of foolishness. I remarked serenely that many widely spread opinions were erroneous, and that this was one of them. Then, in support of my thesis, I proceeded to pour forth the stream of facts I had acquired three days previously. My opponent answered that so long as eminent historians failed to authorize such an idea, he considered it pure folly to attempt

its defense. With perfect coolness and a most impertinent smile I stated my reasons for my opinion in the matter. The partisan of Don Pedro's cruelty, feeling himself silenced in argument, and finding no better way out of the affair, had recourse to blows, and planted his fist vigorously in the insolent face of the champion of justice. Thereupon immense excitement prevailed in the beehive. I answered my adversary with the identical arguments he had employed against me; the editors divided into two camps, and there ensued a battle in which blows and bruises were mere details. Chairs went flying through the air, tables fell to the floor, glass was smashed to smithereens, while one brave spirit, having gained possession of the long paper shears, drew circles round about him in the air, spreading terror in the hearts of the combatants.

But behold! framed in the doorway appears the severe and imposing figure of the housekeeper! The waves are calm once more, and a silence as of the tomb prevails, as all eyes are turned toward this new Medusa head.

"It looks to me as if you thought there was no one in the house besides just your own selves! Don't you know our young lady is delicate? And what is all this racket about? As if you didn't know that our master has forbidden your making any noise!"

No one of us had the courage to answer these stern questionings. The housekeeper then condescended so far as to cast a withering glance over the assembled editors, but when it fell upon the son of the owner of the house, she stopped, full of horror and anger.

"What! my poor young master bleeding? Oh, you rascals, you good-for-nothings! Out of this, the whole lot of you! I won't have such a pack of thieves in the house! Out with you! Off with you!"

And in truth, the illustrious editorial corps of the *Bee*, wounded, ridiculed, driven ignominiously from its sanctum by a miserable serving-woman, rushed down the stairs at full speed, dissolved partnership on reaching the sidewalk, scattered themselves at random through the streets of Madrid, and never again were they united.

"MIAU."

(From the novel of that name.)

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

BY BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS.

[BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS, probably the most powerful of modern Spanish novelists, was born in Las Palmas, the capital of the Canary Islands, in 1845. He was educated in the state college there, and at eighteen came to Madrid to study law; but he never practiced, turned at once to novel-writing, and finished his first book at twenty-three. Strangely, this enormously productive and rapid writer finds speech so difficult, that even in private he scarcely talks at all; and though he has been a deputy in the Cortes, made no speeches. This first work, issued in 1871, was "La Fontana de Oro" (The Fountain of Gold); the name of a famous café where the revolutionists of 1820 met, it being a historical novel of the clerico-absolutist reaction after the expulsion of the French, and the rebellion this brought on. "El Audaz" (The Fearless), 1872, is a novel of the same period, an inversion of a familiar theme: the daughter of a haughty nobleman falls in love with a young radical driven to revolt by her father's wrongs, and only his death in a street fight cuts the knot. He now began a connected series of historical novels in two sections, entitled "Episodios Nacionales": the first dealing with the struggle against the French domination, and the second with that against the reaction after it, each an independent story, though all linked by their characters and matter. The first series are all told by a certain Gabriel, who is their hero; it begins with "Trafalgar" (1873), and ends with "The Battle of the Arapiles" (Salamanca), 1875. The second series is headed by "El Equipaje del Rey José" (King Joseph's Baggage), 1875, and its main character is Salvator Monsalud, a youth who sides with the French because he believes their rule has the seeds of real progress against the dead mediævalism of the Spanish native system, — of course he is disowned by his mother and sister; the final one is "Un Faccioso Mas" (One Rebel the More), 1879. The tone of the books is that of exalting the virtues of the nation at the expense of its past government. After this series, he began writing more purely literary novels, though still often dealing with the deepest national and social questions. Among them — a full list is out of the question — are his two most famous ones in translation, "Doña Perfecta" (1876), where a fanatical confessor induces a mother entirely under his thumb to murder the young man her daughter is in love with, and "Gloria" (same year), in which the hero is a Jew, whom the conservative Spaniard holds in abhorrence; four "Torquemada" stories, "En la Hoguera" (At the Stake), 1876, "En la Cruz" (On the Cross) and "En el Purgatorio" (In Purgatory), 1894, and "Torquemada y San Pedro" (Torquemada and St. Peter), 1895; "Marianela," 1878; "La Familia de Leon Roch," 1878; "La Desheredada" (The Disowned), 1881, a purpose novel against training children in false ideals of social station, a girl becoming a street-walker and a boy a thief and ruffian, because she has been brought up to believe she was of noble blood and he spoiled, and another boy is pampered into uselessness; "El Amigo Manso" (Friend Mildman), 1882; "El Doctor Centeno," 1883; "Tormente," 1884; "La de Bringas" (That De Bringas Woman), 1884; "Fortunata y Jacinta," 1886; "Miau," 1888; "La Incognita" (The Unknown), 1889; "Realidad" (Reality), 1890; "Angel Guerra," 1891; "Nazarín," 1895; "Halma," 1896.]

I

INTRODUCES THE "MIAUS."

AT FOUR o'clock in the afternoon the little folk of the public school on Limón Square, in Madrid, came rushing out helter-skelter, with huzzas and cries that would have done credit to a thousand demons. No hymn to Liberty, among the many that have been written by the great nations of the earth is so beautiful as that chanted by the slaves of elementary instruction, when they escape from the fetters of school discipline, and let themselves loose in the street with shrill cries and leaps of joy. The blind fury with which they enter upon the most daring feats of tight-rope dancing, endangering life and limb of the peaceful passer-by, the wild love of individual autonomy, which at times results in blows, tears, and bruises, seems a preliminary sketch of the revolutionary triumphs which men are destined to win at a less happy age.

As I said, they were leaving the classroom with a rush. The last strove to be first, and the little ones cried even more shrilly than the big ones. Among them was one of diminutive stature, who left the noisy band to make his way home in silence and alone. Hardly had his comrades noticed this attempt on his part, which most closely resembled a timid flight, than they were after him, some of the most daring crying- "Miau." Then the whole crowd repeated with fiendish glee, "Miau, Miau, scat, scat!"

The poor little victim of this rude jest was Luis Cadalso, eight years old about, and so timid that he avoided his comrades' friendly advances, fearing their jokes and feeling that he lacked the courage to retaliate. As he turned the corner of a church near his home, one of his fellow-pupils and his best friend in the whole school, little Murillo by name, joined him and admonished him as follows: "Look here, Cadalso, if they tried their games on me, I'd just make 'em cry out of the other side of their mouth! But you have no fight in you! I tell you, they have no right to call you names! And do you know who's at the bottom of it all? Well, it's Paul, the one whose people keep a pawnbroker's shop. Yesterday he was telling me how they call your grandma and your aunts the 'Miaus,' because they have faces just like 'em, I mean like cats, see? He said they gave 'em that nickname in the Royal Theater, up

in the 'paradise,' where they always sit in the same places. And when they come in, everybody in the audience says, 'Oh, here come the Miaus !' And it's not that each one separately looks like a cat, but when the three of 'em come in together, as they always do, it's the three little round faces that look as if they'd been licked smooth, that's what it is, and their noses joined to their mouths somehow. And then their eyes are round and shine like a cat's, and their hair flies back as if they'd been on the floor, rushing after a roll of paper, or a bit of string! Anyhow, that's what Paul says."

Little Luis flushed crimson, and was too indignant for speech.

"Paul is a common fellow, anyway," added Murillo, "and nobody but a cad would call names. His father's a cad, and his mother's another, and his aunts, too, all of 'em cads. They live by squeezing the life out of poor folks, and what do you think, — if a poor man can't get his cloak out of pawn they fleerce him — I mean they sell it, and leave him to die of cold. My mama calls 'em the harpies. Haven't you seen 'em out on the balcony airing all the cloaks? They're uglier than a tombstone, and my papa, he says with the noses they've got you could make four feet for a table and still have some wood left over! Well, Paul won't call me nicknames, you bet! 'Cause why, he's afraid of my fists. But I'll never call you 'Miau'! You can bet your life on that!" And off he ran, leaving our Luis standing sadly in the doorway of his home.

When the little fellow had reached the second story, where he lived with his grandparents, the door was opened for him by a woman whose face might give rise to controversies among those learned in numismatics, as does the age of certain coins whose dates have been effaced. At times seen in profile and in certain lights, one might say "sixty, if a day," while again a connoisseur might restrict himself to a well-preserved forty-eight or fifty. Her features were delicate and graceful, of a childish type, her complexion still rosy, while her red hair, inclining to an ashen gray, and suggesting the aid of chemistry, waved in a certain extravagant profusion back from her forehead. Some twenty years ago a reporter who "did" the fluctuations of the grain market and the society news, announced as follows the first appearance of this lady at the receptions of the governor in some third-class province: "And

what is this figure from out the frame of Beato Angelico, that enters veiled in clouds of mist and crowned with the golden halo of a fourteenth century saint?" The clouds of mist were the folds of the muslin gown that Señora de Villaamil had ordered from Madrid for the occasion, and as for the golden halo, why hang it, it must have been the profusion of wavy tresses, pure red at that time, and so quotable as literally at par with the gold of Arabia.

But some twenty years after these successes in the elegant society of a provincial town, Doña Pura, for such was our lady's name, when she opened the door for her grandson, wore a dressing-sack, none too clean, felt slippers, none too new, and a loose negligée of linsey-woolsey.

"Ah, it's you, Luis! I thought it was Poncé, with the theater tickets. And he promised to come at two. A great idea of punctuality young men have now-a-days!"

At this moment appeared another lady, very like the first in her short stature, her childlike face, her mysterious age and careless dress. This was Milagros, the sister of Doña Pura. In the shabby drawing-room where Luis went to lay down his books, a young girl was sewing, sitting close to the window in order to make use of the last rays of light of this brief day in February. She resembled the other women except as to her youth, this daughter of Doña Pura, and doting aunt of little Luis. His mother, the unhappy Luisa Villaamil, had died two years after her marriage with Victor Cadalso, of which modern Mephisto à la Heine we shall learn more later on.

Luis, gazing on his three loving adorers and comparing them with the kitten asleep at Aunt Abelarda's feet, saw perfectly the resemblance, while his lively imagination at once pictured them as "cats on two feet and dressed like folks," just like those in the book of "Animals painted by themselves." And straightway he began to wonder if he, too, were an "upright" cat, and would mew when he spoke.

Suddenly from a room near the entrance a hollow and sepulchral voice called out: "Pu-u-u-ra! Pu-u-u-ra!"

In answer to this call Doña Pura entered the gloomy little office, whose one window opened on a dismal courtyard. Against this square of light stood out a long shadow, which seemed to arise from the armchair as if unfolding itself, and as it stretched out to its full length a timorous, muffled voice said, "Why,

wife, you never think to bring me a lamp, though you know that it grows dark so early, and that I am bound here to my desk, ruining my eyesight over these confounded letters."

Doña Pura quickly brought the light, whereupon the small room and its occupant emerged from the gloom like some new creation arising from nothingness.

"I am half frozen to death," said Don Ramón Villaamil, the husband of Doña Pura, a tall, lean figure, with large, fear-inspiring eyes and a yellow skin, all furrowed with deep lines in which the shadows had the effect of stains. His short beard was thin and bristly, the gray hairs scattered capriciously forming white clouds next the black, while his bald cranium shone like ivory. The strong jaw, the large mouth, the combination of lines in black, white, and tawny orange-color, the fierce black eyes, — all this led one to compare his face with that of some aged, consumptive tiger, which after having shone in wandering wild-beast shows in his youth, had now kept naught of his former beauty save the painted skin.

"Tell me, to whom have you written?"

"Why, woman, to everybody I know who may help me to my reappointment. Thirty-five years of faithful service to our government, just lacking the two months necessary to entitle me to four fifths of my salary and an honorable retirement! And not a ghost of a chance of being included in the next official list of appointments! This hope deferred is enough to drive one mad! And finally, my dear, I have written another begging letter to our friend Cucúrbitas. Do you believe that his goodness will still hold out? If not, may God have mercy on us, for if this friend forsakes us with the rest, we may as well all throw ourselves into the river."

Villaamil gave a deep sigh, fixing his eyes on the ceiling. The weakly tiger stood transfixed. His face assumed the sublime expression of an apostle in the act of being tortured for his faith, like Ribera's Saint Bartholomew when those rascally Gentiles hung him to a tree and flayed him like any kid. We should state here that Villaamil, in certain social circles, went by the name of Ramses II.

"Well, give me the letter for Cucúrbitas," said Doña Pura, who was accustomed to these daily jeremiads; "Luis will take it to him in half a jiffy. And do have faith in Providence, man, as I do. Don't be so despondent. My heart tells me,

and you know I am rarely mistaken; that before the end of the month you will receive your appointment ! ”

II.

A CHILD'S VISION.

So the brave-hearted Doña Pura turned her mind again to planning ways and means for procuring daily food for the family until the longed-for position should be obtained. Almost she made up her mind to pawn the heavy silk curtains of their sitting-room, the one pride of her heart in the midst of the general squalor that pervaded their apartment, as she sent forth little Luis, as she had so often done before, with a begging letter to their one faithful friend.

This evening, alas, Luis felt that for the first time the letter given him in reply contained no money. Tired with the long walk, and discouraged at the thought of his grandfather's disappointment, the child sat down to rest on the stone steps of the convent of Don Juan de Alarcón. No sooner had he seated himself on the cold stone than he felt overcome with a great drowsiness, or rather a sort of faintness, the symptoms of which were not unfamiliar to him. "My eye!" he thought, "it's coming again, sure enough! It's coming . . . com—" and then, it came,—that strange stupor in which his dazed senses were conscious of a wonderful presence at his side. Its eyes shown like stars, above a flowing, snow-white beard, and it was wrapped in a mantle of an indescribable, beautiful color,—whether blue or white Luis could never say; the broad folds were full of soft shadows, between which shone luminous lights like those which pierce through rifts in the clouds, and Luis thought he had never seen any cloth so beautiful. Forth from the folds came a wondrous hand, strong as a man's and yet white and soft as any woman's,—“the hand that made the world in seven days,” thought the boy.

The apparition, gazing on him with fatherly kindness, said: “Do you not recognize me? Do you not know who I am?” Little Luis looked hard at him, too taken aback to answer. Then the mysterious gentleman, smiling like a bishop when giving a blessing, spoke again: “I am God. Did you not know me?”

With a great effort Luis gasped out, "You — you are God?"

"Yes, child, I am God, and I know where you have been, and that Cucúrbitas could give you no money. You and yours must have patience, friend Luis, great patience!"

Luis, breathing more freely now, managed to ask, "And when will they find a place for grandpa?"

The exalted personage with whom Luis was communing gave a deep sigh, — for he too had learned the art of sighing, and spoke these weighty words: "For every vacancy there are two hundred applicants. The ministers are going wild with it all, and know not whom to pacify. But patience, my boy, patience! I will do what I can for your grandfather. You're a good little fellow, but you really ought to study more. To-day you did not know your grammar lesson, you know. You made so many blunders that the whole class laughed right out, and quite right they were, too. What possessed you, anyway, to say that the participle expresses the idea of the verb in the abstract, confusing it with the gerund. And then you got into a pretty muddle with the moods and tenses! You don't apply yourself, and when you study your mind is full of hobgoblins."

Poor Luis turned crimson, and squeezed his hands hard between his knees. "Is this really God, or isn't it?" he thought to himself. "It seems as if it must be, because he knows everything, and yet, — if it is God, where does he keep his angels?"

The vision continued: "It is not enough that you are well-behaved in school, — you should study, and fix your mind on what you are reading, and remember it. If not, I shall get angry with you, and don't come then asking me why they don't find a place for your grandfather. And as I tell you this, I will tell you too that you are right in being angry with Paul. He's a common fellow, with bad manners, and deserves to have a red pepper rubbed on his tongue when he calls you 'Miau.' But you must be a man, and when they cry out 'Miau,' you must bear it in silence. They might say worse things!"

This made Luis feel better, and he forgot himself so far as to cry out, "My eye, if I catch him!"

"No, my son, you should leave fighting to the bigger boys,

and give all your time to your lessons. Now in geography, to-day, how did you ever happen to answer that France was bounded on the north by the Danube, and that the Po flowed through the town of Pau? How absurd! Do you imagine I made the world for you and other rascals like you to pull it to pieces every day in the week?"

"But I really do know my lessons sometimes. Now I knew that you did not give the Commandments to Señor Moses on a table, as I said, but on a tablet,—well then, on two tablets. And if you are God why didn't your angels come with you? Where *are* your angels?" For although Luis used the familiar "thou" when saying his prayers, he thought the formal "you"—in Spanish "Usted"—more proper when speaking to the Deity face to face.

"Little boys should not ask too many questions. And now you must go home with the letter. Your poor, dear grand-papa! How disappointed he will be when he opens it and finds no money in it. But he must bear up. The times are hard, very hard, very hard!" The heavenly visitor repeated two or three times, "very hard, very hard," stroking his long beard, shaking his head sadly, and then he suddenly vanished.

Luis rubbed his eyes, and recognized the familiar sights in the street. "Ah," he thought, "*it* came over me again! My eye! I've had that cold, faint feeling before, but I never saw anything so—so mysteriously grand! Was it the Father Eternal in real life, or can it have been the old, blind beggar with the white beard, playing tricks on me? He's always begging on this corner. My eye!"

III.

ENTER MEPHISTOPHELES.

Late one afternoon, when Luis was returning home, he heard steps behind him, but did not turn his head. Then as he ran up the last few steps that led to the second story, he felt strange hands seize his head, holding it so firmly that he could not look around. He was greatly frightened, fearing himself in the power of some ugly, bearded thief who had come to rob the house. But before he could scream the intruder had lifted him off his feet and kissed him. Then Luis

recognized his father's face, which did not lessen his fears. He had seen it before, in the dim past, on a night filled with scandal and family strife, when the whole household was up in arms. Aunt Abelarda had fallen in a swoon, and grandma had called to the neighbors for help. This domestic drama had made an indelible impression on Luis, though he never knew what had made them all so furious with some one who had then left the house, not to return until the present moment. And this man was his father. Luis dared not call him by that dear name, and said crossly, "Let me go!"

When Doña Pura opened the hall door and saw the father standing by the boy, she could hardly believe her eyes. Surprise and terror were depicted on her face, and then vexation. At length she muttered, "Victor! you here?" And Villaamil, recognizing his voice, cried: "Victor back again? This man surely brings us some misfortune!"

When his son-in-law entered to greet him, Don Ramón's tiger-like face became something terrible to look on, and his sanguinary jaw trembled as if ready to exercise itself on the first victim that stood in his way. At the sight of Victor's face the tragic hours of that day of terror returned, when the unhappy Luisa, suffering from an attack of mental excitement worse than any she had before experienced, rushed from her bed and attempted to kill her son Luis, swearing the boy was not hers, that Victor had brought him to the house in a basket, hidden under his cloak. That same night she died, weeping with gratitude because her husband had kissed her ardently, whispering loving words of forgiveness.

"What are you here for? Have you leave of absence?" was all that Don Ramón said.

Victor Cadalso seated himself face to face with Villaamil. The light from the lamp brought out the vivid contrast between the two faces. Victor's was a finished type of manly beauty; he was one of those men who seem made to preserve and transmit the perfection of beauty in the human race. In the chiaroscuro of the lamplight the handsome fellow's features shone out as if modeled. His nose was classic in its purity of outline, his eyes black, with narrow pupils, whose expression changed at will from tender to severe. His pure white forehead had the finish which in sculpture expresses nobility, the result of perfect harmony of lines; his strong neck, his coal-

black hair, somewhat disordered, his short, dark beard completed the etching of this figure, a type which is Italian rather than Spanish. He was of medium height, his form graceful and well proportioned, his age some thirty-five years.

On learning that he planned to stay with them, Doña Pura began to tremble, and ran to tell the fated news to Milagros and Abelarda. The former hated him with all her heart, and answered his bow with cold disdain. Abelarda turned white as death and her voice trembled, but she strove to assume a like indifference when Victor pressed her hand. "So you have returned, you heartless wretch!" she stammered, and not knowing what to do, returned to her room.

Don Ramón gave way to his despair, saying to his wife that Victor would surely bring misfortune upon them, as he always had done. "Cursed be the hour when this man entered our home for the first time! Cursed the hour when our dear daughter fell in love with him, and cursed be the day when we married them, though there seemed to be no help for it. Would to God my daughter were alive, though dishonored. Alas, this blind desire to marry our daughters, without knowing to whom! Ah, Pura, be on your guard against this fickle wretch. He has the art of concealing his perversity with words which swiftly divert and seduce one."

As if in proof of these words, scarcely three days had passed before Abelarda, won over by his fatherly devotion to Luis and his demands on her sympathy as the one soul who really understood him, was wholly under the spell of his fascinations, while Doña Pura accepts with a light heart the frequent twenty dollar bills given her in private as payment of "a sacred debt." Now she can recover from the pawnshop her most sacred household gods, dress her husband as befits his position, and live in so-called "Asiatic luxury"! Milagros, whose career as a successful opera singer had been blighted by the straitened means of the family, and whose success in the rôle of Shakespeare's most sympathetic heroine had won her the title of "the chaste Ophelia," had little by little developed an enthusiasm for the art of Vatel, so different, oh ye saints! from that of Rossini! She spent all her free hours in the kitchen, and found a genuine spiritual delight in perfecting herself as a chef, devoting her whole time to inventing some new dish. Now there were always provisions at hand, or if you will, artists'

supplies, and she felt the fire of genius burning within her, singing with perfect correctness, as she wrought, some bit of opera, such as the duo from *Norma*, "In my hands thou art at last," while Abelarda answered from her room, where she was fitting on a dressmaker's model some made-over finery, to be worn at the evening theater party. For Abelarda is engaged to the "illustrious" Ponce,¹ as Victor calls him with superb irony, — a worthy though commonplace youth, heir to a wealthy invalid uncle, the announcement of whose death has made their marriage a thing of the near future.

IV.

"WHAT WILL BE, WILL BE."

One evening all the "Miaus" had gone to the theater, as was their habit, excepting Abelarda, who had stayed at home to keep a lonely watch by the bedside of her little nephew, who seemed dangerously feverish. Quite unexpectedly Victor returned early, in great good humor and humming a gay tune. After inquiring for his son's health, he sat for a while busily writing. "It must be a love letter," Abelarda thought, jealously watching the swift pen.

The letter finished, Victor began talking to the young girl, who had brought her sewing into the dining-room. "Listen to this," he began, with his elbows on the table: "I saw your Ponce to-day. Do you know, I have changed my mind? He will just suit you, — a good fellow and will soon be rich. But, Abelarda, if I let myself be carried away by my feelings I should say that Ponce was not your kind, and that another man — myself, for instance —"

Abelarda grew pale, and her attempt to force a laugh was a complete failure. "What nonsense you're talking! You must always make light of everything!"

"You know very well I am not joking. One night, two years ago, I said, 'Dear little Abelarda, I love you! My whole soul melts with joy when I see you!' And don't you remember, dear, you answered — I don't quite recall your words, but it all meant that if I loved you, why you, too —"

"Oh, you hypocrite! Stop there! I never said such a thing!"

¹ Pronounce pon-thay.

"Did I dream it then, little Abelarda? However that may be, afterwards you fell madly in love with this excellent Ponce! This fried bird of a Ponce!"

"I, in love! You wicked wretch, you know—but suppose I did fall in love, what concern of yours is it?"

"When I learned I had a hated rival, Abelarda, I turned my heart elsewhere. See how fate holds us in his hands! Two years ago we almost came together, and now—our paths lie wide asunder. We parted, and on meeting again my heart says, 'woo her, make her love you'—and at the same time another voice bids me gaze, but touch not!"

"And what does all this matter to me?" said Abelarda, almost suffocating with suppressed emotion. "What does it all matter, if I love you not in the least, nor can love you?"

"I know, I know, you need not assure me of it! You hate me, as is only logical and natural. But see now how things work. When a woman hates me, it makes me wild to woo her, and I love you because I must,—and you know it."

"What foolish fancies these are!" And Abelarda, striving to be serious, laughs hysterically.

"No, no, I am not deceiving you; believe me, dear, I am speaking the truth. I love you, and I ought not to, because you are too angelic for me. I could only make you mine by marriage,—and marriage, that absurd machine that works well only for vulgar souls, cannot serve us in our straits. Good or bad, whatever you choose to think me, I have a mission to accomplish. This may sound like presumption on my part, but it is so difficult, so dangerous, that it requires I should be absolutely free. I must go forward, forward, driven by a fatality stronger than my desires. It is better to be wrecked than to retreat. And I love you well enough to leave you in freedom and in safety. If ever I should be weak enough to ask your love, despise me, repulse me, for it were better for you to die than to be mine."

Abelarda, trembling, strove to hide her excitement in fruitless attempts to thread her needle. "What wild words are these! And if it is my duty not to—care for you, what matters it if I kill myself, or die, or expire by slow torture?"

"I beg only that you will grant me your pity, for I know you can never love me! Our roads lie wide apart, and we may never meet again. But before saying farewell, let me give you a word of advice. If Ponce is not repugnant to you, marry

him. It is enough if he is not repugnant. But if he is, then give up the world and retire to a convent, devoting yourself to an ideal life of contemplation. For my part, I do not possess this virtue of resignation, and if I do not attain my goal, if my dream turns to smoke, one shot — and all is over."

This was said with such energy, with such an accent of truth, that Abelarda believed it, and a sudden suspicion crossed her mind. "Ah, this means some unhappy love affair! Some woman is torturing you, and I'm glad of it! It serves you right!"

"Well, look you, girl, you spoke in jest, but perhaps — you've guessed aright!"

"You are engaged?" this with feigned indifference.

"Well, no, not exactly what you can call engaged."

"Come, tell me about it — some love affair?"

"Call it rather fatality, martyrdom."

"Happy fatality! Have you really fallen in love, and what is her name?"

"I hardly know how to answer. If I say 'yes,' I lie, and if I say 'no,' I lie too. And loving you as I do, how could I care for another? But there is love and love. There is a holy, pure, tranquil affection, born of the soul, that becomes one with the soul itself. Let us not confuse this feeling with the morbid excitement of the imagination, the pagan cult of beauty, eager, sensuous desires, in which vanity plays a large part. What has this unrest, a mere accident, a pastime in our life, in common with that ineffable tenderness which awakens in one soul the desire to fuse itself with another, and in our will, a longing for sacrifice of self?"

For poor Abelarda these ardent words, murmured low by this handsome youth, whose black eyes were filled as he spoke with such sweet and pathetic meaning, were the most eloquent she had ever listened to, and her soul went out to him as she silently absorbed them.

"But it cannot be," he continued. "I am fated to rush onward to my ruin, bearing with me this celestial ray of light. Like Prometheus of old, I have stolen the heavenly fire, and in punishment a vulture is gnawing at my heart."

Abelarda, who had never heard of Prometheus, turned white at the thought of the vulture, and Victor, satisfied with his triumph, continued: "No, mine is a lost soul! If I come to

you again with my love, do not believe me. It is an infamous snare that I lay for you. No, I am unworthy of your love, or even of your pity."

Poor Abelarda sighed deeply as she gazed on him, aching to throw her arms round his neck, exclaiming : " Ah, I love you more than you can imagine, but I am not worthy of you. I will delight in the bitterness of loving you without hope ! "

V.

THE POISON WORKS.

Finally, driven to distraction by the feigned jealousies, the assumed outbursts of passion of this fiendishly skillful wretch, Abelarda reached the point of promising to abandon everything and to flee with her persecutor. Then, on the evening of their final rendezvous in a neighboring church, whose deserted, silent spaces had often offered them a friendly retreat, Victor excuses himself on the plea of being unworthy of her, begs her to pray for him, and makes his theatrical adieux. He then betakes himself, in correct evening dress, to the salon of a wealthy protectress, in high favor with the government, on whom his advance in office depends. That night Abelarda, beside herself with grief at Victor's desertion, and wakeful in her fevered delirium, is further exasperated by the childish insistence of the unhappy little Luis, who is wrestling with another vision, dares not close his eyes, and begs : " Auntie dear, tell me stories, do, please ! Auntie dear, do you ever see God ? To-night I can only see his feet, with great drops of blood. Oh, Auntie, I am too scared to shut my eyes, and *do* tell me a story, please ! "

The child's voice got on her nerves, driving her frantic with the shrill, querulous questions. She clenched her fists, and bit the sheet in her terror ; a red wave, as of blood, seemed to cloud her vision, and yet the habit of tenderness restrained her fury. She dared not touch him lest she strangle him, such a thirst for destruction seemed to burn within her. Unable to control herself longer, she arose, and then stood as if transfixed, not with pity, but by a memory which flashed into her brain. What she felt now her unhappy sister had felt on that tragic night which had changed her from a loving mother into a wild beast. " Am I, too, mad, like my sister ? Great God, is this madness ? "

Utter darkness filled the room. Abelarda, throwing her cloak over her shoulders, felt her way forward for a moment, and then lit a wax taper, thinking to look for a sharp knife in the kitchen. She stopped to watch the boy, who at last slept soundly. "What a good chance," she thought to herself. "Now he will never make faces nor ask questions again, nor talk of his visions! Oh, you little actor, you little good-for-nothing, I'll be even with you at last! As if there were a God, or anything of the sort? Now, the sooner the better!"

In the kitchen she found the hatchet for splitting wood, and this seemed to her a fitting instrument, sure, practical, and sharp. She practiced swinging it, and satisfied with her attempt, returned to the chamber, the light held aloft in one hand, the other grasping the hatchet, her cloak flung over her head. So strange and fearful an apparition that quiet home had never beheld! Just as she opened the glass door into the child's room, she heard a sound that stopped her short. It was Victor's key turning in the lock. Like a guilty thief she blew out the light, cowered behind the door, for her fury had suddenly changed to a womanly shame, and hastily hid the hatchet. In a few moments all was silent and dark again, and she slipped into bed, thinking: "This is not the right time. The other — ah, I would like to give the other his life-blow! But one would not suffice, nor two, nor a hundred, nor a thousand. I could spend the night giving blow after blow, and yet only scotch the snake!"

VI.

THE BRAVE OLD TIGER-CAT FINDS REST.

Honest old Villaamil, el Señor Miau, as the witty young office clerks called him behind his back, tireless in his vain quest of office, discovered one day that caricatures had been circulated by his enemies; bored to extinction by his endless talk about his four great hobbies, *Morality*, *Income Tax*, *Attention to Custom-house duties*, and *Unification of debts*, they had amused their leisure hours by drawing pictures with verses, wherein the initial letters of his pet reforms were shown to spell his nickname MIAU. One caricature bore the inscription: —

"This crazy model of official assiduity
Invents a scheme of Income Tax in perpetuity."

And another,

"He knows his work from A to Ampersand,
And yet is forced to live on office sand."

For this was in the days before blotting-paper, and thrifty officials saved the sand from every letter received.

The following verse seems to hold in it a note of prophecy : —

"Now like all cats whose nine lives end at last,
He cries 'Miau ! Have pity on my past !'"

This cruel fun wounded him deeply, but the last blow which unhinged this weakened intellect was dealt him in his own home. He returned one night to find Abelarda fallen in a swoon, little Luis weeping bitterly, his sweet face all disfigured and bleeding, and Doña Pura distracted, not knowing whom to help first. Seized with the same blind fury that had so nearly proved fatal before, Abelarda had again attacked Luis, but fortunately had been held back at the critical moment. On learning what had occurred, the head of the family turned squarely to confront Victor, and trembling with wrath, cried out : "You ! you are the cause of all this, you villainous deceiver ! Out of my house this instant, and would to God you had never set foot in it !"

"So I am the guilty one ?" Victor spoke with cool, impertinent defiance. "It strikes me you're just a little off your balance !"

"It is the truth," said Doña Pura. "Before you came none of these terrible things that no one can account for ever happened in our household."

"Ah, you too ! And I, who thought I was helping you all through a time of famine ! If I go, where will you turn to find a more helpful guest ? And understand me, the separation will be final. I take my son with me." Thus with one sharp thrust he wounded four loving hearts.

* * * * *

A few days later a pistol shot awoke the echoes of a solitary, deserted ravine just outside Madrid. Villaamil had found for himself a sudden end to all his troubles, barely remaining conscious long enough to wonder, "and then ? what then ?"

OS MAIAS: EPISODES OF A ROMANTIC LIFE.

BY EÇA DE QUEIROZ.

(Translated from the Portuguese for this work, by Mariana Monteiro.)

[JOSÉ MARIA EÇA DE QUEIROZ was born at Povoá de Varzim in 1845. He studied law at the University of Coimbra, engaged in journalism, and held consulates in England, France, and Cuba. He belongs to the school of pessimistic "realism." Among his works are "The Crime of Father Amaro," "Os Maias," "The Mandarin," and "The Dragon's Teeth."]

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

THE next morning Carlos rose early and walked down to the foot of Ramalhete, as far as the Rua S. Francisco, to the house of Madame Gomez.

At the entrance hall, which was dimly illumined by a distant lamp, sat an old woman on a bench; her head was enveloped in a cotton handkerchief, as is the manner of the Portuguese lower class women, and her shoulders by a black shawl. Her aspect was sad and despondent. The open door of the house revealed a long, dingy passage, the walls of which were papered in yellow. From the far distance came the hoarse sounds of an old timepiece striking the hour of ten. "Have you rung the bell?" demanded Carlos of the old person, as he lifted his hat.

The old woman, from the depth of her old kerchief, which fell over her eyes, replied in a weary tone of voice: "Yes, Senhor, and it has been answered already. The servant Domingos will be here presently."

Carlos waited, leisurely walking up and down the entrance. . . . Some few minutes elapsed. . . . At length, weary of waiting, Carlos became impatient, and rung the bell.

A red-whiskered man servant hurriedly made his appearance, dressed in the regulation flannel jacket. In his hand he held a dish covered with a napkin. On seeing Carlos, he started back as he swung the door, and a few drops of gravy fell from the dish on the floor.

"Oh, Senhor Don Carlos Eduardo!" he cried; "be good enough to enter. I will run to open the drawing-room, if you will wait a moment."

And turning to the old woman, he said as he handed her the dish, "Take this, Senhora Augusta ; my lady says she will send some port wine later on."

"Excuse me, Senhor Don Carlos ; this way, sir." He drew back the heavy rep curtain and ushered Carlos into a lofty, spacious apartment, hung with a flowered blue paper, and having two windows with balconies looking towards S. Francisco Street ; and quickly drawing up the blinds, asked Carlos if he no longer remembered him — Domingos. Turning round smilingly, he hurriedly drew down his sleeves. Carlos, however, knew him at once by his red whiskers. It was really Domingos, an excellent servitor, who had departed from Ramalhete at the beginning of the winter, on account of certain disputes of patriotic jealousy with the French cook.

"I had not looked at you well, Domingos," said Carlos. "The entrance hall is somewhat dark. I remember you perfectly. And so you are here. And are you happy?"

"Fairly happy, sir, I think. Sra. Cruges also lives here over us."

"Oh, I knew it," rejoined Carlos.

"Will you be good enough to wait a moment while I go and announce you to Senhora Donna Maria Eduarda?"

Maria Eduarda ! It was the first time that Carlos had heard her name, and he judged the name perfectly agreed with her severe beauty. Maria Eduarda ! Carlos Eduardo ! what a coincidence ! there was a similarity in their two names ! What if it were a presage of the harmony of their destinies !

Meanwhile, Domingos, his hand on the door, stopped again, and in a confidential tone said, "It is the English governess who is ill."

"Oh, indeed, the governess?"

"Yes, sir; she is in a slow fever since yesterday; a weight on her chest."

Domingos made another movement to quit the room, but lingered on, gazing with admiring eyes on Carlos.

"And your grandfather, sir, is he well?"

"Thank you, Domingos, he is well."

"Ah ! he is indeed a great man. There is no one like him in Lisbon."

"Thanks, Domingos, thanks."

When at length Domingos quitted the apartment, Carlos

drew off his gloves and proceeded to take a leisurely view around. The floor had been newly covered with fine matting ; near the door stood a long piano ; upon a stand at its side was a Japanese vase, in which three beautiful white irises were withering, and all round about it lay sheets of music, illustrated journals, and books. All the chairs in the room were lined with crimson rep, and at the foot of the sofa lay a huge tiger-skin mat. A small Arabian bookcase and desk, which Carlos remembered to have seen some days ago at "Tio Abraham's," had come to fill up a bare space at one end. As in the case of the Hotel Central, the bareness of a regulation house *let furnished* had been supplemented with various touches of taste and comfort. The deep, heavy velvet cover of the oval table which stood in the center of the room was nearly concealed by splendidly bound books and albums, some bronze Japanese vases, a porcelain basket, and various delicate objects of art in Dresden china, which to a certainty had never belonged to Mother Cruges. And with these things there came forth, as by mistake, following the order of things and investing the whole with a peculiar charm, that undefinable perfume in which the odor of jasmine prevailed, which Carlos had so clearly perceived in the apartments of the Hotel Central.

But what more greatly attracted Carlos was a pretty folding screen of silk, embroidered with flowers, which had been placed to one side of a window and corner, forming a cozy spot, very shaded and secluded. In this recess was seen a low chair covered with scarlet satin, a large cushion at its foot, and a lady's work-table by the side, on which were some pieces of fancy work and all the little requirements for needlework. These had evidently been hastily laid aside, along with a half rolled up piece of embroidery. A number of fashion journals were strewed about, and a hand basket full of balls of wool were partly concealed by them.

Comfortably curled round on the seat of the chair lay the famous Scotch terrier, which had so frequently appeared in dreams to Carlos, lightly following a radiant figure along the walks, or cuddled up on somebody's sweet lap.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," he said to her in a soft, low voice, wishing to win her sympathies.

The dog quickly rose up, her ears sharp out, looking suspiciously at the stranger across her shaggy hair with two beauti-

ful eyes black as jet, and darting keen looks at him, almost human in their alertness. But suddenly the dog seemed to have become captivated with Carlos, and proceeded to stretch herself out as though inviting him to caress her. Carlos was just about to respond and pet her, when he heard a light foot-fall on the mat. He turned round and saw — Maria Eduarda standing before him.

It was like an unexpected apparition. He bowed profoundly, less as a salute than to hide the tumultuous wave of hot blood which he felt suffusing his face. The lady, dressed in a simple black serge dress, with white linen collar, and tiny boutonnière of a rosebud and green leaves pinned to her breast, and tall and fair as a lily, proceeded to seat herself at the oval table and unfold a tiny lace handkerchief. Obeying her smiling glance, Carlos in an embarrassed manner sat down on the edge of the sofa. After an instant of silence, which seemed to him deep and almost solemn, the voice of Maria Eduarda rose up, a voice rich and measured, with a ring as of golden bells, which was very charming. In the midst of his ecstasy, Carlos vaguely perceived that she was thanking him for the care he had taken of Rosa; and each time that his eyes fell or lingered on her for an instant, he seemed to discover some fresh charm or point of perfection. Her hair was not golden, as he had judged when seen in the distance and under the sun's rays, but of two shades of chestnut brown, light and dark, very luxuriant and wavy. In the dark glance of her grand eyes there was something very grave and very sweet. At times in conversation she would clasp her hands across her knees, and through the white cuff of her tight sleeve he seemed to perceive the whiteness, indeed almost to feel the softness, the warmth of her arms.

Maria Eduarda lapsed into silence. Carlos, on essaying to raise his voice to reply, felt again the blood mounting to his temples. And notwithstanding he had learned from Domingos that the patient who desired to see him was the governess, he could find nothing to say in his perturbation but this timid question : —

“It is not your daughter who is ill?”

“Oh no! thank God.”

And Maria Eduarda recounted to Carlos exactly what Domingos had told him, that the English governess had been

unwell for some days and experienced a difficulty in breathing, had a bad cough, and just a touch of fever. "We thought it was but a passing cold, but last evening she seemed to grow worse, and I am impatient for you to see her," she added.

She rose up and pulled a thick bell rope suspended at the side of the piano. Amid the rep-covered furniture, beneath that common sordid ceiling, her whole person seemed to Carlos more radiant by contrast, and of a beauty far nobler and almost unapproachable; and he thought that never would he dare to gaze openly upon her, with such manifest admiration as when meeting her casually in his walks.

"What a lovely dog you have, *minha senhora*," he said when Maria Eduarda returned and sat down, and into these words he infused an inflection of deep tenderness.

Maria Eduarda smiled, and as she did so, a beautiful dimple showed itself, imparting a strange sweetness to her grave features. She merrily clapped her hands, crying out, "*Niniche*! *Niniche*! come here; you are being praised. Come and return thanks!"

Niniche lazily came in answer to her mistress's call, gaping. Carlos deemed this name *Niniche* most charming; and it was singular that he also had had an Italian greyhound which he had named *Niniche*.

At that moment a maid servant appeared in answer to the bell. It was the same petulant girl, thin and freckled, whom he had seen at the Hotel Central.

"Melanie will show you into Miss Sarah's room," said Maria Eduarda. "I will not accompany you, because she is so timid, so afraid of giving trouble, that my presence alone would most likely make her declare she was not ill."

"I understand," Carlos murmured, smiling. And it appeared to him that in the bright gleam of her look some ray had shone out of her eyes, and had shot into him something bright and sweet.

Hat in hand he lightly sped along that corridor within, and he gazed on all the details of domestic life, feeling as though he already experienced the joys of possession. Melanie drew back some curtains, and he found himself in a light, airy, spacious apartment. Here he found poor Miss Sarah sitting up in bed, a blue bow of ribbon around the collar of her dress, and the bands of her hair smoothly brushed tight around her head,

as though she were about to attend the services of a Presbyterian chapel on Sunday. By the bedside was a table with very neatly folded newspapers and English journals, and a vase with two lovely roses. All else in that room shone with rigorous neatness, from the portraits of the royal family of England, which stood on a chest of drawers covered with a lace toilet cover, down to her well-polished boots, classified, and evenly ranged on a boot rack.

As soon as Carlos had taken a seat by the bed, Miss Sarah at once began, amid a fit of coughing, and with two tell-tale hectic spots on her cheeks, to declare that there was nothing the matter with her. It was her dear, kind mistress, who was so good, so careful, who had forced her to keep her bed. It was such a trial to her, she said, to be idle and of no use, more particularly now that Madame was so lonely in a house without a garden, for where could the child play? And who was to take her out for a walk? Ah! it was indeed a prison-house for Madame! Carlos comforted her and felt her pulse. Then, when he rose to test her lungs, the poor English miss flushed up in dire trouble, holding her clothes to her chest, demanding whether it was *absolutely* necessary that she should have her lungs tested.

"Yes, it is undoubtedly necessary."

Carlos found the right lung somewhat affected, and he questioned her respecting her family. She informed him that she came from York, that she was the daughter of a clergyman, and one of fourteen brothers and sisters, who were all robust and athletic, she herself being the only weakly one; so much so, that her father, finding that at seventeen she weighed so little, had had her taught Latin, to qualify her for a governess.

"Then as a matter of fact," rejoined Carlos, "there have not been any chest complaints in your family?"

"Oh, never!" she said with a smile, "Mamma is still living. Papa, at an advanced age, died from the kick of a horse."

Carlos, hat in hand, stood gazing upon her and observing her. Then suddenly she became affected, and her little eyes filled with tears. When she heard that so many things would be needed for her cure, and that she would have to keep her room yet a fortnight, she became agitated, and two tears coursed down her cheeks.

Carlos took her hand, comforting her in a sympathetic manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir," she said.

In the reception room Carlos rejoined Maria Eduarda, who was seated at the table arranging vases with flowers from a large basketful at her side, while her lap was full of carnations. A sunbeam shone along the room, ending at her feet, and Niniche, stretched asleep along that line of light, shone like a fur made of silver threads. In the street outside and under the window an organ was playing, in the radiant joy of a lovely summer's morn, the lively strains of "Madame Angot," and above head could be heard the children's little feet dancing.

"Well," Maria Eduarda said, as she turned round with a bunch of clover in her hand.

Carlos reassured her: "Miss Sarah had a slight attack of bronchitis, accompanied by a little fever. It would be necessary to exercise precaution and care."

"Really! then she will no doubt have to take some medicine?"

She placed in the basket the flowers she held in her lap, and proceeded to open the writing desk between the windows; she herself arranged the paper for him to write the prescription, and put in a fresh nib to the pen. These attentions perturbed Carlos like a caress. "Oh, minha senhora, a pencil would do just as well," he said.

When he sat down at the desk, his eyes lingered with tender curiosity on those familiar objects upon which she had placed the sweetness of her hands: an agate seal set on an old account book; an ivory paper knife with a monogram in silver lay by the side of a Saxony cup full of stamps; all was in orderly fashion, so in harmony with her quiet good taste. And while he wrote out the prescription, Carlos felt that she was softly treading on the carpets, and moving her vases with greater care.

"What lovely flowers your ladyship has!" he said, turning his head round, as he mechanically dried the prescription in the blotting book.

Standing close to the Arab bookcase whereon rested a yellow Indian vase, Maria Eduarda was placing some leaves around a clump of roses.

"It imparts freshness," she replied. "But I certainly

thought that in Lisbon I would have found better flowers. There is nothing comparable to the flowers in France. Is it not true ? ”

He did not reply to this, forgetting everything as he gazed upon her, thinking how sweet it would be to remain in that apartment of red rep, full of light and so silent and restful, watching those dear hands placing green leaves round the stems of roses. At length he murmured, “In Cintra there are lovely flowers.”

“Oh, Cintra is an enchanted place,” she said, without drawing her eyes away from the flowers. “It is worth while coming to Lisbon only to see Cintra.”

At that moment the rep curtains were drawn aside, and Rosa, dressed in white, and with black silk stockings, ran into the room ; a coil of dark hair hung down her back, and in her arms she carried her large doll. On seeing Carlos, she abruptly stopped, her beautiful large eyes wide open, looking at him in surprise, meantime clutching firmly in her arms “Cri-cri,” which was only partly dressed.

“Do you not know him ? ” demanded her mother of Rosa, as she went to sit again opposite her basket of flowers.

Rosa was beginning to smile, her little face suffused by a sweet blush. As she stood there dressed all in white and black, she looked like a swallow ; a sweet, singular charm about her soft little form, her light grace of limb, her large eyes of deep blue, and a blush as of a woman on her cheeks. When Carlos advanced with outstretched hand to renew his acquaintance, she stood on tiptoe and put up her little mouth, fresh as a rosebud, to be kissed. Carlos dared touch her forehead but lightly.

Then he tried to shake hands with her old friend, the doll “Cri-cri” ; but Rosa suddenly remembered what had brought her to her mother in such a hurry.

“I want her nightgown, Mamma. I can’t find it. I have not been able to dress her. Tell me, do you know where it is ? ”

“Well, I never ! what untidiness ! ” replied the mother, gazing upon her with a tender smile. “If Cri-cri has her own especial wardrobe, and her chest of drawers, her things should not be lost ; is it not true, Senhor Don Carlos da Maia ? ”

Carlos, still holding the prescription in his hand, smiled also, yet without saying anything, all absorbed in that view of

tender home life, and experiencing a thrill which was penetrating into his very being.

The little child then came to lean against her mother, rubbing herself along her arm, as in a voice all low and sweet, she coaxingly said, "Come now, tell me, do, where is her dress?"

Lightly, with the tips of her fingers, Maria Eduarda arranged the tiny bow of white ribbon which fastened her hair on the top of the child's head; then assuming a grave tone, she said: "Be quiet, it is all right. You know very well it is not I who have the charge of Cri-cri's wardrobe; you should be more orderly. Go and ask Melanie."

Rosa at once obeyed, serious also, saying, as she passed Carlos with a graceful curtsy, "Bon jour, Monsieur."

"She is charming," he murmured.

The mother smiled. She had finished arranging her nosegay of carnations, and at once attended to Carlos, who placed the prescription on the table, and leisurely sat down on an arm-chair and began to speak to her respecting the diet to be followed with Miss Sarah, and the number of spoonfuls of sirup of codein which should be given her every three hours.

"Poor Sarah!" she said. "It was a singular thing that she should come here with the presentiment, nay, almost a certainty, that she would fall ill in Portugal."

"Then she detests Portugal?"

"Oh, she has a perfect horror of it. She finds the heat very great, bad smells on all sides, and the people perfectly frightful. She is afraid of being insulted in the streets. In fact, she is most unhappy, she longs to get away."

Carlos laughed at those Saxon antipathies. As a matter of fact, Miss Sarah was not far wrong.

"And you, my lady, have you fared well in Portugal?"

Maria Eduarda shrugged her shoulders. "Yes," she replied, "I ought to be well here: it is my native land."

"Your native land! Why, I thought you were Brazilian."

"No, indeed: I am Portuguese."

For a few moments they relapsed into silence. From off the table Maria Eduarda took a large black fan painted with red flowers. And Carlos felt, he knew not why, that a new sweetness was filling his heart. Then she spoke of her voyage being very grateful to her, for she adored the sea; it had been

a great charm to her the morning she arrived at Lisbon to see its dark-blue sky, its sea also so blue, and to feel the gentle heat of a temperate climate ; but after landing, all things went contrary. They were uncomfortably housed in the Hotel Central. Niniche one night was taken violently ill.

“And how do you find Lisbon?” demanded Carlos.

“Oh, I like it well enough. I find the blue sky and the whiteness of a southern city very charming, but there are so few comforts. Life here has an air, as to which I cannot find out whether it is from simplicity or poverty —”

“Simplicity, my lady — we have the simplicity of the savages.”

Maria Eduarda burst out laughing.

“I will not go so far,” she rejoined, “but I suppose the Portuguese are like the Greeks : they are satisfied with eating an olive and gazing up at the sky which is so lovely.” And she proceeded to complain above all things of the houses so deficient in comforts, so destitute of good taste, so untidy. The one she now lived in was wretched ; the kitchen was horrible, the dining-room walls were ornamented with pictures of ships and hillocks that quite took away her appetite. Moreover, there was no garden, no ground where her child could run and play.

The hoarse timepiece began slowly to strike the hour of eleven. Carlos rose up to take his departure ; his delightful, his never-to-be-forgotten visit was ended.

On bidding his hostess farewell, she said, “You will come to-morrow?”

“Certainly.”

“Then good-bye until to-morrow.”

Domingos was waiting for him in the hall. “Is it anything serious, Doctor?”

“Oh dear, no ! nothing serious. I am pleased to see you, Domingos.”

“And I, sir, to see you here.”

Niniche also appeared in the hall. Carlos stooped down and stroked her gently, as in a low voice he said, “Good-bye, Niniche, until to-morrow.”

THE RAVEN.

By ANNA DE CASTRO OSSORIO.

(Translated from the Portuguese for this work, by Mariana Montelro.)

LONG ago a Genie had been condemned by the King of the Genii to assume the form of a Raven, on account of his insufferable arrogance, and to live far from the society of the Genii and Fairies, in a solitary castle perched on the peak of an inaccessible rock overhanging the sea.

He lived lonely and wearily in that solitude, and one day he made up his mind that he would marry. But what woman in the world, be she peasant or *grande dame*, a beggar or a Princess, would he find willing to take a Genie to husband, and moreover one that had been transformed into a Raven for all time? And, furthermore, he could not be satisfied with any one; no indeed! He was vain and haughty, as he judged himself to be a powerful Genie, and he decided, in his own mind, that he would wed none less than the daughter of an Emperor or King. Hence he proceeded to visit all the palaces of the monarchs of his time, but in none did he meet with a beauty to satisfy his ideal. At length, in a far distant empire of the East, there was born a Princess who was lovely as the stars. Great indeed was the joy at the palace, for the babe would be the sole heiress to the crown.

The Emperor, her father, was seated on his throne of gold and precious stones, full of joy, waiting to be presented with his baby daughter, laid on a cushion of rich brocade, as the laws direct. The Raven, who only awaited a favorable opportunity in order to accomplish his design, came in through a window of the palace which had been incautiously left open, and when the grand lady of the bedchamber of the Empress came in with the royal infant to present her to her father, she made a low courtesy to the Emperor and raised aloft the cushion. Just at that moment down flew the Raven over her, and ere any one could realize what was happening, he had snatched the babe off the cushion in his claws and was gone through the open window. Taking advantage of the confusion which reigned, owing to this unexpected theft, he flew to his enchanted palace.

There was great uproar at the Emperor's Palace, shrieks and lamentations, and such wordy discussions, that some of the Ministers of State actually died from suffocation.

When the Empress was apprised of the disappearance of her child, she fell to weeping bitterly, and implored her royal husband to go immediately in search of her, otherwise she herself would die of grief.

The Emperor clutched his head in despair, crying out : "Where can the Princess be? Who could this wicked Raven be that had thus stolen her?"

Night after night did he spend pacing up and down his apartment, cogitating this question, and could find no solution. Great was his wish to find the child, and still greater that of consoling the Empress, who did nothing but weep and lament.

At length, after much thought, he resolved on summoning a council of his Ministers to discuss the question. In council it was unanimously voted that the good fairy Urgelia, the protectress of the family, should be invited, and asked what should be done to recover the babe.

And so it was done.

As soon as the Emperor had formulated his wish, there appeared before him the Fairy seated in a lovely chariot woven of gold threads, and drawn by a multitude of pure white doves.

The Emperor and Empress at once hastened toward her with open arms, and the beautiful Fairy, radiant with smiles, gracefully returned their salutation. After the usual compliments had passed between them, the sorrow-stricken parents explained to her the cause of their grief.

The fairy Urgelia was silent. All voices were hushed, and respected her mental abstraction. After a spell of deep thought she seemed to recover from her abstraction, and exclaimed : —

"My friends, during these brief moments I have myself gone to the palace of my Queen, to ask her to tell me what maleficent spirit, Genie, or hobgoblin it was that had carried off the sweet Princess, your daughter. I know where she is, but in order to proceed to the spot it is necessary to gather together all the armies of the Empire, and from among the soldiers choose the one who shall go and deliver the Princess from the power of the Raven, for the bird is a most mighty Genie who is being chastised by his King."

She indicated where stood the castle of the Raven, pre-

dicted a good result to the undertaking, and bidding farewell to the imperial couple, manifesting by her wise, kind words how deeply she esteemed them, she offered her services in any event they might be useful.

The delighted parents expressed their gratitude, and accompanied her to the terrace, where her chariot awaited her.

She entered the carriage, and within a short moment had disappeared from view, carried swiftly away in the air by the snow-white doves.

The Emperor then ordered that a muster of all the armies of his empire should take place in the capital, so that a man might be selected from the ranks to effect the rescue of the Princess. He also ordered a caravel to be equipped for his own use, as he wished to take part in the search, lest the people should say that he sent out others to effect the capture, yet he himself remained inactive.

Among the regiments which flocked to the capital in obedience to the Emperor's orders was one from the provinces. This regiment held in its ranks a youth called Florencio, himself a soldier, and one of the best men in it. As they were proceeding along the road to the city, they encountered a gang of men who were belaboring a dead man with huge clubs. The soldiers passed on; but Florencio, indignant at this outrage, begged permission of his commanding officer to leave the ranks, and proceeded to upbraid the men for their inhuman conduct.

The men replied: "He was a great swindler, and as in life he obtained money of us which he never repaid, we have come here to pay him off with a good beating."

The youth would listen to no more. He carried off the body, reverently buried it with great charity, and then sped to overtake his regiment, which was so numerous that there appeared to be no room for him.

On the following day the Emperor caused trumpets and bugles to be sounded, calling upon all his army to pass in review, in order to select one man from among the troops who should be capable of searching for the Princess.

Among the whole rank and file, he singled out Florencio as being dowered with manly beauty and surpassing strength of limb. The youth at once stepped forward, and respectfully awaited the orders of the Emperor. At this very moment there suddenly appeared in the camp a war steed, fully capari-

soned and saddled. The Emperor ordered the horse to be caught and brought to him. The splendid animal would not be taken, and evaded every effort until Florencio stepped forward to try and capture him, when the horse stood still and allowed him to mount him.

The spectators were greatly astonished, and the Emperor declared to Florencio that in truth the war steed belonged to him, since he was the only person it would obey, and therefore he was to proceed to the seashore the following day, and go on board the royal caravel which was ready equipped and waiting to set sail.

As he had to quit the country the next day on this expedition, Florencio hastened to bid farewell to his mother, who was very aged, urging his horse to a gallop. He reached his mother's abode, embraced her tenderly, and without further delay remounted and took the road back to the city.

As he proceeded on the road, he saw a spray of gold lying on the ground. He was about to alight and pick it up, when the horse cried out: "No! do not pick the gold up; leave it alone, for gold and silver you will have in abundance."

The youth therefore did not dismount, but went on his way. Further on he came across a bunch of handsome feathers of every hue; he thought these would look well as an aigrette on his cap. Again the horse bade him leave it alone, since he would have enough troubles with him.¹

Therefore he did not dismount to take them.

On reaching the capital he made for the beach, in order to embark; but to his disappointment the caravel had already started, bearing on board the Emperor.

The youth was struck with sadness; but the horse started off at such a swift gallop that Florencio arrived on the frontiers of the kingdom long before the Emperor. Here he begged his Majesty's pardon for not having been in time for the departure of the royal vessel.

Advised by his horse, Florencio besought of the monarch to let him have a ship, fifty soldiers' uniforms, fifty caps, and fifty muskets. Then he went aboard with his horse, and sailed on till he came opposite to the castle occupied by the Raven. Here he anchored. As soon as the Raven perceived the ship,

¹ Pennas, "feathers" or "troubles."

he flew to attack the vessel ; but Florencio showed him the uniforms, caps, and muskets, telling him that all his men had died, and asked him to take compassion on him and allow him to sleep in his castle.

The Raven consented, on condition that he should not venture into a certain tower in the castle, which was closed.

As soon as Florencio was admitted, he sought to discover the whereabouts of the said tower. After a while he noticed that the Raven had perched on the branch of a tree, and was fast asleep. He then cautiously started for the tower on tiptoe, opened the door, saw the little Princess lying asleep in a golden cradle, caught her up, and swiftly sped away.

When the Raven awoke from his deep sleep, induced by a heavy meal, he entered the tower to look after the Princess. The fairy Urgelia, who had, though invisible, closely followed his footsteps, and had seen all that had occurred, quickly closed the door behind him, and with a charmed key locked him in so effectually that he remained imprisoned for all time.

As soon as Florencio appeared with the Princess at the palace door, on his successful return in his ship, the joy was universal throughout the empire. Many feasts were celebrated, dances, illuminations, and fireworks.

The Emperor and Empress were very grateful, and begged the youth to remain in the palace and become one of the family.

The Princess grew up daily more beautiful to behold, and at fifteen years of age was reputed the loveliest Princess in the world. And she grew up so attached to the brave youth who had rescued her, that she could not bear to be absent from him.

Now this attachment became the cause of so much jealousy, that Florencio could scarcely live in the palace, owing to the intrigues of the courtiers. They could not endure him, and daily invented tales about him which were recounted to the Emperor.

For a length of time the Emperor took no heed of these intrigues, but one day he grew angry at what the courtiers told him that Florencio had said, but which he never did say : "That in the same manner as he had rescued the Princess out of the clutches of the Raven, so also could he enter unharmed into a caldron of boiling oil."

Then did the Emperor exclaim : "As he says he can do this, let him prove his words."

Florencio was summoned, poor fellow, and declared he had never said anything of the kind, nor had he thought of such a thing.

But all to no purpose, the trial must be gone through. He lamented his fate, crying out : "Alas ! my horse spoke truly when he said I should have many troubles to go through." The Emperor would listen to no excuses or reasons, but ordered him to prove the statement, promising, however, that should he come out of the ordeal with life, he would give him his daughter the Princess to wed, and in this way put an end to all intrigues.

Realizing that there was no appeal, and he must needs resign himself to die in a caldron of oil, he went to the stables to take leave of his dear horse and faithful companion.

The horse then spoke to him, saying : "Do not grieve. Take a club and beat me until I break out in a sweat, then wipe me with a cloth, and bid the Princess wrap you in it with her own fair hands."

Yet Florencio could not bear the idea of beating his horse ; but the faithful animal so insisted upon his doing so, that at length he consented. He followed the instructions exactly, went to seek for the Princess, who was in her own apartment weeping bitterly, and had given orders that no one should come in to her, ever since she had learnt of the misfortunes that her rescuer was going to undergo.

All was done as the horse had ordered. The youth plunged into the caldron of oil which was boiling over a huge fire opposite the balconies of the imperial palace, where the whole court had assembled to witness the spectacle.

Thrice did he plunge in the oil, to the great delight of his enemies, who judged thereby that they would soon be rid of him ; but they themselves had to writhe in fury, because he came out of his oil bath as fresh as if the oil had been only cold water.

The Princess was beside herself with joy when she saw her rescuer safe and sound. She then begged that the Archbishop who attended the court should marry them without further delay.

This was done to the great pleasure of their imperial majesties and of all the people who had learnt to love their new Prince.

After the ceremony was concluded, the horse came to seek his master : — “ I have come to bid you farewell, my dear master.”

Florencio was struck with sadness. “ Oh, my worthy steed,” he cried, “ if you leave me, what will become of me ? ”

“ You no longer run any danger, since, as the future Emperor, all will respect you. Strive always to be good, as you have been hitherto, and you will be happy.”

The Prince Consort, who could not resign himself to losing his horse, demanded : —

“ But tell me why do you leave me. What harm have I done you ? ”

“ No harm whatever have you done me, nor, indeed, could you do it, because you are good, as few mortals are. Now I leave you because it must be so. I wish you to know that I am the soul of the dead man you found lying in the road on your journey, and which you piously buried, and delivered me from the blows of my creditors. I did not pay my debts because I could not do so, for I was poor, and so they were canceled by a higher power. In recompense of your good action, I was sent in this form to earth, in order to serve you and advise you in all the difficulties and trials you might meet, and assist you in what you should require.”

Saying this, the horse disappeared.

The Emperor and Empress lived to a good old age, beloved by their daughter and son-in-law. At their demise the heiress to the throne and her fond husband governed the people to the general satisfaction, ever abiding beneath the beneficent protection of the good fairy Urgelia.

They were very good and happy, had a numerous family, and died full of years, leaving behind the halo of a splendid life lived in peace and concord.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF BRITTANY.

(Translated by Tom Taylor, with introduction, from the "Barsaz-Breiz" of Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué.)

INTRODUCTION.

THE Brittany which still retains so much of its ancient tongue, national character, and local usages, as to separate its population from that of the rest of France even more distinctly than the Welsh or the Highlanders are separated from the English, comprehends the three departments of Finistère, Morbihan, and the Côtes du Nord. These departments include the four ancient bishoprics of St. Pol de Leon, or the Léonais, Cornouaille, Vannes, and Tréguier, each of which was formerly, and is still in great measure, a district with distinct dress, usages, and local character, both in the landscape and the people.

The Léonais (the Lemovicas of the Merovingian sovereigns) forms the extreme western horn of Brittany, and includes almost all the *arrondissements* of Morlaix and Brest. It is the richest and most varied region of Finistère. Its fields are fertile; its population (setting Brest aside as a French Portsmouth, only Breton in name), scattered in small villages or isolated farms, live a life of extreme simplicity, which still retains most of the characteristics of an age of faith. The church is the great point of reunion for the Léonais; its "*pardons*," or festivals of patron saints, furnish its great occasions of rejoicing; the "Day of the Dead"—the day after All Saints' Day—is its chief family commemoration. The whole population is in mourning; the day is spent in religious services, in masses and prayers for the dead. The remains of the supper, which crowns the offices of the day, is left on the table, that the dead may take their seats again round the remembered board. The festival of St. John—the Christian substitute for the Druidic Sun-feast—is still celebrated. Beal-fires blaze on every hillside, round which the peasants dance all night, in their holiday clothes, to the sound of the *binou*—a kind of rustic hautboy—and the shepherd's horn, or of a rude music drawn out of reeds fixed across a copper basin. The girl who dances round nine St. John's fires before midnight is sure to marry within the year. In many parishes the curé himself goes in procession with banner and cross to light the sacred fire. A brand from it is preserved with reverence; placed between a branch of box blessed on Palm Sunday, and a piece of the twelfth-night cake, it is supposed to preserve the cottage from evil by thunder. The flowers of the nosegay which crowns the beal-



fire heap, are powerful talismans against bodily ills. Intensity of religious faith, passing into the wildest and often grossest superstition, is the dominant character of the inhabitant of the Léonais. He is grave, intense in his feelings, though reserved in the expression of them, distrustful of strangers, and profoundly attached to his own country, its beliefs and usages. His dialect is long drawn and almost chantlike. His dress is dark, almost always black or dark blue, relieved among the men only by a red or blue scarf round the waist; among the women, by a white *coiffe*, like a nun's *béguine*. Marriages are contracted as readily and as improvidently as in Ireland; hospitality is a custom as well as a duty, and the poor, down to the most abject beggar, are "God's guests."

The Léonard presents the gravest side of the Breton character, and has more in common with the Welsh than with the Irish Celt.

But a parallel to the mingled joyousness and pathos of the Irish temperament is to be found in Brittany — among the Kernéwotes, the inhabitants of Cornouaille, the district which lies round the mountains of Arré, between Morlaix to the north and Pontivy to the south, bounded by the Léonais northwards, and southwards by the district of Vannes. The northern portion of this region is wild and barren; the southern, in parts at least, smiling and amene. Its coast scenery, especially about Quimper, is grand and terrible. Round Penmarch (the Horse's Head), one of the most westerly points of the Breton coast, the dash of the Atlantic on the rocky headland is as terrific as anything on our own Cornish coast. Under the shadow of this headland lay the town of Is, whose drowning is the subject of one of the ballads in this collection.

Till within the last forty years, mass used to be served once a year from a boat on the Menhirien (or Druid stones), which at low spring tides rose above the sea, and were believed to be the altars of the buried city, while all the fishing boats of the bay brought a devout population of worshipers to this Christian sacrifice at Druid altars. The Kernéwote of the coast has many points of resemblance with the Léonard. Like him, he is grave almost to gloom, austere, and self-restrained. He dwells habitually on the sadder aspects of his faith, and celebrates, most respectfully, its sadder ceremonials. But the Kernéwote of the interior is the Irishman of Brittany, mingling with the pathetic ground tone, which everywhere underlies the Celtic character, flashes of humor and joyousness, giving himself up with passionate impulsiveness to the merriment of the marriage feast, the wild excesses of the carouse at the fair or opening of the threshing floor, the mad round of the *jabadao*, or the fierce excitements of the football play or wrestling match, which often winds up the Cornish *pardons*. His dress is of brilliant colors, always bordered

Landscape in Brittany



with bright scarlet, blue or violet; about Quimper are worn the *bar-gou-braz*, the loose, Turk-like breeches — a relic of the old Celtic garb. It is the costume of Cornouaille that is known popularly as Breton — the bright jacket and vest, often with the name of the tailor and the date of the make worked in colored wools on the breast, the broad belt and buckle, the baggy breeches and gay leggings, and the hair falling on the shoulders from under a broad-brimmed felt hat, or on the coast, one with narrow brims, turned up at the edge, and decorated with a many-colored woolen band, its ends flying in the wind. It is in Cornouaille that the old marriage ceremonial, with its elaborate diplomatic arrangements of *Bazalan* and *Breutaër*, is kept up with most state and lavishness of outlay. The wrestling bouts of this region are the most sharply contested and numerous attended. It is remarkable that wrestling — essentially a Celtic exercise — is in England confined to that side of the island where the Celtic nationality retained its latest hold; and the wrestling practice of Cornouaille, even down to the favorite hugs and throws, may be paralleled by the laws of the game, as still carried on in Cumberland and Westmoreland, or in Devonshire and our own Cornwall.

Tréguier, the third of the Breton districts having a distinct dialect and character, lies to the east of Léon, between it and Normandy, and includes the department of the Côtes du Nord. It takes in, besides the old bishopric of Tréguier, that of St. Briec, and part of that of Dol. The coast line is less savage than that of Cornouaille, the air milder, the ground richer and better cultivated. It is emphatically the training-ground of the Breton priesthood, who receive their education in its seminaries, and who have so largely contributed to mold the Breton character and imagination, as well by their songs as by their religious ministrations. The character of the Trégorrois is less rugged and severe than that of the Léonard or the Kernéwote of the coast — less excitable than that of the Kernéwote of the mountain. There is something about it which, in comparison with the Breton character of other regions, may be called soft, gentle, and submissive. It is from its seminaries that the sentimental element infiltrates the popular poetry of Brittany. The Trégorrois is intensely religious, but attaches himself especially to those festivals of the Church which breathe hope and peace and good-will. Nowhere in Brittany is Christmas observed so piously; nowhere are the places of pilgrimage so famous or so largely resorted to as the shrines of St. Mathurin or Montcontour, or of Our Lady of Succor at Guingamp. Tréguier is the fountain head of the religious canticles which fill such a large space in the poetry of Brittany; and at Lannion are still played, or have been played within living memory, Breton tragedies like the old Celtic plays of our own Cornwall, — historical as well as religious, lasting often for three days, and holding spell-

bound, for many hours of each day, peasant audiences assembled by thousands in the open-air theater.

The Klôarek, or seminarist of Tréguier, is generally a young peasant of sixteen or eighteen, who, having shown some vocation for the Church, or a turn for books, has been sent by his parents (exulting in the honor of giving a son to the priesthood) to one of the seminaries which stud the Côtes du Nord. His student life is more like that of the Scottish peasant sent to Glasgow or Edinburgh, St. Andrews or Aberdeen, with the intention of becoming a probationer of the Kirk of Scotland, than anything in England, or than the sharply regulated existence of the ordinary seminarist of Italy or other parts of France. He lives not in a college, but in a garret, — often shared with four or five companions of his own class. He ekes out the poor maintenance which his parents can afford him by hewing wood and drawing water, by serving about the inn-yards, and, if he is lucky enough to find pupils, by lessons in reading and writing at ten sous a month! His father or mother on market-day brings the weekly provant of the young clerk — a scanty pittance of black bread, butter, bacon, or potatoes.

The contrast between the rude misery of such a life and its destination to the awful and almost superhuman functions of the priest — the growing sense of culture and intellectual expansion warring with the hard facts of material existence — the separation from home pleasures and village intimates of both sexes, and the anticipation of a lot which isolates for ever from the delight of love and the happiness of family and fireside life — are all provocative, according to the nature they work on, of sad and regretful emotion, or of a passionate and mystic asceticism. Both find natural expression in poetry; the regrets in elegy or idyllic song, the piety in canticles and hymns. It is, indeed, the Klôarek who is at once the hero and the poet of most of the Sônes, as the Breton songs of the former class are called; and the author of the Buhez, or legends of saints, and *Kanaouen*, or religious songs, dealing with such subjects as the farewells interchanged between soul and body at death, the horrors of hell, and the joys of heaven — the recital of which makes one of the principal entertainments of the *pardon*. Tréguier, thanks to its Klôarek, is the nursery alike of the elegiac and religious popular poetry of Brittany.

Vannes, which occupies the southern coast of Brittany, is the most thoroughly Celtic portion of the country. It is as thickly covered with cromlec'hs, lichvens, peulvans, menhirs, barrows, and dolmen,¹ as Léon is — or rather was before the Revolution — with

¹ *Cromlec'hs* are *Druidic* circles; *lichvens*, two vertical stones with a third laid across; *menhirs* and *peulvans*, single stones set up on end; *barrows*, burial mounds; and *dolmen*, broad, flat stones resting on smaller stone supports.

Calvaries, bone-houses, wayside chapels, and shrines of the Virgin. On the heath of Lanvaux rises a forest of one hundred and twenty menhirs; Trehoentec is a city of the dead, swelling with *barrows* innumerable; but all the Druidic monuments of Vannes and of the world, not excepting Stonehenge, sink into secondary rank by the side of Carnac, with its eleven parallel ranges of *peulvans*, stretching for a length of more than two leagues to the horizon — huge blocks, many planted with the narrow end downward, and some twenty feet in height.

Vannes, too, is the site of the most memorable scenes of Breton romance and mediæval history. Here is the castle of Clisson, the tower of Du Guesclin, the battlefield of the Thirty, the church of Ploermel with the tombs of the Dukes of Brittany, and the mystic forest of Broceliand, where Merlin lies in his enchanted sleep, under the spells of Vivien.

Vannes is the home of the legends of gnomes and spirits, of dwarfs and fairies that haunt rocks and woods, streams and fountains, of the *dus* and *mary-morgan*, the *poulpican*, and the *korrgan*.¹ The football play of the *Soule*, in which villages and parishes contend for the mastery, limbs being broken and lives often lost in the fierce excitement of the struggle, is now confined to the district of Vannes. It was this region which furnished the most desperate elements to the *Chouannerie*; and the historic ballads, recording the prowess of Beaumanoir and Tinténiaç, Du Guesclin, Jannedik, Flamm, and Pontcalec, or the still earlier heroism of Noménoë and Lez-Breiz, Bran, and Alan-al-Louarn, are still the nightly entertainment of its tavern parties, its family feasts, and *pardons*.

Such are the leading divisions of the Breton population, among which has grown up, and is still preserved, a richer ballad literature, and a larger stock of popular idyllic and religious poetry, than exists in any part of Europe of the same extent. The national character and local circumstances of the Breton have singularly favored the preservation and oral transmission of their popular poetry. They have always been a people set apart by blood, language, usages, and feelings from the rest of France. The fusion of Celtic with the neighboring nationality, which has effaced almost all traces of the race (except a few words of common use and names of places) in Cambria, Devon, and Cornwall, and has for centuries been actively at work even in Wales itself, has only begun to operate in Brittany since the Revolution, and at every step has been fiercely resisted. The upholding of national usages, faiths, ceremonies, traditions, and glories has been ever a religion in Brittany; and for the mass of the people song has been the sole instrument of their preservation.

¹ Celtic fairies of the woods, streams, rocks, and springs.

Manners here still retain their antique stamp—often a rude one; but often also beautiful and pathetic. The poetry that wells out of the Celtic nature, wherever it is left to itself, has not had its course checked or crossed in Brittany by such influences as the Protestant Methodism of Wales or the war of religion and races in Ireland. Ballads and canticles that were sung in the tenth, twelfth, and fourteenth centuries are still handed down, by recitation, from father to son, from mother to child, among the peasants, beggars, and wandering “crowders” who have taken the place of the old bards.

It is this essentially historical character which gives a distinctive peculiarity to the Breton ballads as compared with our own. Setting apart “Chevy Chase,” “The Geste of Robin Hood,”—if its songs can be called historical,—and some of the Border ballads, our own ballad literature has no strictly historical character. It is so difficult to identify its personages and incidents with any particular period or place as, in nineteen cases out of twenty, not to repay the labor of the attempt. The Breton ballad, as a rule, is sharply and distinctly historical. There is hardly one of the collection in the “Barsaz-Breiz,” the incidents of which cannot be referred to their date, place, and particular actors. As all true ballad literature is contemporary, it is a fair inference that these ballads were originally composed while the memory of their subjects was still recent, though, in the process of oral transmission for generations, they have of course undergone all manner of modification and mutilation. The Vicomte de la Villemarqué, the accomplished editor of the “Barsaz-Breiz” (or poetic treasury of Brittany), is a Breton, of old and noble family, inspired by that ardent love of his country and race which is the dominant feeling of the Breton. His mother—still I believe alive—many years ago began collecting the ballads and songs of the country, and he continued the work, aided not only by his own active researches, but by the clergy and resident nobles and gentry, without whose help—beyond the range of his own family influence—he would have found it impossible to overcome the ingrained distrust of the Breton peasant. He informs us in his preface that his habit has been to obtain all the versions he could of the same ballad, and the only liberty he has taken has been in choosing between more and less complete versions—proceeding on the sound theory that the fullest in detail and most picturesque in color were likely to be the oldest. The result has been a body of ballads, with as distinct and consistent an impress of their time upon them as the very best preserved examples in the Border Minstrelsy.

THE WINE OF THE GAULS, AND THE DANCE OF THE
SWORD.

(Gwin Ar Challaoued, Ha Korol Ar C'Hleze.)

[THE Gauls, whose wine is praised in this savage chant, were the Franks, on whose vineyards and cellars Gregory of Tours describes the comparatively uncivilized Bretons as making regular autumnal raids. Thierry, in his "Récits Mérovingiens," supposes the chant here translated to be one of those in which successful forays of this kind were celebrated. It is still sung in the Breton taverns, but M. de la Villemarqué informs us that the sense of much of it is lost among the peasants from whose recitation he picked it up, and he is by no means sure either of the completeness of his own version, or of the correctness of his interpretation in all points. The wines of the district about Nantes seem to be referred to, as they are white. The other drinks enumerated — that made of mulberry juice, beer, mead, and cider — were in old times, and still are (the three latter at least), national beverages of Brittany. It is probable, as M. de la Villemarqué conjectures, that two chants are here welded together; the second, beginning at the thirteenth stanza, seems to be a fragment of the song that accompanied the old Celtic sword-dance in honor of the Sun. The language of this portion of the chant is more antique than that of the preceding stanzas. In both, however, the alliteration is nearly perfect — an acknowledged sign of antiquity. The rhythm suggests a measured accompaniment of tramping feet and clashing swords; and the wild chorus, invoking fire and sword, oak and earth and waves, carries us back to the early times of Druidic elemental worship, as the whole composition breathes a ferocious delight in blood and battle, smacking little of Christian doctrine or *discipline*.]

I.

BETTER juice of vine
 Than berry wine:
 Better juice of vine!
 Fire! fire! steel, Oh! steel!
 Fire! fire! steel and fire!
 Oak! oak, earth, and waves!
 Waves, oak, earth, and oak!

Better wine o' the year
 Than our beer, —
 Better wine o' the year!
 Fire! fire, &c.

Better blood grapes bleed
 Than our mead, —
 Better blood grapes bleed!
 Fire! fire, &c.

Better drink o' the vine
 Than apple wine, —

Better drink o' the vine!
Fire! fire, &c.

Dunghill Gaul, to thee,
Leaf and tree, —
Stock and leaf to thee!
Fire! fire, &c.

Valiant Breton, thine
The white wine, —
Valiant Breton, thine!
Fire! fire, &c.

Wine and blood they run
Blent in one, —
Wine and blood they run!
Fire! fire, &c.

White wine and red blood,
Fat and good, —
White wine and red blood!
Fire! fire, &c.

Red blood and white wine,
Bright of shine, —
Red blood and white wine!
Fire! fire, &c.

'Tis the Gauls' blood
Runs in flood, —
'Tis the Gauls' blood!
Fire! fire, &c.

I've drunk wine and gore
In the war, —
I've drunk wine and gore!
Fire! fire, &c.

Wine and blood they feed,
Fat indeed, —
Wine and blood they feed!
Fire! fire, &c.

II.

Blood, wine, and glee,
Sun, to thee, —

Blood, wine, and glee!
Fire! fire, &c.

Glee of dance and song,
And battle-throng, —
Battle, dance, and song!
Fire! fire, &c.

Let the sword-blades swing
In a ring, —
Let the sword-blades swing!
Fire! fire, &c.

Song of the blue steel,
Death to feel, —
Song of the blue steel!
Fire! fire, &c.

Fight, whereof the sword
Is the Lord, —
Fight of the fell sword!
Fire! fire, &c.

Sword, thou mighty king
Of battle's ring, —
Sword, thou mighty king!
Fire! fire, &c.

With the rainbow's light
Be thou bright, —
With the rainbow's light!
Fire! fire! steel, Oh! steel!
Fire! fire! steel and fire!
Oak! oak, earth, and waves!
Waves, oak, earth, and oak!

THE DROWNING OF KAER-IS.¹ — (LIVADEN GER-IS.)

[THE anonymous chronicler of Ravenna mentions a town, which he calls *Ker-Is*, as existing in Armorica in the fifth century. Here ruled a prince called *Gradlonvawre*, *i.e.* *Gradlon the Great*. *Gradlon* was the protector of *Gwénolé*, the founder of the first abbey established in Brittany. The following ballad (the original of which *M. de la Villemarqué* obtained from the recitation of *Thomas Pen-venn*, — *i.e.* *Whitehead*, — a peasant of *Trégunk*) narrates the popular tradition of the destruction of the town by the king's daughter, *Dahut*, who opened

¹ "Kaer-Is," *i.e.* *Is-Town*, "caer" being the same word that enters into our own *Carlisle*, the Celtic "*Caer-Leon*," *Caer-marthen*, *Caer-laverock*.

a sluice which kept out the sea, by a key stolen from her sleeping father, after an orgy, at her lover's bidding. This tradition is common to all the Celtic races. It is found in Wales and in Ireland. In the former country the king is Seizenin, the drowned town Gwaeleod, and its site in Cardigan Bay, where the fishermen still talk of the ruins of ancient buildings seen by them at the bottom of the sea when the tide is lower than usual. In Ireland the town is Neagh, and our readers will remember the allusion to the sunken town in Moore's graceful lines:—

“On Lough Neagh's banks when the fisherman strays,
At the hour of eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining.”

Gweзно, a Welsh bard, whose date is referred to the fifth century, but whose poems are found in a manuscript ascribed to the ninth, has a poem on the subject (included in the Myvyrian Archæology) which begins with the awakening of the king:—

“Arise, oh Seizenin, and look forth—the land of warriors, the fields of Gweзно, are invaded by the sea!”

A chronicler, whose work is preserved in the Chartulary of Landven, attributes to Gradlon the introduction of wine into Brittany.

Marie of France, who tells the story of the drowning of Is-Town in one of her *Lais* (Gradlon-meur), speaks of Gradlon's horse as having saved his master's life for a long time by swimming, and as having become wild with grief when the king fell off at last and was drowned.

In another version it is the princess who is drowned. Her father is bearing her off, *en croupe*, when an awful voice thrice bids him fling off the demon who sits behind him. He does so, and the inundation is arrested.

Before the Revolution, King Gradlon's statue, mounted on his faithful horse, used to stand between the towers of the Cathedral of Quimper, and every year, on St. Cecily's day, a minstrel used to mount the croup of the royal charger, with a napkin, a flagon of wine, and a golden hanap, all provided at the cost of the cathedral chapter. He used to put the napkin round the neck of the statue, pour the wine from the flagon into the hanap, put it to the statue's lips, and then, draining the liquor, fling the hanap among the crowd gathered below, to do honor to the introducer of the grape.

The poem, says M. de la Villemarqué, from whose learned notes I have taken the above information, is very antique in rhythmical structure and in language.

Its rude picturesqueness needs no pointing out, nor the dramatic skill and life with which the action of the story is sketched out. In this respect these Breton ballads seem to me unequalled by anything of their class. As in all the other translations in this volume, I have been scrupulously literal.]

I.

HEARD ye the word the man of God
Spake to King Gradlon, blythe of mood,
Where in fair Kaer-Is he abode?

“Sir King, of dalliance be not fain,
From evil loves thy heart refrain,
For hard on pleasure followeth pain.

"Who feeds his fill on fish of sea
To feed the fishes doomed is he;
The swallower swallowed up shall be.

"Who drinks of the wine and the barley-brew,
Of water shall drink as the fishes do;—
Who knows not this shall learn 'tis true."

II.

Unto his guests King Gradlon said,
"My merry feres, the day is sped;
I will betake me to my bed.

"Drink on, drink on, till morning light,
In feast and dalliance waste the night;
For all that will the board is dight."

To Gradlon's daughter, bright of blee,
Her lover he whispered tenderly:
"Bethink thee, sweet Dahut, the key!"

"Oh! I'll win the key from my father's side,
That bolts the sluice and bars the tide;
To work thy will is thy lady's pride."

III.

Whoso that ancient King had seen,
Asleep in his bed of the golden sheen,
Dumb-stricken all for awe had been—

To see him laid in his robe of grain,
His hair like snow, on his white hause-bane,¹
And round his neck his golden chain.

Whoso had watched that night, I weet,
Had seen a maiden stilly fleet
In at the door, on naked feet,

To the old King's side she hath stolen free,
And hath kneeled her down upon her knee,
And lightly hath taken both chain and key—

IV.

He sleepeth still, he sleepeth sound,
When, hark, a cry from the lower ground—
"The sluice is oped, Kaer-Is is drown'd!

¹ "Hause," "hals-bane," neck-bone, often used in the old Scottish ballads.

"Awake, Sir King, the gates unspar!
Rise up, and ride both fast and far!
The sea flows over bolt and bar!"

Now cursèd for ever mote she be,
That all for wine and harlotry,
The sluice unbarr'd that held the sea!

V.

"Say, woodman, that wonn'st in the forest green,
The wild horse of Gradlon hast thou seen,
As he pass'd the valley-walls between?"

"On Gradlon's horse I set not sight,
But I heard him go by the dark of night,
Trip, trep,—trip, trep,—like a fire—flaught white!"

"Say, fisher, the mermaid hast thou seen,
Combing her hair by the sea-waves green—
Her hair like gold in the sunlight sheen?"

"I saw the white maiden of the sea,
And I heard her chant her melody,
And her song was sad as the wild waves be."

THE EVIL TRIBUTE OF NOMÉNOË. (DROUK-KINNIG NEU-MENOIOU.)

[Noménoë was the Alfred of the Bretons, their deliverer from the Franks, under Charles the Bald, in the ninth century (841 A.D.). He is a strictly historical personage. Under him the Bretons succeeded in driving the immensely superior force of the Franks beyond the rivers L'Oust and Vilaine; pushed their frontier as far as Poitou, and rescued from the hands of the invader the towns of Nantes and Rennes, which have remained included in Brittany from the date of their deliverance by Noménoë. This very spirited ballad was obtained by M. de la Villemarqué from the oral recitation of a peasant of Kergerez. As in my other translations of Breton ballads, I have adhered to the meter and couplet divisions of the original, line for line.]

FYTTE I.

THE herb of gold¹ is cut: a cloud
Across the sky hath spread its shroud.
To war!

¹ The "herb of gold" is the mystic *selage*. According to Breton superstition, iron cannot approach it without the sky clouding and disaster following.

"The storm-wreaths gather, grim and gray,"
Quoth the great chief of Mount Aré.

"These three weeks past so thick they fall,
Towards the marches of the Gaul —

"So thick, that I no ways can see
My son returning unto me.

"Good merchant, farer to and fro,
Hast tidings of my son, Karò?"

"Mayhap, old chieftain of Aré;
But what his kind and calling say."

"He is a man of heart and brains,
To Roazon¹ he drove the wains;

"The wains to Roazon drove he,
Horsed with good horses, three by three, —

"That drew fair-shared among them all,
The Breton's tribute to the Gaul."

"If thy son's wains the tribute bore,
He will return to thee no more.

"When that the coin was brought to scale,
Three pounds were lacking to the tale.

"Then outspake the Intendant straight:
'Vassal, thy head shall make the weight!'

"With that his sword forth he abrade,
And straight smote off the young man's head;

"And by the hair the head he swung,
And in the scale, for makeweight, flung."

The old chief at that cruel sound,
Him seemed as he would fall in swound,

Stark on the rocks he groveled there —
His face hid with his hoary hair;

And, head on hand, made heavy moan:
"Karò, my son — my darling son!"

¹ The Breton name of Rennes.

FYTTE II.

Then forth he fares, that aged man,
And after him his kith and clan ;

The aged chieftain fareth straight
Unto Noménoë's castle-gate.

"Now tell me, tell me, thou porter bold,
If that thy master be in hold ?"

"But, be he in, or be he out,
God guard from harm that chieftain stout."

Or ever he had pray'd his prayer,
Behold, Noménoë was there !

His quarry from the chase he bore,
His great hounds gamboling before :

In his right hand his bow unbent ;
A wild boar on his back uphent.

On his white hand, all fresh and red,
The blood dripped from the wild-boar's head.

"Fair fall you, honest mountain-clan,
Thee first, as chief, thou white-haired man.

"Your news, your news, come tell to me :
What would you of Noménoë ?"

"We come for right ; to know, in brief,
Hath Heaven a God, — Bretayne a chief ?"

"Heaven *hath* a God, I trow, old man ;
Bretayne a chief, if ought I can."

"He can that will, thereof no doubt,
And he that can the Frank drives out —

"Drives out the Frank, defends the land,
To avenge, and still avenge, doth stand ; —

"To avenge the living and the dead,
Me and my fair son foully sped ;

"My Karò, whose brave head did fall
By hand of the accursèd Gaul.

"They flung his head the weights to square;
Like ripe wheat shone the golden hair."

Therewith, the old man wept outright,
That tears ran down his beard, so white,

Like dew-drops on a lily flower,
That glitter at the sunrise hour.

When of those tears the chief was ware,
A stern and bloody oath he sware:

"I swear it by this wild-boar's head,
And by the shaft that laid him dead,

"Till this plague's wash'd from out the land,
This blood I wash not off my hand!"

FYFFE III.

Noménoë hath done, I trow,
What never chieftain did till now;

Hath sought the sea-beach, sack in hand,
To gather pebbles from the strand —

Pebbles as tribute-toll to bring
The Intendant of the baldhead king.

Noménoë hath done, I trow,
What never chieftain did till now.

Prince as he is, hath ta'en his way,
The tribute-toll himself to pay.

"Fling wide the gates of Roazon,
That I may enter in, anon.

"Noménoë comes within your gate,
His wains all piled with silver freight."

"Light down, my lord, into the hall,
And leave your laden wains in stall,

"Leave your white horse to squire and groom,
And come to sup in the daïs-room:

"To sup, but first to wash, for lo!
E'en now the washing-horn¹ they blow."

"Full soon, fair sir, shall my washing be made,
When that the tribute hath been weigh'd."

The first sack from the wains they pight —
(I trow 'twas corded fair and tight) —

The first sack that they brought to scale,
'Twas found full weight and honest tale:

The second sack that they came to,
The weight therein was just and true;

The third sack from the wains they pight —
"How now! I trow this sack is light?"

The Intendant saw, and from his stand
Unto the sack he raught his hand —

He raught his hands the cords unto,
That so their knots he might undo.

"From off the sack thy hand refrain;
My sword shall cut the knot in twain!"

The word had scanty passed his teeth,
When flashed his bright sword from the sheath —

Through the Frank's neck the falchion went,
Sheer by his shoulders as he bent;

It cleft the flesh and bones in twain,
And eke the links o' one balance-chain:

Into the scale the head plumped straight,
And there, I trow, was honest weight!

Loud through the town the cry did go:
"Hands on the slayer! Ho! Harò!"

He gallops forth out through the night;
"Ho! torches, torches — on his flight!"

¹This practice of sounding the horn for washing before dinner (*corner l'eau* it is called in old French) is still kept up at the Temple.

"Light up, light up! as best ye may,
The night is black, and frore the way.

"But ere ye catch me, sore I fear,
The shoes from off your feet you'll wear —

"The shoes of the gilded blue cordwain¹;
For your scales — you'll ne'er need them again.

"Your scales of gold you will need no more,
To weigh the stones of the Breton shore!
To war!"

THE CLERK OF ROHAN. (KLOAREK ROHAN.)

[JEHANNE DE ROHAN, daughter of Alan, sixth vicomte, married, in 1236, Mathieu, Lord of Beauvais, son of René, Constable of Naples. She is the heroine of the following ballad; her husband's compound title being translated into its Breton equivalents — Traon (valley) and Ioli (fair). Three years after the marriage, Duke Pierre Mauclerc took the cross, and was followed by many Breton lords. There was a truce between the Saracens and the lords of this crusade in 1241, when most of the knights reëmbarked at Joppa. This corresponds with the duration given to the lord's absence in the ballad. It is also proved by a record in the Ecclesiastical Records of Nantes, that Mathieu de Beauvais was summoned by the Bishop of Nantes in the same year to appear before the Archbishop of Bourges : —

"Super inquisitione excessuum." Whether these "excesses" were the murder of his clerk-cousin and his wife, as recorded in the ballad, is not known.]

FYTTE I.

In the house of Rohan is a maiden fair,
(No daughter besides her mother bare),
Twelve years have passed o'er her gentle head,
Ere she hath given her will to wed.

Ere she hath consented, as maidens use,
From knights and barons a mate to choose —
From barons and knights that made resort
To offer this lovely ladye court.

She looked at all, but her heart would stay
On none save only the Baron Mahé,
The lord of the castle of Traon-joli,
A powerful peer of Italie —

¹ "Cordwain": leather of Cordova — "Cordovan." Hence our "cord-wainer."

He only her heart could win and wear,
So loyal was he, and so debonair.

Three years, and half a year beside,
They passed in happy wedding-tide,
When came the tidings, near and far,
How Eastwards gathered the Holy War.

"As noblest of blood I first am boune
To take the Cross against Mahoune ;
So since no other choice may be,
Fair cousin, I trust my wife to thee.
I trust my wife, and my baby dear,
Good clerk, see no ill comes them near."

As morning broke — on his war-horse stout,
Armed at all points, he was riding out,
When lo, there came his ladye fair
Adown the steps of the castle-stair.

Her babe in her lily arms she bore,
And oh, but I ween her sobs were sore,
As anigh her husband's side she drew
And clung his armed knee unto —
And as she clung, she wept amain
That the tears they flecked the steel like rain.

"My honey lord, for God's dear grace,
Leave not your wife in lonely case !"
Her lord, sore moved, reached down his hand,
Where by his side she kept her stand.

And lovingly lifted her, louting low,
And set her down on his saddle-bow,
And there he held her a little space,
And gently he kissed her pale sweet face ;
"My Jannedik, darling, but dry thy tear,
Thou'lt see me again, before the year."

With that he took his little child
From off the lap of the ladye mild ;
Between his arms the babe he took,
And he fixed on its face such a loving look —
"How say'st, my son ? When tall and stout
With thy father will't ride to battle out ?"

As he rode forth from his castle-hold,
There was weeping and wail from young and old ; —

From young and old came sob and cry,
But the clerk — he looked with a tearless eye.

FYTTE II.

The days they went, and the days they came,
When the felon clerk bespake his dame,
"The year hath drawn unto its close,
And so mote the war, I well suppose;
The war hath come to its end, perdy,
Yet comes not thy lord to his castle and thee.

"Now answer, sweet sister and ladye mine,
What whispers that little heart of thine?
Holds still the fashion for ladyes to stay
Sad widows, whose lords live far away?"

"Now peace, vile clerk — thy heart within
Is full, to running o'er, with sin —
Had he been here, who calls me wife,
'Twere pity of thee both limb and life."

When the clerk this heard, with an evil look
To the kennel his secret way he took,
And he hath ta'en his lord's best hound,
And his throat he hath severed, round and round.

He hath caught of the thick blood — hath caught of the thin,
And he hath written a letter therein;
Hath written and sent to the Lord Mahé,
Where far in the East he at leaguer lay.

And thus it ran, in the good hound's blood —
"Thy ladye, dear lord, is sad of mood.
Sweet ladye, she is sorry of cheer,
For an ill-hap late befallen here;
To the greenwood she went to hunt the roe,
And your good dun hound is dead, I trow."

The Lord Mahé read the letter through,
And this was the answer he sent thereto:
"Bid my sweet ladye smooth her brow —
Of the red red gold we have store enow.

"What if my dun hound dead should be?
When I come I'll buy as good as he —
But say in the greenwood 'twere pity she ride,
For the hunters are gamesome, and ill might betide."

FYTTE III.

A second time, to the gentle dame,
 This felon clerk by stealth he came:
 "Fair ladye, your beauty will fade away,
 Thus weeping ever both night and day."

"Oh, little I reck of beauty and blee,
 When my own true lord is away from me." —
 "If that your lord bide away from you,
 'Tis that he's slain, or hath wed anew."

"In the land of the East there are ladies fair,
 And eke with dowers both rich and rare —
 In the land of the East are swords and strife,
 And many a good knight leaves his life."

"Beshrew him, an if new wife he has wed;
 Forget him, an if he be stricken dead." —
 "I'll die if he be wedded again:
 I'll die if that he hath been slain."

"Who flings in the fire a casket of cost,
 Because the key thereof is lost?
 Far better, I ween, is a new new key,
 Than ever the olden one mote be."

"Now avaunt, foul clerk, thine evil tongue
 With lewdness and leasing is canker-clung."
 The clerk he heard with an evil look,
 To the stable his secret way he took.

There he was ware of his lord's destrier
 The fairest steed in the country near —
 As smooth as an egg, and as white as curd,
 Fiery, and free of step as a bird;
 That never meaner forage had seen
 Than the crushed broom boughs, and the buckwheat green.

He hath aimed — he hath thrust, and his dagger hath gone
 To the haft behind the broad breast-bone.
 He hath caught of the thick blood — hath caught of the thin,
 And he hath written this letter therein:

"An ill-hap hath befallen here —
 Let not my lord make angry cheer —"

From a merry night-feast as my dame rode back,
Hind leg and fore your best horse brake."

Oh, dark was the Baron's eye that read:
"Ill-hap, indeed! my destrier dead!
My dun hound gone, and my choicest steed!
Clerk-cousin — advise her to better heed!

"Bid her — but gently — not chiding her sore —
To such night-feasts that she go no more.
Not horses alone such junkets undo —
But marriages may be marred there too."

FYFFE IV.

The days they went, the days they came,
When the felon-clerk bespoke the dame —
"Or give me my will, or ware my knife,
For I therewith will have thy life."

"A thousand deaths I'd rather win,
Than anger my God with mortal sin."
The clerk such answer he mote not brook,
So fierce a wrath his spirit shook.

His dagger forth the sheath he drew —
And he launched it at her straight and true —
But the ladye's white angel turned his hand,
And the dagger-point in the wall did stand.

And the ladye scatheless to flight hath ta'en,
And hath barred her door with bolt and chain —
But the clerk his knife from the wall plucked out,
As mad as a dog in the summer drought.

And down the castle stairs so wide,
Two steps to a bound, and three steps to a stride,
And to the nurse-chamber his way doth keep,
Where the babe was sleeping its quiet sleep.

The little babe lay all alone,
One arm outside the cradle thrown —
One little rosy arm outspread,
The other folded beneath its head.

The little heart all bare to the blow —

* * * * *

O mother, that weeping henceforth must go!

Again the clerk hath clomb the stair,
And in black and red hath written fair,
And fast and flying went his pen —
“Quick, quick, dear lord, ride home again.

“Ride home, as fast as fast may be,
Here’s need that order were ta’en by thee.
Your hound is dead, and your white horse lost,
But ’tis not this that grieves me most.

“What’s hound that’s gone, or steed that’s sped ?
Oh, and alas ! your babe is dead !

“The big sow hath eaten your baby bright,
The while my ladye was dancing light
With the miller — a gentle gallant is he —
In your garden he’s planting a red rose-tree.”

FYTT E V.

This letter it came to the Lord Mahé,
As home from the war he hath ta’en his way,
As his happy homeward way he hath ta’en
A march to the merry trumpets’ strain.

The while he read the letter o’er,
His mood it kindled more and more,
Till when he had finished the clerkly scroll,
In his hands he crumpled the parchment roll.

And he tore it in pieces with his teeth,
And he trode it his horse’s feet beneath —
“To Brittany — ho ! fast — fast as ye may —
I’ll drive my lance through him would delay.”

Fast, fast, he rode to his castle yett
And struck three strokes on the oaken gate —
Three strokes he struck so loud and clear,
That all in the castle astert to hear.

The felon clerk, as the strokes he heard,
He ran to open with never a word —
“Clerk-cousin, accursèd mote thou be !
Did I not trust my wife to thee ? ”

In his open mouth he hath driven his spear,
That out at his neck the point came clear ;

And hath sprung up the stair so fierce and fast,
And into his ladye's bower hath past —
And or e'er she spake word — that lady true, —
With his sword he hath stabbed her through and through.

FYTTE VI.

"Now tell me, Sir Priest, if told it may be,
What sight in the castle did ye see?" —
"I have seen a sight of woe, I ween,
That sadder ne'er in the world was seen —
A saint slain all for her love and truth,
And her slayer well nigh dead for ruth."

"Now tell me, Sir Priest, if told it may be,
What sight at the cross-roads did ye see?" —
"I saw a carrion corpse flung bare
To the beasts of the field and the birds of the air."

"And what did ye see in the churchyard green,
By the light of the moon and the starlight keen?" —
"I saw a fair ladye in white yclad,
And she sat on a grave that was newly made.

"With a baby clasp'd her breast unto,
His little heart stabbed through and through;
A dun deerhound on her right did stand,
'And a snow-white steed on the other hand.

"The throat of that hound, it gapeth wide,
There's a red red wound in that horse's side;
And they reach out their muzzles, lithe and light,
And they lick her hands so soft and white.

"And she strokes good hound and good horse the while,
And smiles on both with a tender smile;
And then the babe — as jealous he were —
He strokes the cheek of his mother fair.

"This sight, I saw till set the moon,
And I saw but the mirk about and aboon;
But I heard the clear sweet nightingale ring
The song that in Heaven the angels sing."

THE ASKING OF THE BRIDE. (AR GOULEN.)

[**MARRIAGE** in Brittany is preceded by a whole series of regulated ceremonials, to which, in the district of Cornouaille especially, it is a matter of religion to adhere with the utmost scrupulousness. When a young man thinks himself in a position to marry, his first recourse is to the tailor, the recognized marriage-broker of every Breton village. He it is who is supposed to know all the eligible *partis* of both sexes — their means, tastes, the wealth of their parents, the marriage portions, and “plenishing” they can respectively bring with them. When the tailor has received his commission to open negotiations with the selected maiden, he visits her parents’ farm, accosts her, generally alone, and puts forward in their best light the means, looks, and accomplishments of his client. If these find favor in the girl’s sight, he is referred by her to the parents. If they approve the match, the tailor formally assumes the functions of *Bazvalan* (from *baz*, a rod, and *valan*, the broom; in allusion to the twig of flowering broom which he carries as his wand of office), or “messenger of marriage,” and, wearing one red and one violet stocking, brings the wooer, accompanied by his nearest male relative, to the home of his intended.

This step is called the “asking of conference.” The heads of the two families make acquaintance, while the lovers are left to converse apart. When they have wooed and whispered their fill, they join their parents, hand in hand, wine and white bread are brought out, the young pair drink from the same glass and eat with the same knife, the bases of the marriage treaty are fixed, and a day is settled for the meeting of the two families.

This is called the *velladen*, or view, and takes place at the house of the girl. Everything is done by her parents, by display of their own havings — in furniture, linen, money, plate, provisions, stock, live and dead, implements, etc., — or by borrowing from neighbors, to make the most imposing show of wealth. At this meeting of the families the conditions of the contract are finally settled.

A week before the marriage, the young couple — he accompanied by the principal bridesmaid, she by the “best man,” bearing white wands — go round the neighborhood to deliver their invitations to the wedding, which is formally done in verses, setting out time and place, and interspersed with prayers and signs of the cross.

At last comes the wedding day. And now the functions of the *Bazvalan* and the *Breutaër*, or “defender,” who represents the reluctance of the bride, as the *Bazvalan* the passions of the bridegroom, assume their full importance in the symbolical scene which is transacted in the verses which follow, or in others of the same character; for both *Bazvalan* and *Breutaër* may be their own poets, so that they adhere to the regulated course of the allegory.]

The Messenger of Marriage —

In the name of Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, God, three in one,
Blessing rest on this roof-tree,
And more joy than I bring with me.

The Defender —

What has happened, good friend, I pray,
To drive the joy from thy heart away?

The Messenger —

In my cote, my pigeon's love,
I had a pretty little dove,
When the spar-hawk, like a flame,
Or a wind, down swooping came;
My little dove he scared away,
Where she's flown to none can say.

The Defender —

Thou look'st mighty smart and trim
For one whose eyes in sorrow swim:
Thy yellow hair thou hast combed out,
As if bound for a dancing-bout.

The Messenger —

Now cease, good friend, thy jesting keen;
My little white dove say hast thou seen?
Merry man shall I never be
Till again my pretty dove I see.

The Defender —

Of thy pigeon no news I know,
Nor yet of thy dove as white as snow.

The Messenger —

'Tis false, young man, the word you say;
The neighbors saw it fly this way:
Over your court they saw it fly,
And light in the orchard-plot hard by.

The Defender —

Of thy little dove as white as snow,
Nor yet of thy pigeon, no news I know.

The Messenger —

My pigeon he will waste away,
If his sweet mate long from him stay.
My hapless pigeon he will die—
Through the keyhole I must spy.

The Defender —

Hold there, friend; thou shalt not go.
I'll look myself and let thee know.
[He goes into the house, and returns immediately.]
In our courtyard I have been,
Ne'er a dove there have I seen;

But I found great wealth of posies,
 Bloom of lilacs, flush of roses :
 Chief, a dainty little rose
 That at the hedge corner grows.
 I will fetch it, an you will,
 Heart and eyes with joy to fill.

[He goes into the house again, and returns leading a little girl.]

The Messenger —

Pretty flowret, fair thou art,
 Fit to gladden a man's heart :
 Were my pigeon a drop of dew
 He would sink thy breast into.

[After a pause.]

To the loft I'll climb anon,
 Thither she perchance has flown.

The Defender —

Hold thee, friend, thou shalt not go :
 I'll look myself and let thee know.

[He goes into the house, and returns with the good-wife.]

In the loft I've sought all round,
 But thy dove I have not found ;
 Only I have found an ear
 Left from harvest — it is here :
 Stick it in thy hat, if so
 Consolation thou mayest know.

The Messenger —

Not more grains are in the ear
 Than my dove shall nestlings bear,
 Under snowy wings and breast,
 Brooding gently, in the nest.

[After a pause.]

To the field in search I'll go.

The Defender —

Nay, good friend, thou shalt not so.
 Wherefore soil thy dainty shoon ?
 I will bring thee tidings soon.

[He enters the house, and returns with the grandmother.]

Of your dove I saw no trace,
 Nothing found I in the place
 But this apple, wrinkled, old,
 Hid in leaves, and left on mould :
 Put it in your pocket, straight,

Give your pigeon it to eat,
And he'll cease to mourn his mate.

The Messenger —

Thanks, good friend ; sound fruit is sound,
Though 'tis wrinkled round and round ;
Savor sweet with age is found.
But for your apple naught I care,
Nor for your flower, nor for your ear,
All on my dove is set my mind :
I'll go myself my dove to find !

The Defender —

Foregad, but thou'rt an artful hand :
Come in with me, nor longer stand.
Thy little dove, she is not lost,
I've kept her with much care and cost ;
All in a cage of ivoryè,
Of silver and gold its bars they be.
There she sits, both glad and gay,
Dainty and decked in her best array !

[*The Messenger is admitted into the house. He takes his seat for a moment at the table, then retires to introduce the future bridegroom. As soon as he appears, the bride's father presents him with a horse-girth, which he passes round the bride's waist ; while he is buckling and unbuckling it the Defender sings as follows : —*]

THE GIRTH. (AR GOURIZ.)

Prancing free in the meadows green,
An unbroke filly I have seen :

Nothing she recked but to prance and play
Through the meadow the live-long day ;

Upon the sweet spring-grass to feed,
And drink of the streamlet in the mead.

Sudden along the way did fare,
A bachelor so debonair,

So young, so shapely, of step so light,
His clothes with gold and silver bright,

That the filly stood all at gaze,
And for the sight forgot to graze.



Then slow and softly near she drew,
And reached her neck his hand unto:

With gentle hand he hath stroked her skin,
And laid to her muzzle, cheek and chin;

And then he hath kissed her fair and free,
And oh, but a happy filly was she!

Then in her mouth a bit he hath placed,
And round her body a girth hath laced.

Then lightly on her back he hath leapt,
And away with him the filly stept!

[This song sung, the bride elect kneels at the feet of the oldest member of the family, while the poet of the occasion — often a wandering man, at once bard and beggar, but always treated with respect — invokes on her head all blessings of God, the Virgin, the Saints, and the departed of her own blood for generations back. The “best woman” then raises her up, and the “defender” puts her hand in that of her betrothed, makes them exchange rings and swear to be as true to each other in this world as ring is to finger, that they may be eternally united in the next. He then recites aloud the *Paternoster*, the *Ave*, and the *De Profundis*. Soon after the bride-elect, who has retired, appears again, led by the “best man,” with as many rows of silver lace on her sleeves as she brings thousands of francs for her portion. The bridegroom elect follows with the “best woman”; the relations come after. The “messenger of marriage” brings out the bridegroom’s horse, and holds his stirrup while he mounts; the “defender” takes the bride elect in his arms and sets her behind her destined husband. After them all mount and ride, at racing pace, and often across country, to the church. The first who reaches it wins a sheep; the second, a bunch of ribbons.

In some cantons, adds M. de la Villemarqué, — from whom, and M. de Souvestre, these details are taken, — when the rector leaves the altar for the sacristy, the wedding party accompany him. The “best man” carries under his arm a basket covered with a napkin, in which is a loaf of white bread and a bottle of wine. This the rector, after crossing the loaf with the knife’s point, cuts, and divides a morsel between the newly married pair. He then pours the wine into a silver cup, from which the husband drinks and passes the cup to his wife.

On leaving the church, amidst the firing of guns, the explosions of squibs and crackers, the shrill notes of the *biniau* (a rude kind of oboe), and the thump and jingle of the tambourine, the procession is re-formed for the bride’s house, where the feast is spread. The rooms are hung with white sheets, and decorated with nosegays and garlands. Tables are spread wherever they will stand, often overflowing the house into the courtyard. At the end of one of them sits the bride, under an arch of flowers and foliage. As the guests take their seats an old man recites the *Benedicite*. Each course is ushered in with a burst of music, and followed by a dance; and the whole night is often spent at table.

The day after the marriage is “the day of the poor.” The beggars and tramps assemble by hundreds; they consume the remains of the marriage feast, the bride herself waiting on the women, the bridegroom on the men. Before the

second course the bride and bridegroom lead off the dance with the most venerable of the beggars, male and female ; while songs are sung in honor of the liberality of the young couple, in which are lavished prayers for long life, prosperity, and fair issue.

The beggars leave the house, invoking the blessing of Heaven on it and its owners.

There is something strangely impressive to us who are taught to regard poverty almost as a crime, and to hold beggars as the very scum of the community, in the respect, almost reverence, with which these penniless and houseless outcasts are regarded in Brittany. Something of the same kind may be seen in Ireland. This courteous pity for poverty seems due, in part at least, to Celtic feelings and usages, though the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church may have a good deal to do with it.]

THE MILLER'S WIFE OF PONTARO. (MELINEREZ PONTARO.)

At Bannalek is a pardon gay
Where pretty girls are stol'n away ;—
And my mill-wheels cry
Diga-diga-di ;
And my mill-wheels say
Diga-diga-da !

Thither come gallants so fine and fair,
Great horses with trappings rich and rare,
And white-plumed beavers on waving curls,
To win the fancies of pretty girls.

Humpy Guillaouik¹ is wroth and wae,
His pretty Fantik is won away.

"Little snip, look not so crazed and crost,
Your pretty Fantik is not lost :

"Safe at Pontaro mill is she,
In the young Baron's companie."

"Toc ! toc ! toc ! Miller — out and alack !
Give me my pretty Fantik back."

"I ne'er saw your Fauchon, Humpy Will,
Ne'er save once, at the Baron's mill ;

"Once, by the bridge, all in her best,
With a little rose upon her breast ;

¹ The Breton equivalent for Willikin.

"Her coif was whiter than new-fallen snow,
It ne'er was gift of yours, I know;

"And her black velvet bodice was jimp and tight,
Laced with a lace of silver white.

"A basket she bore on her arm so fair,
Filled with fruits gold-ripe and rare;

"Fruits in the manor-garden grown,
And flowers, poor snip, above them strown.

"She looked at her face in the water clear —
I trow 'twas no face to flout or fleer:

"And aye she sung — 'tis true, o' my life —
'Well is it with the miller's wife:

"'To be a miller's wife's my will —
The miller's, at the young Baron's mill.'"

"Miller, thy japes and jeers restrain,
Give me my pretty Fantik again."

"Though you count me five hundred crowns
Your Fantik shall be no such clown's:

"Your Fauchon ne'er shall be at your will,
Here she shall bide, in the Baron's mill:

"Your Fantik home you shall never bring, —
Upon her finger I've put my ring.

"In Lord Ewen's mill she shall abide —
There's a man for a woman's pride!"

The men of the mill, they were merry men,
They stinted not singing — but nor ben —

Singing so loud and whistling so clear —
"Pancakes and butter is dainty fare;

"Pancakes well buttered, face and back,
And a gowpen ¹ o' meal out of every man's sack;

"A gowpen o' meal out of every man's poke,
And pretty girls, too, that can take a joke!"

¹ Handful — Scotticè.

And my mill-wheels cry
 Diga-diga-di;
 And my mill-wheels say
 Diga-diga-da!

THE POOR CLERK.¹ (AR C'HLOAREK PAOUR.)

My wooden shoes I've lost them, my naked feet I've torn,
 A-following my sweeting through field and brake of thorn:
 The rain may beat, and fall the sleet, and ice chill to the bone,
 But they're no stay to hold away the lover from his own.

My sweeting is no older than I that love her so:
 She's scarce seventeen, her face is fair, her cheeks like roses glow.
 In her eyes there is a fire, sweetest speech her lips doth part;
 Her love, it is a prison where I've locked up my heart.

Oh, to what shall I liken her, that a wrong it shall not be?
 To the pretty little white rose, that is callèd Rose-Marie?
 The pearl of girls; the lily when among the flowers it grows,
 The lily newly opened, among flowers about to close.

When I came to thee a-wooing, my sweet, my gentle May,
 I was, as is the nightingale upon the hawthorn spray:
 When he would sleep, the thorns, they keep a pricking in his breast,
 That he flies up perforce, and sings upon the tree's tall crest.

I am, as' is the nightingale, or as a soul must be,
 That in the purgatory fires lies, longing to be free,
 Waiting the blessed time when I unto your house shall come,
 All with the marriage-messenger,² bearing his branch of broom.

Ah, me! my stars are forward: 'gainst nature is my state;
 Since in this world I came, I've dreed a dark and dismal fate:
 I have nor living kin nor friends, mother nor father dear,
 There is no Christian upon earth to wish me happy here.

There lives no one, hath had to bear so much of grief and shame
 For your sweet sake as I have, since in this world I came;
 And, therefore, on my bended knees, in God's dear name I sue,
 Have pity on your own poor clerk, that loveth only you!

¹ An account will be found in the Introduction of the Seminarists of Tréguier, and of the circumstances under which such idylls as this are written.

² The *bazvalan*. See the Songs of Marriage.

BLIND ROSA.

By HENRI CONSCIENCE.

[HENRI CONSCIENCE, — he *Flemicized* his name to Hendrik, but his father named him Henri, — the creator of modern Flemish literature, was born at Antwerp in 1812, of a French father and a Flemish mother; the French king, Louis Bonaparte, was at this time on the throne, all the cultivated class spoke and wrote in French, the French school of literature was all in all, and Flemish was regarded as a peasants' *patois*. Henri was a cripple till seven, and early orphaned of his mother; and spent much time in lonely reading and in improvising stories for his companions. From sixteen to eighteen, he was assistant master of Delin College. But he had shared with other Belgians in hate of the Dutch domination imposed after the French were expelled; and in 1830 joined the revolt which ended in the independence of Belgium, serving for six years in the army, and writing war poems and songs — in French. After quitting the service he wrote in Flemish a historical romance, "The Wonder Year of 1506," to gain admission to a literary club of young nationalists; published at Ghent in 1837, it took the country by storm, and became the starting point of a native Flemish school which soon swept away the existing one, though French has always retained the upper hand. He had to leave his father's home, however; gained a small government post, but lost it by a political speech; then obtained a place in the Antwerp Academy, where he remained till 1855. In 1857 he was given a post in the local government of Courtrai; in 1868 was made conservator of the Royal Museums of Painting and Sculpture, which post he held till his death in 1883. In 1838 he had published his second novel, "The Lion of Flanders," and in 1840 its successor, "The Peasants' War," as patriotic undertakings to rouse national feeling against the French. Before long, however, he left the historical field, and devoted himself to painting the social life of his own day. His most famous and influential stories are these of Flemish peasant life, as "Rikke-Tikke-Tak," — which has gone all over the world, not only in translation, but by being told as a folk tale with variations in every land from Britain to China, — "The Happiness of Being Rich" (1855), and others. Among other leading titles may be given "Siska van Roosmael" (1844), "The Conscript" (1850), "The Poor Nobleman" (1851), and a musical drama, "The Poet and His Dream (1782)."]

ON A beautiful day in 1846, the diligence rolled as usual over the highway between Antwerp and Turnhout. The tramp of horses, the rattle of wheels, the creaking of the frame, and the loud voice of the driver, accompanied its onward progress. The dogs barked in the distance as it passed, the birds rose startled from the fields, and the shadow of the old coach danced grotesquely among the trees and hedges.

Suddenly the coachman pulled up not far from a lonely tavern. Springing from his seat, he opened the door of his vehicle, and without saying a word, proffered his hand to a traveler who immediately leapt out upon the highway, carrying a leather traveling bag under his arm. With equal silence the coachman put up the steps, shut the door, and ascending the

box, drew the whip gently across the horses' backs, as a sign to proceed ; and the clumsy machine rumbled on in its own spiritless and monotonous way.

Meanwhile the traveler had entered the tavern, and calling for a glass of beer, sat down at a table. He was a man of very high stature, and appeared to be about fifty years of age. One might have even supposed him to be sixty, had not his vigorous bearing, his lively eye, and the youthful smile upon his lips, shown that his heart and soul were much younger than his face would have indicated. His hair, indeed, was gray, his brow and cheeks furrowed, and his whole countenance expressed that waste of power which care and toil stamp on the face as the sign of premature old age. And yet one could see that his chest rose and fell with fullness and life, that his head sat erect and high, and his sparkling eyes expressed the energy of manhood.

From his dress one would have inferred that he was a wealthy citizen, although it perhaps would not have attracted attention at all, had not the coat been buttoned up to the chin, — a peculiarity which, when taken in connection with his great meerschaum, made one suspect that he was a soldier or a German.

The people of the house, after serving the traveler, resumed their work without paying any further attention to him. He saw the two daughters going and coming, the landlord fetch wood and peat for the fire, the mother fill the kitchen pot ; but no one said a word to him, although his eyes followed every one, as if he desired to enter into conversation, and his sad gentle smile seemed to say, "Ah ! do you not know me, then ?"

Suddenly a clock struck. This sound seemed to pain him, for an expression of melancholy surprise passed over his face, and chased the smile from his lips. He stood up with a disturbed look, gazed at the clock till nine strokes, one after the other, had died away in the room. The house-mother had observed the emotion of the stranger, and advancing to him, she also looked up at the clock with a wondering look, as if she expected to see something unusual about it, which she had never observed before.

"Yes, sir, it sounds prettily, doesn't it ?" she said. "It has gone for twenty years so, and a watchmaker has never laid a finger on it."

"Twenty years," sighed the traveler; "and where then is the clock which used to hang here before? And where is the pretty image of the Virgin which stood there on the chimney-piece? Gone, destroyed, forgotten?"

The woman looked at the stranger with surprise, and answered:—

"Our Zanna was playing with the image one day when a child, and broke it. It was so very badly made at any rate, that the pastor himself had told us to buy a new one; and there it stands now. Is it not much prettier?"

The traveler shook his head.

"And the old clock you will hear immediately," she continued. "It is only a piece of lumber, and is always behind; it has hung for an age in our cellar. Listen, it is striking now!"

A peculiar noise might be heard proceeding from another part of the house. It was the voice of a bird, which cried, "Cuckoo, cuckoo," for nine times in succession. A cheerful smile at once lighted up the stranger's face; and hastening, accompanied by the hostess, to a little cellar, he gazed with inexpressible joy at the old clock, as the cuckoo concluded its nine times repeated song.

Meanwhile, both the daughters of the family approached the traveler full of curiosity, and looked at him with wonder, turning their great blue questioning eyes alternately on him and on their mother. The looks of the two girls recalled the stranger to himself; and apparently satisfied, he returned to the adjoining apartment, still followed by the mother and her daughters, all wondering at this mysterious conduct.

His heart was evidently gladdened by what he had seen; his countenance was lighted up with a sweet expression of love and genial feeling; and his eyes, moist with emotion, sparkled so joyously, that both the girls simultaneously approached him with visible interest. He took each by the hand, and said:—

"What I do seems singular, children, does it not? You cannot understand, I dare say, why the voice of the old cuckoo moves me so deeply. Ah! I too was once a child; and in those days my father used to come every Sunday after church to drink his pint of beer in this very room. When I was good, I was allowed to come with him. And then I used to stand from hour to hour, waiting till the dear cuckoo should open its little door; I danced and skipt at its call, and in my childish soul I admired the poor little bird as an incomprehensible mas-

terpiece of art. And the image of the Virgin, too, which one of you broke, I used to love, because it wore such a beautiful mantle, and because the little Jesus in her arms held out his little hands and smiled to me. The child of those days is now a man of threescore years ; his hair is gray, and his face full of wrinkles. Four-and-thirty years have I lived in the wilds of eastern Russia ; and yet I still remember the image and the cuckoo, as if only a single day had fled since my father last brought me here."

"Are you, then, from our village?" asked Zanna.

"Yes, yes," replied the traveler with joy. But the effect of his words was not what was expected. A smile played for a moment on the girls' features, but that was all ; they seemed neither astonished nor overjoyed at his declaration.

"But where is the old landlord, Joostens?" he at last inquired of the mother.

"John, the landlord, do you mean? He has been dead for more than five-and-twenty years."

"And his wife — the good, stout Peeternelle?"

"Dead, too," was the reply.

"And the young shepherd, Andries, who could make such beautiful baskets?"

"Dead, too," replied the hostess.

The traveler hung his head, and gave himself up for a time to melancholy reflections. Meanwhile, the woman betook herself to the barn, to tell her husband what had happened with this unknown visitor.

The farmer now entered the room heavily, and with the noise of his wooden shoes roused the traveler out of his painful reverie. The latter rose, and hastened to him with outstretched arms and a cheerful face, as if he would fain greet him as an old friend ; but the farmer took his hand coldly, and looked at him with indifference.

"And you, too, Peer Joostens," he exclaimed sadly, "and you, too, do not recognize me?"

"No ; I do not think I have ever seen you, sir," he replied.

"Then you do not know him who, at the risk of his life, dived under the ice at Torfmoor to rescue you from certain death."

The farmer shrugged his shoulders. The traveler seemed deeply pained, and said almost imploringly : —

"Have you, then, forgotten the young man who used to take your part among your companions, and bring you so many birds' eggs to adorn your May-wreath, — him who taught you to make trumpets and whistles of the meadow-reeds, and took you with him when he drove Pauvel, the brickmaker's son's fine cart, to market?"

"I have forgotten," replied the farmer, doubtingly. "But I remember that my father, now in heaven, used to tell me that when I was six years old I was nearly drowned in the great Torfmoor. But it was Long John who pulled me out — and who, in the French time under Napoleon, was carried off, with many others, to be food for powder. Who knows in what unconsecrated ground his corpse is lying now? May God be gracious to his poor soul!"

"Ah! ah!" cried the stranger, with exultation, "now you know me; I am Long John — or rather, John Slaets, of High Dries."

As he got no immediate reply, he said with surprise: —

"Do you not remember the rifle shooter of the Muschen-guild, — him who for four leagues round was famed as the best rifleman, — who had no equal in sureness of aim, and was envied by all the other young men because the young lasses looked so kindly on him? I am he, John Slaets, of High Dries!"

"It is possible," replied the farmer, distrustfully; "but I do not know you, sir, and I hope you will not take it ill. There is no Muschen-guild in all our district; and what was formerly the shooting ground is now the site of a country house, which has been for several years uninhabited, for Mevrouw is now dead."

Discouraged by the farmer's coldness, the traveler made no further attempt to recall himself to his recollection.

"In the village dwell many of my friends, who cannot have forgotten me," he said quietly, as he rose and prepared to go. "You, Peer Joostens, were very young indeed when all that happened; but Pauvel will fall on my neck the moment he sees me, I am quite sure of that. Does he still live on the moor?"

"The brickwork is long since burned down, and the claypits filled up. The finest hay in the whole parish grows there now; it is the rich Tist's pasture."

"And where is Pauvel?"

"The whole family were unfortunate, and left this quarter altogether. What has become of them I cannot tell, — dead, without doubt. But I see, sir, you are talking of our grandfathers' times, and it will be a difficult matter to get an answer to all your questions unless you go to our gravedigger. He can tell over on his fingers everything that has happened these hundred years or more."

"I dare say, farmer; Peer John must now be ninety years old at least."

"Peer John? That is not our gravedigger's name; he is called Lauw Stevens."

A smile of pleasure overspread the traveler's countenance.

"God be thanked," he exclaimed, "that He has spared at least one of my old comrades!"

"Was Lauw, then, a friend of yours, sir?"

"My friend," said the traveler, shaking his head, "I can scarcely call him, for there was a perpetual rivalry, and sometimes strife between us. Love affairs were at the bottom of our differences. On one occasion, I well remember, when he and I were struggling, I threw him from the bridge at Kalvermoor into the stream beneath, and he was nearly drowned; but that is more than thirty years ago. Lauw will be glad to see me again. Well, Farmer Joostens, give me your hand; I hope to drink many a can of beer in your house!"

Taking his traveling bag under his arm, he left the tavern, striking into a road behind it which ran through a plantation of young pines. Although the farmer's reception and information were not very cheering, they had notwithstanding poured some consolation and joy into his heart. The sweet odor of earlier years breathed round him; and with the flood of reminiscences which arose in his soul at every step, he felt as if born anew. The young pine wood, it is true, which surrounded him on all sides, was strange to him; for on this spot a lofty fir wood had stood, whose trees bore innumerable nests, and around whose borders grew the wild strawberry in abundance. The wood had disappeared like the people of the village; the old trees had died, and their children taken their place, to run their life-course in their turn. They were strangers to the traveler, and he consequently viewed them with indifference. But the song of the birds which resounded on every side was still the same; the wailing sigh of the wind as it stirred the pine tops, the chirping of the grasshoppers, and the heath-

breeze, with its delicious odors — all the eternal workings of nature were the same as in the days of his childhood and youth. Pleasing thoughts arose in the traveler's mind ; and although he walked on with serene and happy feelings, he never raised his musing eyes from the ground till he had left the pine wood behind him. Here fields and meadows were spread out before him, through which flowed a beautiful stream in pleasant windings ; behind, at the distance of about a mile, the pointed church steeple rose among the trees, with its gilded cock glittering in the sunshine like a day star. Still farther off, the windmill lazily whirled its heavy red wings.

Overcome by the beauty of the scene, and the memories it suggested, the traveler paused. His eyes became moist, he let his traveling bag fall on the ground, and spread out his arms, while the expression of a deep and fervent joy beamed upon his countenance.

At this moment the prayer bell pealed forth the *Angelus*.

The traveler knelt down, and bending his head upon his breast, remained motionless in this attitude for a time, prolonging his devotion, though visibly agitated and trembling. An earnest prayer streamed from his heart and lips, while he raised his eyes and folded hands to heaven, full of passionate gratitude. Then picking up his traveling bag, he hastened impatiently on. Gazing at the church steeple, he said in a low tone : —

“ You at least are not altered, humble little church, where I was baptized, — where, at my first communion, everything was so joyful, so wondrous, so beautiful, and holy ! Ah ! I shall see it once more, that image of the holy Mary, with its golden robe and its silver crown ; St. Anthony, with his pretty little pig, and the black devil with his red tongue, of which I dream so often ! And the organ, on which Sus the clerk used to play so beautifully, while we sang with loud and earnest voices : —

‘ Ave Maria,
Gratia Plena ! ’ ”

The traveler sang these last words with a loud voice. The associations which it suggested must have affected him deeply, for a glistening tear rolled down his cheek. Silently he moved on, sunk in self-forgetfulness, till he had reached a little bridge which led across the stream to a marshy meadow.

An indescribable smile now lighted up his countenance, as if his whole soul beamed there.

"Here," he said with emotion, "I first took Rosa's hand in mine. Here our eyes first made that mutual confession which reveals heaven to the young and ardent, but yet trembling heart. The yellow water lilies sparkled in the sunshine then as now ; the frogs croaked merrily, and the larks sang overhead."

Crossing the bridge, he stepped upon the heath.

"Ah," he said to himself, "even the little frogs which saw our love are dead — the flowers are dead, the larks are dead ! Their children now greet the gray-haired man who returns among them like a specter from the past. And Rosa, my dear Rosa ! does she still live ? Perhaps ! Married, it may be, and surrounded by her children. Those who are left behind forget, alas ! the unhappy brother who roams far from his home !"

A serene and cheerful smile played round his lips.

"Poor pilgrim !" he sighed, "there boiled up in thy bosom just then a feeling of jealousy, as if it were still springtime for thy old heart ! The season of love is long since past for thee. Well, it matters not, if only she recognizes me, and has not quite forgotten our ardent attachment. O God ! then I shall no longer lament my long journey of eight thousand miles ; and shall go, half consoled, to join my parents and friends in the grave !"

Not far from the village he entered a little tavern, of the sign of "The Plow," and asked the landlady to fetch him a glass of beer. On the hearth, by a great pot, sat a very aged man, who stared into the fire like an image of stone. Before the woman had returned with the beer, the traveler had recognized him, and sitting down beside him, took his hand.

"God be praised, that He has granted you so long a life, Father Joris. You are one who belonged to the good old times ! Do you not know me, then ? No ! The wild boy who used to creep through your hedge, and eat your apples before they were ripe ?"

"Six-and-ninety years !" muttered the old man without stirring.

"So it is," sighed the traveler. "But tell me, Father Joris, is Rosa, the wheelwright's daughter, still alive ?"

"Six-and-ninety years !" murmured the old man, in a hollow voice.

The woman reappeared with the beer.

"He is blind and deaf, sir," she said. "Do not speak to him ; he does not understand a word."

"Blind and deaf !" muttered the stranger despairingly ; "what devastation inexorable time spreads in thirty years ! Heavens ! I wander here amid the ruins of a whole generation of men !"

"Did you ask after Rosa, the wheelwright's daughter ?" resumed the woman. "Our wheelwright had five daughters, but there was no Rosa among them ; for the oldest is called Bess, and is married to the postman ; the second is Gondè, who is a milliner ; the third is called Nelé ; and the girl, Anneken ; and as for the little child, it is rather silly, poor thing !"

"But I do not refer to these people at all," said the traveler with impatience. "I speak of Kob Meulincz's family."

"Oh, they are all dead long ago, sir," was the woman's reply.

This was a severe blow to the traveler ; and much agitated, he rose and left the tavern with feverish haste. Before the door, he struck his hand upon his brow, and exclaimed, despairingly : —

"O God ! she too ! My poor Rosa dead ! Always, always that inexorable word, 'dead ! dead !' Nobody on this earth knows me again. Not one looks on me with the eye of a friend !"

Tottering like a drunken man, he turned towards a pine copse, and stood there quite unmanned by his grief, leaning his head on a tree. When his agitation was partially allayed, he went slowly toward the village. The path led by a solitary churchyard ; pausing at the foot of the cross, he uncovered his head, and said, in a solemn voice : —

"Here, before the image of the Saviour on the cross, Rosa plighted her troth to me ; here she promised to remain ever true, and wait till I should return to my native village. We were overpowered by our sorrow ; this bench was wet with our tears ; and quite mad with grief, she received from my hand the little golden cross — the love pledge which I have so dearly redeemed. Poor friend ! perhaps I am now standing on thy grave ?"

With these melancholy thoughts, he sat down desponding on the kneeling bench, and remained there for a long time, unconscious of everything around him. Slowly, at last, he turned

his head, and gazed at the churchyard, where little hillocks indicated the most recent graves. It grieved him to see the many wooden crosses which had fallen through age ; and which no child's hand had thought of raising up again over a father or a mother's resting place. His parents, too, slept here ; but who could help him to find their graves ?

So mused he, long, sadly, and despondingly ; mysterious, impenetrable eternity pressed upon his soul like a leaden tombstone, when suddenly a man's footsteps startled him out of his despairing thoughts.

Along by the side of the churchyard wall crept the old gravedigger, spade on shoulder. He bore the unmistakable marks of age and poverty ; his back was bent by perpetual toil ; his hair was white, and his face all covered with deep wrinkles ; but strength and energy still lived in his eye. The traveler recognized his rival, Lauw, at first sight, and was about to hasten forward to greet him. But the bitter disappointments which he had already met with deterred him, and he resolved to say nothing, but wait to see whether Lauw recognized him.

The gravedigger paused a few paces off, and after he had looked at him with apparent indifference, he began to mark off a long quadrangle, the limits of a new grave. Now and then, however, he cast a side look on the stranger, who sat before him on the bench, and a selfish and invidious kind of satisfaction seemed to sparkle in his eyes. The traveler, deceived by the expression which had suddenly passed over the gravedigger's countenance, felt his heart throb with the expectation that Lauw would approach him and address him by his name.

The gravedigger looked at him again for a moment keenly, then feeling in the pocket of his tattered waistcoat, pulled out an old book bound in dirty parchment, to which a pencil was attached by a leathern thong. Turning round, he seemed to note down something on one of the leaves. This act, taken in connection with the exulting expression of his countenance, surprised the traveler so much that he went up to the gravedigger, and said with curiosity :—

“ What were you writing in the little book just now ? ”

“ That is my affair,” replied Lauw Stevens, gruffly. “ You have stood a terribly long time on my list ; I was making a cross at your name.”

“ You recognize me, then ? ” exclaimed the stranger, joyfully.

“ Recognize ! ” said the gravedigger in a bitter and mocking

tone ; " I don't know that ; but I remember well, just as if it had happened yesterday, that an envious villain once threw me into the river and nearly drowned me, because I was loved by Rosa, the wheelwright's daughter. Since then, many an Easter candle has been burnt ; but — "

" You were loved by Rosa ! " interrupted the stranger. " It is not true, I tell you. "

" Ah, you knew it well enough, spiteful fellow that you were ! Had she not for a whole year wore the silver consecrated ring which I had brought with me from Scherpenheuvel ? And did you not tear the ring forcibly from her, and throw it into the water ? "

A sad smile passed over the traveler's countenance.

" Lauw ! Lauw ! " he exclaimed, " we do wrong ; memory makes us children again. Believe me, Rosa did not love you, as you supposed ; she took your ring only out of friendship, and because it was consecrated. In my youth, I was rough and rude, I fear, and did not always act nobly to my comrades. But shall four-and-thirty years have passed so destructively over men and things, and left nothing but our wretched passions unchanged ? Ah, Lauw, shall the only man who recognizes me be my enemy — and will he continue my enemy still ? Come, give me your hand ; let us be friends. I will make you happy for the remainder of your life. "

The gravedigger withdrew his hand sharply, and said in a gloomy and surly tone : —

" Forget ! I forget you ? It is too late ! You have poisoned my life. No day passes but I think of you ; and do I think of you to bless your name, do you suppose ? You yourself may determine that — you who have been the cause of my misery. "

Folding his trembling hands, the traveler raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed in despair : —

" God ! God ! hate alone knows me ! — hate alone does not forget me ! "

" You have done well, " resumed the gravedigger, laughing, " in coming here to lie beside your blessed parents. I have kept a capital grave for you ; I will lay the proud Long John under the roof ledge, where the rain water may get at him, and wash all the malice and villainy out of his corpse. "

A sudden trembling shook the traveler from head to foot, and a lightning-flash of indignation and wrath shot from his

eyes. This violent excitement, however, quickly gave way to a feeling of dejection and pity.

"You deny your hand to a brother," he said, "who returns to the home of his youth, after an absence of four-and-thirty years! The first greeting which you address to your old comrade is bitter mockery! Oh, Lauw, this is not right; still, be it so; let us say no more about it; only tell me where my blessed parents lie buried."

"I don't know," said the gravedigger, surlily. "It is more than five-and-twenty years since they were brought here; and I have dug fresh graves on the spot three times since then."

There was something more than ordinarily painful to the traveler in these words; powerless, he let his head sink on his breast, while he stared intently on the ground, quite overwhelmed by his sorrow.

The gravedigger resumed his labor, but with an unsteady and hesitating hand, as if some deeper feeling were now at work within him. He looked and beheld the stranger's anguish, and seemed inwardly shocked at the secret and long-cherished revenge which had actuated his conduct, and impelled him to torture his fellow-man so mercilessly. This change of feeling was visible upon his countenance; the contemptuous smile had vanished, and he looked at his mourning comrade with rising sympathy. He then very slowly approached him, and taking his hand, said, in a low but impressive voice:—

"John, friend, forgive what I have said and done! I have acted cruelly and maliciously. But, John, you do not know how much I have suffered through you."

"Lauw!" exclaimed the other, grasping his hand with emotion; "those were errors of our youth! And see how little I calculated on your hostility; your very naming me was itself an inexpressible joy to me. I am still grateful to you for that, though you have torn my heart by your bitter mockery. And now tell me where Rosa lies buried? In heaven she will rejoice to see us reconciled, and standing like brothers beside her last resting place!"

"Buried!" exclaimed the gravedigger. "God grant that she were buried, poor thing!"

"What? what do you mean to say?" cried the traveler. "Is Rosa still alive?"

"Yes, she lives, if her heavy lot is worthy the name of life."

"You make me tremble. For God's sake, speak! what misfortune has befallen her?"

"She is blind."

"Blind? Rosa blind! She has no eyes with which to look on me again! Alas, alas!"

Overcome by grief, he tottered back to the bench, and sank down upon it. The gravedigger approached him.

"For ten years she has been blind," he said, "and begs her daily bread. I give her twopence every week; and when we bake, there is always a little loaf set apart for her besides."

The traveler sprang up, and warmly pressing the gravedigger's hand, exclaimed:—

"Thanks, thanks! God bless you for your kindness to her! I will take it on myself to reward you in His holy name. I am rich, very rich. To-day we shall meet again; but now, without losing a moment, tell me where she lives; every minute is another minute of misery to her."

With these words he drew the gravedigger by the hand toward the gate of the churchyard. From the wall Lauw pointed with his finger to an object in the distance.

"Do you see the smoke rising from yonder little chimney behind the copse? There is the hut of the broom-maker, Nelis Oems, and there Rosa lives!"

Without waiting for further directions, the traveler hastened in the direction pointed out, and passing through the village, soon reached the solitary dwelling.

It was an humble hut, built of dry twigs and mud, but clean outside and carefully whitewashed. Not far from the door lay four little children sprawling on the ground in the warm sun, or making wreaths of the blue corn flowers and red poppies. They were barefoot and half naked; the eldest, a little boy of six, wore nothing but a linen shirt. While the three little sisters looked at the unknown visitor with shyness and timidity, this little fellow, on the contrary, gazed at him with a certain surprise and interest, mingled with an open-hearted ingenuousness. The traveler laughed kindly to the child, but without stopping, entered the hut, where he found the father busy with his brooms in a corner, and the mother with her wheel by the hearth.

These people seemed to be about thirty years of age, and appeared quite contented with their lot. For the rest, everything about them was as clean as rustic life would admit of in

a dwelling so confined. His entrance surprised them very little, and they at once greeted him politely and put themselves at his service, thinking that he wished to inquire the way; and the husband, indeed, had already sprung from his seat to accompany him to the door, and point it out. When he, however, said with manifest agitation and impatience, "Does Rosa Meulincz dwell here?" the husband and wife exchanged a strange look, and were so taken by surprise, that they scarcely knew what to reply.

"Yes, sir," replied the man at last, "Rosa dwells here; but she is gone on her begging rounds. Do you wish to speak with her?"

"O God! where is she? Can she not be got at once?"

"It would be difficult, sir; she is gone on her weekly rounds with our Trieny; but she will be home in an hour for certain."

"May I wait here, then?" asked the traveler.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when the man hastened into a side room and brought out a chair, which, though roughly and coarsely made, was yet considerably cleaner than the lame old chairs which stood in the room. Not content with that, the woman drew a white cloth out of a chest, and spreading it over the chair, requested the stranger to be seated. He was delighted with this simple and honest kindness, and returning the cloth with many thanks, he sat down. He then looked attentively about the room, hoping to find some tokens of Rosa's having been there. When looking to one side in search of some objects of this kind, he suddenly felt a little hand gently laid on his, and softly stroking his fingers. Surprised by this proof of affection, he turned round, and saw the blue eyes of the little boy gazing earnestly up at him with a beautiful smile of confidence and love, as if he had been his father or elder brother.

"Come here, little Peter!" exclaimed the mother. "You must not be so forward, child!"

Little Peter, meanwhile, seemed not to have heard this admonition, for he still continued to gaze at the unknown visitor, and to stroke his hands as before, so that the latter did not know what to make of it, so inexplicable was the interest which the child seemed to have in him.

"My dear little child," he sighed, "how beautiful your blue eyes are; you touch my heart deeply! Come, I will give you something, you are such a dear little fellow!"

He drew from his pocket a little gold purse, ornamented

with silver and jewels of various colors—shook out some small coins, and gave them to the child, who stared at the present with astonishment, but did not, for all that, quit his hold of the traveler's hand. The mother now rose, and coming up to the child, said reprovingly :—

“Peerken, Peerken, you must not be unpolite ; thank the gentleman, and kiss his hand.”

The little boy kissed his hand, nodded his little head, and with a clear voice said :—

“Thank you, sir, Long John !”

A thunder stroke could not have shook the traveler more powerfully than the simple utterance of his name by this innocent child. Tears rolled involuntarily over his cheeks ; he took the child upon his knee, and looked deep into his eyes while he exclaimed :—

“Oh, you little angel ! Do you then know me ?— me, whom you have never seen ? Who taught you my name ?”

“Blind Rosa,” was the reply.

“But how is it possible that you should have known me ? Or was it God himself who inspired your child's soul ?”

“Oh ! I knew you at once,” said Peerken. “When I lead Rosa about, as she goes her begging rounds, she always talks of you ; and she says that you are, oh, so big ! and that you have black eyes that sparkle ; and she said that you would come home one day and bring us all such beautiful things. And I was not afraid of you, sir, for Rosa told me that I was to be sure to love you, and that you would bring me a great bow and arrow.”

The traveler listened earnestly to the sweet and simple revelations of the boy. Suddenly he took him in his arms and kissed him warmly ; and then said in a cheerful tone :—

“Father, mother, this child is from this time wealthy. I will train him, educate him, and endow him richly. His recognizing me shall be the making of his fortune on earth.”

The parents were quite overwhelmed with wonder and joy ; and the man was scarcely able to stammer a reply.

“Ah ! it is far too good of you. We knew you at once, but we could not be quite sure. Rosa has told us that you are a rich gentleman.”

“And you, too, good people ! you know me !” cried the traveler. “I am among friends here ; I find a family and a relationship, where hitherto I have been met by nothing but death and forgetfulness.”

The woman pointed to an image of the Virgin on the table, all blackened by smoke, and said : —

“Every Sunday evening a candle is lighted there for the return, or — the soul, of John Slaets !”

The stranger raised his eyes devoutly to heaven, and fervently exclaimed : —

“O God ! blessed be Thy name, that Thou hast made love mightier than hate ! My enemy has cherished my name in his heart, recalling it daily only to curse it ; but while my friend has lived in my memory, and breathed the love I felt for her on everything around me, she too has here preserved the memory of me, and made other hearts love me — while I was eight thousand miles away. I thank Thee, O God ! Thou art kind indeed !”

A long silence reigned till John Slaets had regained his calmness ; the people of the house observed his emotion, and the husband had considerably resumed his work, only looking up from time to time that he might be ready to run to serve the stranger, if any occasion arose.

The latter had now taken Peerken on his knee again, and said : —

“Mother, has Rosa lived long with you ?”

The mother prepared herself to give him the beginning and the end, and the short and the long of the whole matter, and moving her spinning wheel to his side, she sat down, and began : —

“I will tell you, sir, how it has come about. You must know that when old Meulincz died, the children divided what he left among themselves ; and Rosa, who would not have married for all the money in the world, — I need not tell you why, — made over her share to her brother, on the condition that he should maintain her during her life. In addition to this, she was a dressmaker, and earned a considerable sum in this way, but did not give it to her brother. She devoted all her earnings to good works, visited the sick, and when the people were very poor, paid the doctor to attend them. She had always a word of comfort for everybody, and some reviving cordial in her pocket for those who were very weak. It so happened that my husband — we had been only half a year married then — came home one day with a dreadful cold ; listen — he has had that cough ever since. Next to God we have to thank the good Rosa that my dear Nelis does not lie in his grave. Ah, sir, if

you had but seen what she did for us out of pure love and kindness ! She brought warm coverings, for it was cold, and we were very poor. She fetched two doctors from other parishes to consult together about our Nelis ; she watched by my husband's bedside, she lightened his sufferings and my grief with her kind, loving words, and gave us all the money we required to pay for medicine and food—for Rosa was beloved everywhere ; and when she went to Mevrouw Hall, or to the wealthy farmers about, a small gift for the poor was never refused her. And, sir, our Nelis lay sick in bed for six long weeks, and all that time Rosa took care of us, and helped us through, till my husband by degrees picked up his strength again, and was able to work."

"How you must have loved the poor blind Rosa !" sighed the traveler.

The man raised his head for a moment from his work, and with tears in his eyes, exclaimed with ardor :—

"Could my blood restore her sight, I would let it be drained to the last drop."

This fervent utterance of gratitude made a deep impression on John Slaets. The woman perceived this, and giving her husband an admonitory nod to be silent, she continued :—

"Three months after, God sent us a child—it sits on your knee. Rosa, who knew long before of its coming, wished to be its godmother, and Peer, my husband's brother, was to be godfather. On the christening day, there was some conversation about the name which should be given to the child. Rosa begged us to call the child John, but the godfather, a good man, but rather obstinate, wished—and there was nothing to object to it—that it should be called Peter after him. And so, after a long discussion, it was baptized John Peter ; and we call him Peerken, because his godfather—to whom he belongs more than to Rosa, being a boy—will have it so, and would be offended if we did not do it. But Rosa will not hear of Peerken—she will call the child nothing but Johnny ; and the little fellow is accustomed to it already, and knows that he is called Johnny, because it is your name, sir."

The traveler pressed the child passionately to his breast, and kissed him warmly. Silently musing, he gazed intently at the boy's laughing countenance, while his heart melted with a sweet sadness. The woman continued :—

“Rosa’s brother had made an arrangement with some people in Antwerp to buy up victuals of every kind, in all the places about, to send to England. He would soon grow rich with this trade, people said, for every week he took ten carts full of provisions to Antwerp. At first, all went well; but suddenly some one failed in Antwerp, and the unfortunate Tist Meulincz, who had been security, was ruined, and was made so very poor by it that all his goods were not enough by half to pay his debts. He was not able to bear up under it all, and died, poor fellow! — may our Lord receive his soul! Rosa then went to live in a little room at Nand Flink’s, in the corner yonder; but in the same year, Karel, Nand’s son, who had been taken for a soldier, came home with inflamed eyes. He had not been a fortnight at home, when he lost his sight altogether. Rosa, who had felt great pity for him, and always did what her kind heart bade her, had nursed him during his illness, and now used to lead him about to keep up his spirits, and refresh him a little. But Rosa soon caught the same disease, and has never since beheld the light of day! Nand Flink is dead, and the children are scattered; the blind Karel is provided for by a farmer not far from Lier. We then begged Rosa to come and live here, and told her that we should be very much pleased to see her beside us, and would willingly work for her all our lives; and she came with pleasure. And before God we can declare, that she has now been nearly six years here, and has never heard from us anything but words of kindness; but then, she is all goodness and love; and if anything were to happen, which was to be pleasant to Rosa, I do believe our children would fight and tear each other’s hair to be the first to —”

“And she begs!” sighed the traveler.

“Yes, sir, but that is not our fault,” replied the woman, with offended pride. “Do not think that we have forgotten what Rosa once did for us! Had it been necessary to yoke ourselves to the plow and endure hunger for her sake, she would not have required to beg. What do you think of us, sir? No! we prevented it for more than six months; and that is the only wrong we have done to Rosa. As our family increased rapidly, Rosa feared in her angel heart that she would be a burden to us, and wished to assist a little. It was all in vain to oppose; she became quite ill with vexation; we saw this, and after half a year’s entreaties, we were at last compelled to allow her to

take her own way. But it is no disgrace to a blind woman. Though we are very poor, we are, thank God, not so needy as to require it; but she compels us for all that to take now and then a share of her gains, for we cannot be at variance with poor blind Rosa; but we give it back again in another way. For, although she does not know it, she is better clothed than we, and the food which we prepare for her is much better than our own. A little pot is always devoted to her. See, there it is, two eggs with butter sauce, in addition to potatoes! The remaining money she lays aside, if I understand her rightly, as a little portion to our children when they are grown up. We thank her from our hearts for her love; but, sir, we can do little else."

The traveler had listened with the deepest silence to this explanation; a quiet smile which beamed upon his countenance, and a slight occasional movement of the eyes, were the only indications of the feelings of intense joy which filled his heart.

The woman had ceased speaking, and had set her wheel in motion again; while the traveler remained for a time occupied with his own reflections. Suddenly he put the child on the floor, and turning to the man, who was busy with his brooms, said in a tone very like a command:—

"Cease working!"

The broom-maker did not understand at first what he was after, and rose from his seat, astonished at the tone of the stranger's voice.

"Cease, I say—and give me your hand, farmer Nêlis."

"Farmer!" muttered the broom-maker with surprise.

"Come, come," cried the traveler. "To the door with your brooms! I will give you a hide of land, four milch cows, a heifer, two horses, and everything else which goes to make up a comfortable farmstead. You do not believe me?" he continued, showing the broom-maker a handful of gold pieces. "What I say is true. I might give you this gold, but I love and respect you too much to put money in your hand. I will make you the possessor of a good hide of land, and even after my death, I will benefit you and your children."

The good people gazed at him with moist eyes, and appeared not yet quite to comprehend all he said. When the traveler was about to renew his promise, Peerken eagerly seized him by the hand, as if he would say something to him.

"What is it, my dear child?" he asked.

"Mr. John," replied the boy, "see! — the workers are coming from the fields. I know where Rosa is. Shall I run to meet her and tell her that you have come?"

The traveler took Peerken's hand, and drew him toward the door.

"Come along; we shall go together!" he said; and taking leave of the family with a light and hasty gesture, he accompanied the child, who led him toward the middle of the village. As soon as they had reached the first houses, the rustics came out of their barns and stables, and looked gaping after the traveler, as if they had seen a miracle. In truth, it was a wonderful spectacle to see the child in his shirt, and with his bare feet, laughing and talking merrily, as he skipped along by the side of this unknown stranger. The astonished villagers could not understand what the rich gentleman, who seemed to be a baron at least, meant to do with the broom-maker's little Peter. Still greater was their astonishment when they saw him stoop and kiss the child. The only explanation of the matter which occurred to the wisest heads among them, and was soon pronounced before every house door to be the true account of the matter, was that the rich gentleman had bought the boy from his parents, and meant to adopt him as a son. This had often been done by city people who had no children of their own; and little Peter, with his great blue eyes and fair curly head, was certainly the prettiest boy in the village. But for all that, it was both strange and pretty to see the rich gentleman carry off the child in nothing but his shirt.

Meanwhile the traveler stepped on. The whole village seemed to him irradiated with a heavenly light; the foliage colored with a fresher green; the humble little cottages smiled to him, and it was for him the birds were singing their enchanting song; the air seemed filled with glowing life and balmy odors.

Revelling in this new feeling of happiness, he had turned his attention from the child. His eyes were fixed upon the distance, and his glance tried to penetrate the trees which limited the prospect at the other end of the village. Suddenly the child pulled his hand, and cried with a loud voice: —

"There! down there, comes blind Rosa with our Trieny!"

An old blind woman might be seen, led by a little girl of five, entering the broad street of the village from behind a little house.

Instead of responding to the child's eagerness and haste, the traveler stood still, and looked earnestly and sadly at the poor blind woman as she slowly approached. And was this, then, his Rosa—the beautiful, the lovely maiden, whose image, so fresh and young, was yet deeply engraven on his heart?

In a moment these thoughts vanished, and he hastened on to meet his friend. When he had approached to within fifty paces of her, he could restrain his emotion no longer, but, “Rosa, Rosa!” burst involuntarily from his heart. When the voice fell upon the blind woman's ear, she withdrew her hand from her guide, and trembled as if she had been struck by paralysis. She stretched out her arms gropingly before her, and, exclaiming, “John, John!” hastened toward her long-lost lover. At the same moment, she put one hand in her bosom, and tearing a string which hung round her neck, she held out a golden cross with an unsteady and trembling hand; and so she fell into her friend's arms. Then gently withdrawing from his embrace, she took his hand, and exclaimed:—

“O, John, I die of joy—but I have vowed a vow to God. Come, come, lead me to the churchyard.”

John Slaets did not understand what Rosa's purpose was; but feeling, from the tone of her voice, that an earnest, perhaps a sacred work was about to be done, he at once complied with her wish; and without paying any attention to the villagers, who by this time surrounded them in great numbers, he led his blind friend to the churchyard. Here she turned toward the kneeling-bench, and with the words: “Pray, pray; I vowed it to God,” she forced him to kneel by her side.

She raised her hands, and for a long time prayed in a low murmuring voice. She then threw her arms round her friend's neck, and kissed him; but her strength had now failed her, and speechless, but smiling, she laid her head upon his throbbing breast.

Peerken, meanwhile, danced among the villagers, and as he clapped his hands, kept shouting as long as he could:—

“It is Long John! it is Long John!”

ON A beautiful day in the autumn of 1846, the diligence rolled as usual over the highway between Antwerp and Turnhout. Suddenly the driver pulled up, not far from a lonely tavern, and descending from his box, opened the carriage door.

Two young travelers sprang out upon the road, laughing, rejoicing, and swinging about their arms like two birds just escaped from a long imprisonment. They looked at the trees and the beautiful blue autumnal air with the cheerful, bright expression of people who have left the crowded city, and would now fain inhale with their breath the whole of broad, laughing nature. Suddenly the younger of the two turned his face toward the fields, while his face shone with poetic enthusiasm.

"Listen, listen!" he said.

From behind the fir clumps there came the sound of distant music. The measure was so light and gay that one was compelled to associate it with the quick beating of dancers' feet.

The younger companion pointed with silent delight toward the pine copse, and then exclaimed in a jocular way:—

"Oh! hark to the sound of the fiddle and horn,
The dance and the song—'tis a festal morn.
Oh! little they reckon of dull care or of sorrow:
They will laugh for the day—tho' they weep on the morrow."

"Come, come, friend John, your inspiration is premature. It is probably only the new burgomaster whom they are inaugurating."

"No, no, that is no official merriment. Let us go and see the peasant girls dancing—it is so wonderfully pretty."

"We shall first drink a glass of beer with mine host Joostens, and ask him what is going on in the village."

"And defraud ourselves of the pleasure of surprise? Prose!"

The travelers entered the tavern, and both burst into a loud laugh the moment they put their heads into the room.

Mine host Joostens stood in front of the fireplace, as straight as an arrow and as stiff as a log. His long, brown, copious Sunday coat hung round him, reaching to his feet. He greeted the guests with a constrained smile, in which appeared a certain perplexity, for he dared not move his head in the least, as his high stiff shirt-collar took every opportunity of pinching him behind the ears. When the travelers entered, he called out with impatience, but without the slightest movement of his head:—

"Zanna, Zanna, I hear the music. Did I not tell you that you would be too late?"

Zanna came running into the room with a great basketful of flowers. Oh ! she was so beautiful with her folded lace cap, her gown of pilot cloth, the great golden heart upon her breast, and the dear little earrings ! Her face was red with joy and delighted anticipation ; it looked like a gigantic flower which is just on the point of unfolding its petals.

"A majestic peony opening its cup on a beautiful May-day !" whispered the younger.

Meanwhile she had fetched two glasses of beer, and then hastened out of the house with her flowers, singing and laughing as she went. With the greatest impatience mine host now shouted : —

"Beth, Beth, if you do not come down at once, I shall go alone, as true as I stand here !"

Just at this moment the old clock, which hung on the wall, pointed to nine, and a bird's voice called in a plaintive tone, "Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! cuckoo !"

"What is the meaning of that ?" asked one of the travelers. "You have sold the clock, I suppose, which used to hang here, to be tormented all the year round with that detestable song ?"

"Yes, yes," said mine host, with a cunning smile, "laugh at the bird as you please ; it brings me fifty Dutch florins a year, and a bunder¹ of good land into the bargain."

In the distance four gunshots resounded at equal intervals.

"O Heavens !" cried mine host, "the fest has begun. The wife wears my very life away with her off-putting and dawdling !"

"But, mine host Joostens," asked the other traveler, "what is afoot here ? Is it the church fest to-day ? That would be singular on a Thursday. Or is the king coming ?"

"Things of far greater importance, sir, are going on here to-day ; the like was never heard before ! If you only knew it, you would not require — this time, at least — to draw long bows and invent lies in order to fill your books. And this old cuckoo, too, has something to do with the tale of Blind Rosa."

"Blind Rosa !" cried the younger companion with joyful surprise. "What a beautiful title ! It would be a good pendant to the *Zike Jongeling*."²

"Hallo ! that won't do," replied the other. "We have

¹Two hundred and forty feet long by one hundred and twenty broad.

²These two travelers were Hendrik Conscience, the author of this tale, and Jan van Beers, unquestionably the greatest Flemish lyric poet of the day, and the author of the poem "*De Zike Jongeling*."

come out together to hunt after tales, and the spoil must be honorably shared."

"Well, well, we shall draw lots for it at once," muttered the younger, half sorrowfully.

"But," said the other, "it is all a mystery to us yet. Come, mine host Joris, off with that detestable collar, and let us have the story in a friendly way. You will get the book for nothing when it is printed."

"Yes, but I cannot tell you all the outs and ins of it at present," replied mine host. "There, I hear my wife on the stair; but come along with us to the village, and by the way, I will let you know how it comes about that guns are firing and music playing so merrily to-day."

The wife entered with a dress which immediately fixed the attention of the younger traveler, by its flaming red, blue, yellow, and white colors. She ran up to her husband, and affectionately tugged his shirt-collar up a little higher, and then taking his arm, led him hastily out of the house. Both travelers followed.

Mine host Joostens now told the whole story of Blind Rosa and Long John to his attentive companions as they walked toward the village; and although he had spoken himself quite out of breath, the travelers did not cease to ply him with all sorts of questions. He told, likewise, how Herr Slaets had purchased the old cuckoo clock, and promised him fifty florins a year if he would hang it in his tavern room as of old; how Long John had lived four-and-thirty years in Russia-in-Asia, and had amassed considerable wealth by the fur trade; how he had purchased the estate of old Mevrouw, and meant to live on it with Rosa and Nelis's family, all of whom he had adopted; how he had given the grave digger a large sum; and finally, how this very evening a grand peasants' banquet was to be given at the hall, and for which a whole heifer was to be roasted, and two huge pots of rice soup were to be boiled. Mine host was still in the full flow of his description when they reached the broad central street of the village.

The travelers listened no longer to his talk, for they were now staring their eyes out of their heads, gazing at all the striking and beautiful things which presented themselves on every side. The whole village was adorned with pine branches along the front of the houses in an uninterrupted line, bound together by snow-white kerchiefs or flower wreaths. Interspersed, and above the spectators' heads, swung inscriptions in

great red letters. Here and there a fine May tree was planted, with its hundred tiny flags of gold leaf fluttering against one another, with chains of birds' eggs, and ringing little glass rods. On the ground the boys and girls had scattered heath flowers profusely, and formed out of them as usual the initials of Jesus and Mary. Alongside might be seen J. R., prettily woven with flowers. This was meant to stand for *John — Rosa*, and was the invention of the schoolmaster. Amid all these beauties moved a living mass of people, who had flocked from the neighboring villages to be present at this singular marriage festival.

The young travelers amused themselves by moving from one group to another, and listening to the people's remarks. But when the procession was seen approaching the village through the fields, they hastened to the churchyard gate, and took up their position on an eminence whence they could see all that was going on. They looked upon the procession with a kind of reverence; and indeed, it was so beautiful and impressive, that the hearts of the travelers throbbed with emotion — for their hearts were young and full of poetic enthusiasm. More than sixty little girls, between the ages of five and ten, all clothed in white, with a bright, childlike smile on their faces, advanced through the blue air like a little flock of lambs. Above their fresh little faces, and on their loose and flowing hair, lay a wreath of monthly roses, which seemed as if they would fain contest the prize of beauty with the laughing lips of the little maidens.

"It is one of Andersen's fairy tales," said the younger, in a low voice. "The sylphs have left their flower cups, — Innocence, Purity, Youth, Joy! How beautiful it is!"

"Ha!" said the other, "there come the peonies all in a row, and Zanna Joostens at the head of them!"

The younger was, however, too much enchanted to condescend to notice this unpoetical remark. With a kind of rapture he was gazing at the great number of marriageable young maidens who followed the little children, all in their best ornaments, and beaming with life and health. How finely the features of those blooming girls came out under their snow-white lace caps! how charmingly their quiet virgin bashfulness was painted on their blushing cheeks! how bewitching was the shy smile which hovered round their lips, like the gentle ripple which the summer breeze stirs upon the lake, when it plays with the water and makes it laugh.

Ha! there comes blind Rosa, leaning on her bridegroom's arm. How happy must the poor woman feel!—she has endured so much; she was reduced to bear the beggar's wallet. For four-and-thirty years she mourned her absent lover, and cradled her soul in a hope which she herself half suspected to be a delusion. And there he is now, the friend of her childhood and youth! Leaning on his arm, she walks to the altar of the God who has heard her prayers. The vows which they interchanged under the cross near the churchyard are about to be fulfilled. She is his bride! On her breast glitters the plain golden cross which Long John gave her so many years ago. She hears now the joy, the welcomings, the song, and the music which celebrate his return. She trembles in her agitation, and nervously presses her bridegroom's arm, as if she almost doubted the reality of her happiness.

Behind comes Nelis, with his wife and children; they are clothed now like country people well to do. The parents hang their heads as they walk, and dry a tear of admiration and gratitude from their eyes every time they look at their blind benefactress. Peerken holds his head erect with a simple and natural independence, and shakes his waving blond hair, which falls in curls upon his neck. He leads his little sister by the hand.

But what group is that? The ruins of an army, which has been devastated by the sword of Time! Behind Nelis's children totter twenty aged men—a singular spectacle indeed! All are gray or bald; the backs of many are much bent; the greater number support themselves on staves; two walk with crutches; one is blind and deaf; all suffer from age in one form or another, broken down by the weight of labor and of years, so that one might have supposed that Death with his scourge was driving them before him, like a herd of cattle, to the grave.

Lauw Stevens, with his hands almost touching the ground, goes foremost; and the blind and deaf landlord of "The Plow" is led by the miller's grandfather. These old people had lived when Long John was the cock of the parish, when every one had to yield to the courage and haughtiness of his lusty youth.

Behind these followed the villagers, men and women, who had been invited in a body to partake of the marriage feast in the hall.

The procession entered the church. Outside, the solemn pealing of the organ was heard.

The younger traveler took his comrade aside into the churchyard, and stooping and turning round, held out two blades of grass, whose points were just visible beyond his closed hand.

"Already?" said the other; "you are in very great haste."

"Choose, choose at once! I am eager for this subject, and I am impatient to know whether I may write upon it to-morrow or not."

The elder drew one of the blades of grass out of his companion's hand; the younger let the remaining one fall to the ground, and sighed sorrowfully:—

"I have lost!"

And so it happens, dear reader, that the elder of those two friends now narrates to you the tale of Blind Rosa. It is vexing, certainly; for as it is, you have the story in prose, whereas you might have been reading it in inspired rhythmical verses. Another time may fate be more propitious to you!

THE SIGHTLESS.

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

(Translated by Laurence Alma-Tadema.)

[MAURICE MAETERLINCK, known as the "Belgian Shakespeare," was born at Ghent, in 1864. Since 1890 he has published a number of remarkable plays which have been widely read and admired outside of his own country. They include: "The Princess Maleine," "The Intruder," "The Blind," "Aglavaine and Selysette," and "Pelleas and Melisande," recently produced with success in London. In addition to his dramatic works Maeterlinck has written "The Treasure of the Humble," a volume of essays.]

Persons:

THE PRIEST. THREE THAT WERE BORN BLIND. THE OLDEST BLIND MAN. THE FIFTH BLIND MAN. THE SIXTH BLIND MAN. THREE OLD BLIND WOMEN PRAYING. THE OLDEST BLIND WOMAN. A YOUNG BLIND WOMAN. A MAD BLIND WOMAN.

A very ancient northern forest, eternal of aspect, beneath a sky profoundly starred. — In the midst, and towards the depths of night, a very old priest is seated wrapped in a wide black

cloak. His head and the upper part of his body, slightly thrown back and mortally still, are leaning against the bole of an oak tree, huge and cavernous. His face is fearfully pale and of an inalterable waxen lividity; his violet lips are parted. His eyes, dumb and fixed, no longer gaze at the visible side of eternity, and seem bleeding beneath a multitude of immemorial sorrows and of tears. His hair, of a most solemn white, falls in stiff and scanty locks upon a face more illumined and more weary than all else that surrounds it in the intent silence of the gloomy forest. His hands, extremely lean, are rigidly clasped on his lap. — To the right, six old blind men are seated upon stones, the stumps of trees, and dead leaves. — To the left, separated from them by an uprooted tree and fragments of rock, six women, blind also, are seated facing the old men. Three of them are praying and wailing in hollow voice and without pause. Another is extremely old. The fifth, in an attitude of mute insanity, holds on her knees a little child asleep. The sixth is strangely young, and her hair inundates her whole being. The women, as well as the old men, are clothed in ample garments, somber and uniform. Most of them sit waiting with their elbows on their knees and their faces between their hands; and all seem to have lost the habit of useless gesture, and no longer turn their heads at the stifled and restless noises of the island. Great funereal trees, yews, weeping willows, cypresses, enwrap them in their faithful shadows. Not far from the priest, a cluster of long and sickly daffodils blossoms in the night. It is extraordinarily dark in spite of the moonlight that here and there strives to dispel for a while the gloom of the foliage.

First Blind Man — Is he not coming yet?

Second Blind Man — You have waked me!

First Blind Man — I was asleep too.

Third Blind Man — I was asleep too.

First Blind Man — Is he not coming yet?

Second Blind Man — I hear nothing coming.

Third Blind Man — It must be about time to go back to the asylum.

First Blind Man — We want to know where we are!

Second Blind Man — It has grown cold since he left.

First Blind Man — We want to know where we are!

The Oldest Blind Man — Does any one know where we are?

The Oldest Blind Woman — We were walking a very long time; we must be very far from the asylum. *

First Blind Man — Ah! the women are opposite us?

The Oldest Blind Woman — We are sitting opposite you.

First Blind Man — Wait, I will come next to you. [*He rises and gropes about.*] Where are you? Speak! that I may hear where you are!

The Oldest Blind Woman — Here: we are sitting on stones.

First Blind Man [*steps forward stumbling against the fallen tree and the rocks*] — There is something between us . . .

Second Blind Man — It is better to stay where one is!

Third Blind Man — Where are you sitting? Do you want to come over to us?

The Oldest Blind Woman — We dare not stand up!

Third Blind Man — Why did he separate us?

First Blind Man — I hear praying on the women's side.

Second Blind Man — Yes; the three old women are praying.

First Blind Man — This is not the time to pray!

Second Blind Man — You can pray by and by in the dormitory! [*The three old women continue their prayers.*]

Third Blind Man — I should like to know next to whom I am sitting?

Second Blind Man — I think I am next you.

[*They grope about them with their hands.*]

Third Blind Man — We cannot touch each other.

First Blind Man — And yet we are not far apart. * [*He gropes about him, and with his stick hits the fifth blind man, who gives a dull moan.*] The one who cannot hear is sitting next us.

Second Blind Man — I don't hear everybody; we were six just now.

First Blind Man — I am beginning to make things out. Let us question the women too; it is necessary that we should know how matters stand. I still hear the three old women praying; are they sitting together?

The Oldest Blind Woman — They are sitting beside me, on a rock.

First Blind Man — I am sitting on dead leaves!

Third Blind Man — And the beauty, where is she?

The Oldest Blind Woman — She is near those that are praying.

Second Blind Man — Where are the mad woman and her child?

The Young Blind Woman — He is asleep ; don't wake him !

First Blind Man — Oh ! how far from us you are ! I thought you were just opposite me !

Third Blind Man — We know, more or less, all that we need know ; let us talk a little, till the priest comes back.

The Oldest Blind Woman — He told us to await him in silence.

Third Blind Man — We are not in a church.

The Oldest Blind Woman — You don't know where we are.

Third Blind Man — I feel frightened when I am not talking.

Second Blind Man — Do you know where the priest has gone ?

Third Blind Man — It seems to me that he is leaving us alone too long.

First Blind Man — He is growing too old. It appears that he has hardly been able to see for some time himself. He will not own it, for fear that another should come and take his place among us ; but I suspect that he can hardly see any more. We ought to have another guide ; he never listens to us now, and we are becoming too many for him. The three nuns and he are the only ones in the house that can see ; and they are all older than we are ! — I am sure that he has led us astray, and is trying to find the way again. Where can he have gone ? — He has no right to leave us here . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — He has gone very far ; I think he said so to the women.

First Blind Man — Then he only speaks to the women now ? — Do we not exist any more ? — We shall have to complain in the end !

The Oldest Blind Man — To whom will you carry your complaint ?

First Blind Man — I don't yet know ; we shall see, we shall see. — But where can he have gone ? — I am asking it of the women.

The Oldest Blind Woman — He was tired, having walked so long. I think he sat down a moment in our midst. He has been very sad and very weak for some days. He has been uneasy since the doctor died. He is lonely. He hardly ever speaks. I don't know what can have happened. He insisted on going out to-day. He said he wanted to see the Island one



last time, in the sun, before winter came. It appears that the winter will be very cold and very long, and that ice is already coming down from the north. He was anxious too; they say that the great storms of these last days have swelled the stream, and that all the dikes are giving way. He said too that the sea frightened him; it appears to be agitated for no reason, and the cliffs of the Island are not high enough. He wanted to see for himself; but he did not tell us what he saw. — I think he has gone now to fetch some bread and water for the mad woman. He said that he would perhaps have to go very far. We shall have to wait.

The Young Blind Woman — He took my hands on leaving; and his hands trembled as if he were afraid. Then he kissed me . . .

First Blind Man — Oh! oh!

The Young Blind Woman — I asked him what had happened. He told me that he did not know what was going to happen. He told me that the old men's reign was coming to an end, perhaps . . .

First Blind Man — What did he mean by that?

The Young Blind Woman — I did not understand him. He told me that he was going towards the great lighthouse.

First Blind Man — Is there a lighthouse here?

The Young Blind Woman — Yes, north of the Island. I think we are not far from it. He told me that he could see the light of the beacon falling here, upon the leaves. He never seemed to me sadder than to-day, and I think that for some days he had been crying. I don't know why, but I cried too, without seeing him. I did not hear him go. I did not question him further. I could hear that he was smiling too solemnly; I could hear that he was closing his eyes and wished for silence . . .

First Blind Man — He said nothing to us of all this!

The Young Blind Woman — You never listen to him when he speaks!

The Oldest Blind Woman — You all murmur when he speaks!

Second Blind Man — He merely said "Good night" on leaving.

Third Blind Man — It must be very late.

First Blind Man — He said "Good night" two or three times on leaving, as if he were going to sleep. I could hear

that he was looking at me when he said, "Good night; good night." — The voice changes when one looks at some one fixedly.

Fifth Blind Man — Have pity on those that cannot see!

First Blind Man — Who is talking in that senseless way?

Second Blind Man — I think it is the one who cannot hear.

First Blind Man — Be quiet! — this is not the time to beg!

Third Blind Man — Where was he going for the bread and water?

The Oldest Blind Woman — He went towards the sea.

Third Blind Man — One does not walk towards the sea in that way at his age!

Second Blind Man — Are we near the sea?

The Oldest Blind Woman — Yes; be quiet an instant; you will hear it.

[A murmur of the sea near at hand and very calm against the cliffs.

Second Blind Man — I only hear the three old women praying.

The Oldest Blind Woman — Listen well, you will hear it through their prayers.

Second Blind Man — Yes; I hear something that is not far from us.

The Oldest Blind Woman — It was asleep; it seems as if it were waking.

First Blind Man — It was wrong of him to lead us here; I don't like hearing that noise.

The Oldest Blind Man — You know very well that the Island is not large, and that one can hear it as soon as ever one leaves the walls of the asylum.

Second Blind Man — I never listened to it.

Third Blind Man — It seems to me that it is next us today; I don't like hearing it so close.

Second Blind Man — Nor I; besides, we never asked to leave the asylum.

Third Blind Man — We have never been as far as this; it was useless to bring us-so far.

The Oldest Blind Woman — It was very fine this morning; he wanted us to enjoy the last days of sunshine, before shutting us up for the whole winter in the asylum . . .

First Blind Man — But I prefer staying in the asylum!

The Oldest Blind Woman — He said too that we ought to

know something of the little Island we live in. He himself has never been all over it ; there is a mountain that no one has climbed, valleys which no one likes to go down to, and caves that have not been entered to this day. He said, in short, that one must not always sit waiting for the sun under the dormitory roof ; he wanted to bring us to the seashore. He has gone there alone.

The Oldest Blind Man — He is right ; one must think of living.

First Blind Man — But there is nothing to see out of doors !

Second Blind Man — Are we in the sun, now ?

Third Blind Man — Is the sun still shining ?

Sixth Blind Man — I think not ; it seems to me to be very late.

Second Blind Man — What o'clock is it ?

The Others — I don't know. -- Nobody knows.

Second Blind Man — Is it still light ? [*To the sixth blind man*] Where are you ? — Come, you who can see a little, come !

Sixth Blind Man — I think it is very dark ; when the sun shines, I see a blue line under my eyelids ; I saw one a long while ago ; but now I can see nothing at all.

First Blind Man — As for me, I know that it is late when I am hungry, and I am hungry.

Third Blind Man — But look up at the sky ; you will see something perhaps !

[*They all lift their heads towards the sky, save the three that were born blind, who continue to look on the ground.*]

Sixth Blind Man — I don't know that we are under the sky.

First Blind Man — Our voices resound as if they were in a cave.

The Oldest Blind Man — I rather think they resound so because it is evening.

The Young Blind Woman — It seems to me that I feel the moonlight on my hands.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think there are stars ; I hear them.

The Young Blind Woman — I too.

First Blind Man — I can hear no sound.

Second Blind Man — I can only hear the sound of our breathing !

The Oldest Blind Man — I think the women are right.

First Blind Man — I never heard the stars.

Second and Third Blind Men — Neither did I.

[*A flight of night birds alights suddenly amidst the foliage.*

Second Blind Man — Listen ! listen ! — What is that above us ? — Do you hear ?

The Oldest Blind Man — Something passed between the sky and us.

Sixth Blind Man — There is something moving above our heads ; but we cannot reach it !

First Blind Man — I don't know the nature of that sound. — I want to go back to the asylum.

Second Blind Man — We want to know where we are !

Sixth Blind Man — I have tried to stand up ; there are thorns, nothing but thorns about me ; I dare not spread my hands out any more.

Third Blind Man — We want to know where we are !

The Oldest Blind Man — We cannot know it !

Sixth Blind Man — We must be very far from the house ; I can no longer make out a single noise.

Third Blind Man — For a long while, I have smelt the smell of dead leaves.

Sixth Blind Man — Did any one of us see the Island in past days, and could he tell us where we are ?

The Oldest Blind Woman — We were all blind when we came here.

First Blind Man — We have never been able to see.

Second Blind Man — Let us not be unnecessarily anxious, he will soon return ; let us wait a little longer ; but in future, we will not go out with him again.

The Oldest Blind Man — We cannot go out alone !

First Blind Man — We will not go out at all, I prefer not going out.

Second Blind Man — We had no wish to go out, nobody had asked to do so.

The Oldest Blind Woman — It was a holiday on the Island ; we always go out on great holidays.

Third Blind Woman — He came and hit me on the shoulder when I was still asleep, saying : Get up, get up, it is time ; the sun is shining ! — Was there any sun ? I was not aware of it. I have never seen the sun.

The Oldest Blind Man — I saw the sun when I was very young.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I too ; it was long ago, when I was a child ; but I hardly remember it now.

Third Blind Man — Why does he want us to go out every time the sun shines ? Which of us is any the wiser ? I never know whether I am walking out at midday or at midnight.

Sixth Blind Man — I prefer going out at midday ; I suspect great brightness then, and my eyes make great efforts to open.

Third Blind Man — I prefer staying in the refectory by the coal fire ; there was a big fire there this morning . . .

Second Blind Man — He could bring us out into the sun in the yard ; there one has the shelter of the walls ; one cannot get out, there is nothing to fear when the door is shut. — I always shut it. — Why did you touch my left elbow ?

First Blind Man — I did not touch you ; I cannot reach you.

Second Blind Man — I tell you that somebody touched my elbow.

First Blind Man — It was none of us.

Second Blind Man — I want to go away !

The Oldest Blind Woman — O God ! O God ! tell us where we are !

First Blind Man — We cannot wait here forever !

[A very distant clock strikes twelve very slowly.]

The Oldest Blind Woman — Oh ! how far we are from the asylum !

The Oldest Blind Man — It is midnight !

Second Blind Man — It is midday ! — Does any one know ? — Speak !

Sixth Blind Man — I don't know. But I think we are in the shade.

First Blind Man — I can make nothing out ; we slept too long.

Second Blind Man — I am hungry.

The Others — We are hungry and thirsty !

Second Blind Man — Have we been here long ?

The Oldest Blind Woman — It seems to me that I have been here centuries !

Sixth Blind Man — I am beginning to make out where we are . . .

Third Blind Man — We ought to go towards where midnight struck. [All the night birds exult suddenly in the gloom-

First Blind Man — Do you hear? — Do you hear?

Second Blind Man — We are not alone!

Third Blind Man — I have had my suspicions for a long time; we are being overheard. — Has he come back?

First Blind Man — I don't know what it is; it is above us.

Second Blind Man — Did the others hear nothing? — You are always silent!

The Oldest Blind Man — We are still listening.

The Young Blind Woman — I hear wings about me!

The Oldest Blind Woman — O God! O God! tell us where we are!

The Sixth Blind Man — I am beginning to make out where we are . . . The asylum is on the other side of the big river; we have crossed the old bridge. He has brought us to the north side of the Island. We are not far from the river, and perhaps we should hear it if we were to listen a moment . . . We shall have to go down to the edge of the water, if he does not come back . . . Night and day great ships pass there, and the sailors will see us standing on the banks. It may be that we are in the forest that surrounds the lighthouse; but I don't know the way out of it . . . Is somebody willing to follow me?

First Blind Man — Let us keep seated! — Let us wait, let us wait; — we don't know the direction of the big river, and there are bogs all round the asylum; let us wait, let us wait . . . He will come back; he is bound to come back!

Sixth Blind Man — Does any one know which way we came here? He explained it to us as we walked.

First Blind Man — I paid no attention.

Sixth Blind Man — Did any one listen to him?

Third Blind Man — We must listen to him in future.

Sixth Blind Man — Was any one of us born on the Island?

The Oldest Blind Man — You know quite well that we come from elsewhere.

The Oldest Blind Woman — We come from the other side of the sea.

First Blind Man — I thought I should have died crossing.

Second Blind Man — I too; — we came together.

Third Blind Man — We are all three of the same parish.

First Blind Man — They say that one can see it from here in clear weather; — towards the north. — It has no steeple.

Third Blind Man — We landed by chance.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I come from another direction . . .

Second Blind Man — From where do you come?

The Oldest Blind Woman — I no longer dare think of it . . . I can hardly call it to mind when I speak of it . . . It was too long ago . . . It was colder there than here . . .

The Young Blind Woman — And I, I come from very far . . .

First Blind Man — Where do you come from then?

The Young Blind Woman — I could not tell you. How should I be able to describe it? — It is too far from here; it is beyond the seas. I come from a big country . . . I could only explain it to you by signs, and we cannot see . . . I have wandered too long . . . But I have seen the sun and water and fire, and mountains, and faces and strange flowers . . . There are none like them on this Island; it is too dismal here and too cold . . . I have never known the scent again, since I lost my sight . . . But I saw my parents and my sisters . . . I was too young then to know where I was . . . I still played about on the seashore . . . Yet how well I remember having seen! . . . One day, I looked at the snow from the top of a mountain . . . I was just beginning to distinguish those that are to be unhappy . . .

First Blind Man — What do you mean?

The Young Blind Woman — I can still distinguish them by the sound of their voice at times . . . I have memories that are clearer when I am not thinking of them . . .

First Blind Man — I have no memories, I . . .

[*A flight of big birds of passage passes clamoring above the foliage.*]

The Oldest Blind Man — There is something passing again beneath the sky!

Second Blind Man — Why did you come here?

The Oldest Blind Man — To whom are you speaking?

Second Blind Man — To our young sister.

The Young Blind Woman — They had told me that he could cure me. He says that I shall see again some day; then I shall be able to leave the Island . . .

First Blind Man — We should all like to leave the Island!

Second Blind Man — We shall stay here forever!

Third Blind Man — He is too old; he will never have time to cure us!

The Young Blind Woman — My eyelids are closed, but I feel that my eyes are alive . . .

First Blind Man — Mine are open . . .

Second Blind Man — I sleep with my eyes open.

Third Blind Man — Let us not speak of our eyes !

Second Blind Man — You have not been here long ?

The Oldest Blind Man — One evening, during prayers, I heard on the women's side a voice I did not know ; and I could tell by your voice that you were young . . . I wanted to see you, having heard your voice . . .

First Blind Man — I never noticed it.

Second Blind Man — He never lets us know anything !

Sixth Blind Man — They say that you are beautiful, like some woman come from afar.

The Young Blind Woman — I have never seen myself.

The Oldest Blind Man — We have never seen each other. We question each other, and we answer each other ; we live together, we are always together, but we know not what we are ! . . . It is all very well to touch each other with both hands ; eyes know more than hands . . .

Sixth Blind Man — I see your shadows sometimes when you are in the sun . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — We have never seen the house in which we live ; it is all very well to touch the walls and the windows ; we know nothing of where we live . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — They say it is an old castle, very gloomy and very wretched ; one never sees a light there, save in the tower where the priest's room is.

First Blind Man — Those who cannot see need no light.

Sixth Blind Man — When I am keeping the flocks, round about the asylum, the sheep go home of themselves when, at evening, they see that light in the tower . . . They have never led me astray.

The Oldest Blind Man — For years and years we have lived together and we have never beheld each other ! One would say we were always alone ! . . . One must see to love . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — I sometimes dream that I can see . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — I only see when I am dreaming . . .

First Blind Man — I only dream, as a rule, at midnight.

Second Blind Man — Of what can one dream when one's hands are motionless?

[*A squall shakes the forest, and the leaves fall in dismal showers.*

Fifth Blind Man — Who was it touched my hands?

First Blind Man — There is something falling round us.

The Oldest Blind Man — It comes from above; I don't know what it is . . .

Fifth Blind Man — Who was it touched my hands? — I was asleep; let me sleep!

The Oldest Blind Man — Nobody touched your hands.

Fifth Blind Man — Who was it took my hands? Answer loud, I am rather hard of hearing . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — We don't ourselves know.

Fifth Blind Man — Have they come to warn us?

First Blind Man — It is of no use answering; he can hear nothing.

Third Blind Man — It must be admitted that the deaf are very unfortunate!

The Oldest Blind Man — I am tired of sitting down!

Sixth Blind Man — I am tired of being here!

Second Blind Man — We seem to me so far from one another . . . Let us try to draw a little closer together; — it is beginning to be cold . . .

Third Blind Man — I dare not stand up! It is better to stay where one is.

The Oldest Blind Man — There is no knowing what there may be between us.

Sixth Blind Man — I think both my hands are bleeding; I wanted to stand up.

Third Blind Man — I can hear that you are leaning towards me.

[*The blind mad woman rubs her eyes violently, moaning, and persistently turning towards the motionless priest.*

First Blind Man — I hear another noise . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think it is our poor sister rubbing her eyes.

Second Blind Man — She never does anything else; I hear her every night.

Third Blind Man — She is mad; she never says anything.

The Oldest Blind Woman — She has never spoken since she had her child. She seems always to be afraid . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — Are you not afraid here then?

First Blind Man — Who?

The Oldest Blind Man — All the rest of us!

The Oldest Blind Woman — Yes, yes, we are afraid!

The Young Blind Woman — We have been afraid a long time!

First Blind Man — Why do you ask that?

The Oldest Blind Man — I don't know why I ask it? . . . There is something I cannot make out . . . It seems as if I heard a sudden sound of crying in our midst! . . .

First Blind Man — It does not do to be afraid; I think it is the mad woman . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — There is something else besides . . . I am sure there is something else besides . . . It is not only that which frightens me . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — She always cries when she is about to suckle her child.

First Blind Man — She is the only one that cries so!

The Oldest Blind Woman — They say that she can still see at times . . .

First Blind Man — One never hears the others cry . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — One must see to weep . . .

The Young Blind Woman — I smell a scent of flowers round about us . . .

First Blind Man — I only smell the smell of the earth!

The Young Blind Woman — There are flowers, there are flowers near us!

Second Blind Man — I only smell the smell of the earth!

The Oldest Blind Woman — I have just smelt flowers on the wind . . .

Third Blind Man — I only smell the smell of the earth!

The Oldest Blind Man — I think the women are right.

Sixth Blind Man — Where are they? — I will go and pick them.

The Young Blind Woman — To your right, stand up.

[*The sixth blind man rises slowly, and, knocking himself against trees and bushes, gropes his way towards the daffodils, which he treads down and crushes as he goes.*]

The Young Blind Woman — I can hear that you are snapping green stems! Stop! stop!

First Blind Man — Never mind about the flowers, but think about getting back!

Sixth Blind Man — I dare not retrace my steps !

The Young Blind Woman — You must not come back ! — Wait. [*She rises.*] — Oh ! how cold the earth is ! It is going to freeze. [*She moves without hesitation towards the strange pale daffodils, but she is stopped by the fallen tree and the rocks, in the neighborhood of the flowers.*] — They are here ! — I cannot reach them ; they are on your side.

Sixth Blind Man — I think I am picking them.

[*Groping about him, he picks what flowers are left, and offers them to her ; the night birds fly away.*]

The Young Blind Woman — It seems to me that I once saw these flowers . . . I have forgotten their name . . . But how ill they are, and how limp their stalks are ! I hardly know them again . . . I think they are the flowers of the dead . . . [*She plaits the daffodils in her hair.*]

The Oldest Blind Man — I hear the sound of your hair.

The Young Blind Woman — Those are the flowers . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — We shall not see you . . .

The Young Blind Woman — I shall not see myself . . . I am cold.

[*At this moment the wind rises in the forest and the sea roars suddenly and with violence against the neighboring cliffs.*]

First Blind Man — It is thundering !

Second Blind Man — I think it is a storm rising.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think it is the sea.

Third Blind Man — The sea ? — Is it the sea ? — But it is at two steps from us ! — It is beside us ! I hear it all round me ! — It must be something else !

The Young Blind Woman — I hear the sound of waves at my feet.

First Blind Man — I think it is the wind in the dead leaves.

The Oldest Blind Man — I think the women are right.

Third Blind Man — It will be coming here !

First Blind Man — Where does the wind come from ?

Second Blind Man — It comes from the sea.

The Oldest Blind Man — It always comes from the sea ; the sea hems us in on all sides. It cannot come from elsewhere . . .

First Blind Man — Let us not think of the sea any more !

Second Blind Man — But we must think of it, as it is going to reach us !

First Blind Man — You don't know that it is the sea.

Second Blind Man — I hear its waves as if I were going to dip both hands in! We cannot stay here! They may be all around us!

The Oldest Blind Man — Where do you want to go?

Second Blind Man — No matter where! No matter where! I will not hear the sound of that water any more! Let us go! Let us go!

Third Blind Man — It seems to me that I hear something else besides. — Listen!

[A sound of footsteps, swift and distant, is heard among the dead leaves.]

First Blind Man — There is something coming towards us!

Second Blind Man — He is coming! He is coming! He is coming back!

Third Blind Man — He is taking little steps, like a little child . . .

Second Blind Man — Let us reproach him nothing to-day!

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think it is not the step of a man!

[A big dog enters the forest and passes before them. — Silence.]

First Blind Man — Who is there? — Who are you? — Have pity on us, we have been waiting so long! . . . *[The dog stops, and returning, lays his front paws on the blind man's knees.]* Ah! ah! what have you put on my knees? What is it? . . . Is it an animal? I think it is a dog? . . . Oh! oh! it is the dog! it is the dog from the asylum! Come here! come here! He has come to deliver us! Come here! come here!

The Others — Come here! come here!

First Blind Man — He has come to deliver us! He has followed our traces! He is licking my hands as if he had found me after hundreds of years! He is howling for joy! He will die of joy! Listen! listen!

The Others — Come here! come here!

The Oldest Blind Man — He has perhaps run on in front of somebody? . . .

First Blind Man — No, no, he is alone. — I hear nothing coming. — We need no other guide; there is none better. He will lead us wherever we want to go; he will obey us . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — I dare not follow him.

The Young Blind Woman — Nor I.

First Blind Man — Why not? He sees better than we do.

Second Blind Man — Let us not listen to the women!

Third Blind Man — I think that something has changed in the sky; I breathe freely; the air is pure now . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — It is the sea breeze that is blowing round us.

Sixth Blind Man — It seems to me that it is going to get light; I think the sun is rising . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — I think it is going to be cold . . .

First Blind Man — We shall find the way. He is dragging me along. He is drunk with joy! — I can no longer hold him back! . . . Follow me! follow me! We are going home! . . .

[*He rises, dragged along by the dog, who leads him towards the motionless priest, and there stops.*

The Others — Where are you? Where are you? — Where are you going? Take care!

First Blind Man — Wait! wait! Don't follow me yet; I will come back . . . He is standing still. — What is it? — Ah! ah! I have touched something very cold!

Second Blind Man — What are you saying? I can hardly hear your voice any more.

First Blind Man — I have touched . . . I think I am touching a face!

Third Blind Man — What are you saying? — One can hardly understand you any more. What is the matter with you? — Where are you? — Are you already so far away from us?

First Blind Man — Oh! oh! oh! I don't yet know what it is . . . — There is a dead man in our midst!

The Others — A dead man in our midst? — Where are you? where are you?

First Blind Man — There is a dead man among us, I tell you! Oh! oh! I have touched a dead face! — You are sitting next to a dead body! One of us must have died suddenly! But speak then, that I may know which are alive! Where are you? — Answer! answer all together!

[*They answer in succession save the mad woman and the deaf man; the three old women have ceased praying.*

First Blind Man — I can no longer distinguish your voices! . . . You are all speaking alike! . . . They are all trembling!

Third Blind Man — There are two who did not answer . . . Where are they? [*He touches with his stick the fifth blind man.*

Fifth Blind Man — Oh! oh! I was asleep; let me sleep!

Sixth Blind Man — It is not he. — Is it the mad woman?

The Oldest Blind Woman — She is sitting next me; I can hear her live . . .

First Blind Man — I think . . . I think it is the priest! — He is standing! Come! come! come!

Second Blind Man — He is standing?

Third Blind Man — 'Then he is not dead!

The Oldest Blind Man — Where is he?

Sixth Blind Man — Come and see! . . .

[*They all rise, save the mad woman and the fifth blind man, and grope their way towards the dead.*]

Second Blind Man — Is he here? — Is it he?

Third Blind Man — Yes! yes! I recognize him!

First Blind Man — O God! O God! what is to become of us!

The Oldest Blind Woman — Father! father! — Is it you? Father, what has happened? — What is the matter with you? — Answer us! — We are all gathered round you . . . Oh! oh! oh!

The Oldest Blind Man — Bring some water; he is perhaps still alive . . .

Second Blind Man — Let us try . . . He will perhaps be able to lead us back to the asylum . . .

Third Blind Man — It is useless; I cannot hear his heart. — He is cold . . .

First Blind Man — He died without a word.

Third Blind Man — He ought to have warned us.

Second Blind Man — Oh! how old he was! . . . It is the first time I ever touched his face . . .

Third Blind Man [*feeling the corpse*] — He is taller than we are! . . .

Second Blind Man — His eyes are wide open; he died with clasped hands . . .

First Blind Man — He died, so, for no reason . . .

Second Blind Man — He is not standing, he is sitting on a stone . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — O God! O God! I did not know all . . . all! . . . He had been ill so long . . . He must have suffered to-day! Oh! oh! oh! — He never complained! . . . He only complained in pressing our hands . . . One does not

always understand . . . One never understands ! . . . Let us pray around him. Kneel down . . . [*The women kneel, moaning.*

First Blind Man — I dare not kneel down . . .

Second Blind Man — One does not know what one is kneeling on here . . .

Third Blind Man — Was he ill ? . . . He never told us . . .

Second Blind Man — I heard him whisper something as he went . . . I think he was speaking to our young sister ; what did he say ?

First Blind Man — She will not answer.

Second Blind Man — You will not answer us any more ? — But where are you then ? — Speak !

The Oldest Blind Woman — You made him suffer too much ; you have killed him . . . You would go no further ; you wanted to sit down on the stones by the roadside to eat ; you grumbled all day . . . I heard him sigh . . . He lost courage . . .

First Blind Man — Was he ill ? did you know it ?

The Oldest Blind Man — We knew nothing . . . We had never seen him . . . When have we ever known of anything that passed before our poor dead eyes ? . . . He never complained . . . Now it is too late . . . I have seen three die . . . but never so . . . Now it is our turn . . .

First Blind Man — It is not I that made him suffer. — I never said anything . . .

Second Blind Man — Nor I ; we followed him without a word . . .

Third Blind Man — He died going to fetch water for the mad woman . . .

First Blind Man — What are we to do now ? Where shall we go ?

Third Blind Man — Where is the dog ?

First Blind Man — Here ; he will not leave the dead.

Third Blind Man — Drag him away ! Drive him off ! drive him off !

First Blind Man — He will not leave the dead !

Second Blind Man — We cannot wait beside a dead man ! . . . We cannot die thus in the dark !

Third Blind Man — Let us keep together ; let us not move away from one another ; let us hold hands ; let us all sit down on this stone . . . Where are the others ? Come here ! come ! come !

The Oldest Blind Man — Where are you ?

Third Blind Man — Here ; I am here. Are we all together ? — Come nearer to me. Where are your hands ? — It is very cold.

The Young Blind Woman — Oh ! how cold your hands are !

Third Blind Man — What are you doing ?

The Young Blind Woman — I was putting my hands to my eyes. I thought I was going to see all at once . . .

First Blind Man — Who is that crying ?

The Oldest Blind Woman — It is the mad woman sobbing.

First Blind Man — Yet she does not know the truth ?

The Oldest Blind Man — I think we shall die here . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — Some one will come perhaps . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — Who else would be likely to come ? . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — I don't know.

First Blind Man — I think the nuns will come out of the asylum . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — They never go out of an evening.

The Young Blind Woman — They never go out at all.

Second Blind Man — I think that the men from the big lighthouse will see us . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — They never come down from their tower.

Third Blind Man — They might see us . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman — They are always looking towards the sea.

Third Blind Man — It is cold !

The Oldest Blind Man — Listen to the dead leaves ; I think it is freezing.

The Young Blind Woman — Oh ! how hard the earth is !

Third Blind Man — I hear to my left a noise that I cannot make out . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — It is the sea moaning against the rocks.

Third Blind Man — I thought it was the women.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I hear the ice breaking under the waves . . .

First Blind Man — Who is it that is shivering so ? He is making us all shake on the stone !

Second Blind Man — I can no longer open my hands.

The Oldest Blind Man — I hear another noise that I cannot make out . . .

First Blind Man — Which of us is it that is shivering so? He is shaking the stone!

The Oldest Blind Man — I think it is a woman.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think the mad woman is shivering most.

Third Blind Man — I cannot hear her child.

The Oldest Blind Woman — I think he is still sucking.

The Oldest Blind Man — He is the only one that can see where we are!

First Blind Man — I hear the north wind.

Sixth Blind Man — I think there are no more stars; it is going to snow.

Second Blind Man — Then we are lost!

Third Blind Man — If one of us falls asleep he must be waked.

The Oldest Blind Man — I am sleepy though.

[*A squall makes the dead leaves whirl.*]

The Young Blind Woman — Do you hear the dead leaves? I think some one is coming towards us!

Second Blind Man — It is the wind; listen!

Third Blind Man — No one will come now!

The Oldest Blind Man — The great cold is coming . . .

The Young Blind Woman — I hear some one walking in the distance!

First Blind Man — I only hear the dead leaves!

The Young Blind Woman — I hear some one walking very far from us!

Second Blind Man — I only hear the north wind.

The Young Blind Woman — I tell you that some one is coming towards us!

The Oldest Blind Woman — I hear a sound of very slow footsteps . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — I think the women are right.

[*It begins to snow in great flakes.*]

First Blind Man — Oh! oh! what is that falling so cold on my hands?

Sixth Blind Man — It is snowing!

First Blind Man — Let us draw up close to one another!

The Young Blind Woman — But listen to the sound of the footsteps!

The Oldest Blind Woman — For God's sake ! be still an instant !

The Young Blind Woman — They are drawing nearer ! they are drawing nearer ! listen then !

[*Here the mad woman's child begins to wail suddenly in the dark.*]

The Oldest Blind Man — The child is crying !

The Young Blind Woman — It sees ! it sees ! It must see something as it is crying ! [*She seizes the child in her arms and moves forward in the direction whence the sound of footsteps seems to come ; the other women follow her anxiously and surround her.*] I am going to meet it !

The Oldest Blind Man — Take care !

The Young Blind Woman — Oh ! how he is crying ! — What is it ? — Don't cry. — Don't be afraid ; there is nothing to be afraid of ; we are here all about you. — What do you see ? — Fear nothing ! — Don't cry so ! — What is it that you see ? — Tell us, what is it that you see ?

The Oldest Blind Woman — The sound of footsteps is drawing nearer ; listen ! listen !

The Oldest Blind Man — I hear the rustling of a dress among the dead leaves.

Sixth Blind Man — Is it a woman ?

The Oldest Blind Man — Is it the sound of footsteps ?

First Blind Man — It is perhaps the sea on the dead leaves.

The Young Blind Woman — No, no ! they are footsteps ! they are footsteps ! they are footsteps !

The Oldest Blind Woman — We shall soon know ; listen to the dead leaves.

The Young Blind Woman — I hear them, I hear them, almost beside us ! listen ! listen ! — What is it that you see ? What is it that you see ?

The Oldest Blind Woman — Which way is he looking ?

The Young Blind Woman — He always follows the sound of the footsteps ! — Look ! Look ! When I turn him away he turns back to look . . . He sees ! he sees ! he sees ! — He must see something strange ! . . .

The Oldest Blind Woman [*coming forward*] — Lift him above us, that he may see.

The Young Blind Woman — Step aside ! step aside ! [*She lifts the child above the group of the sightless.*] The footsteps have stopped right among us ! . . .

The Oldest Blind Man — They are here ! They are here in our midst !

The Young Blind Woman — Who are you ? [Silence.

The Oldest Blind Woman — Have pity on us !
[Silence. *The child cries more desperately.*

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

By NICOLAAS BEETS ("VAN HILDEBRAND").

(Translated from the Dutch for this work, by Forrest Morgan.)

[NICOLAAS BEETS, the most famous Dutch man of letters in this century, was born at Haarlem in 1814 ; studied theology at Leyden, became in 1840 a preacher at Heemstede, and in 1854 at Utrecht, where in 1874 he was made professor of ethics and church doctrine, and in 1884 was retired as emeritus. He wrote many theological treatises, musical pieces for church festivals, addresses, occasional articles, etc., and a life of his grandfather, J. H. Van der Palm ; but his fame rests on the literary work of his earlier years. He began as a poet, writing lyrical verse of good promise while a youth, and publishing a poetical tale, "José," at twenty-one, followed by another, "Kuser," in 1836, and a third, "Guy the Fleming," in 1837, — all modeled on Byron, whose poems he translated. But in 1839 came his masterpiece, a volume of prose tales and sketches entitled "Camera Obscura," under the pseudonym of "Van Hildebrand," which at once had a sweeping success, and of which the author in 1900 appended his pseudonymous autograph to the twentieth edition, after more than sixty years of unbroken repute as a classic for keen delineation of Dutch types of character and social life, — not by any means always to the compliment of the said types. "Ada of Holland," another tale, appeared in 1840 ; "The Orange Water" in 1851 ; a lyric cycle, "Cornflowers," in 1853, and another, "The Children of the Sea," in 1872. He also published volumes of travel, and various collections of his prose and poetry at different times ; and a complete edition of his works appeared in 1885.]

HOW WARM IT WAS, AND HOW FAR.

IT WAS a burning hot Friday afternoon in a certain town of Holland ; so hot and so burning that the sparrows yawned upon the thatch — which, on the faith of a current Dutch saying, is the greatest heat that men can be exposed to. The sun shone fiercely in the streets, and glinted on the cobblestones powdery with drouth. In the streets, which ran southward and so had no margin of shadow, it brought pedestrians literally to despair. The costers who peddled plums and wine-pears wiped their foreheads every moment with their linen

aprons ; the toilers who at other times were wont to hang their limbs over the bridge railings in hydrostatic absorption, — an attitude to which they owe in places the honored nickname of “railing nibblers,” — lay stretched out on their elbows over the waterside, with a pot of buttermilk instead of gin ; the bricklayers at jobs, on a beam lying at the foot of a scaffolding, with their elbows on their knees and both hands clasped around a bowl, spent as long again blowing their tea as usual, and therefore remarkably and wonderfully long ; the servant-girls out on errands could hardly drag the children, who accompanied them in hopes of getting a plum or a fig from the grocer, along the street, and expressed in passing a deep and fervent pity for the housemaids who “did the street,” with scorched faces and caps untied beneath their chins. No one was at ease, save here and there a solitary old codger, who, with blue night-cap and dirty slippers on, his legs outstretched on his front bench, sat smoking a pipe, in the company of a gillyflower and a balsamine, rejoicing in “an old-fashioned day again.”

In such a temperature, people really have too little compassion for fat men. True it is that they often make you feel warm and oppressed, when through serenity and calm you might accommodate yourself to the heat, by coming puffing and blowing past you, inspiring an irresistible temptation to prove that their cravats have come loose, while they stare at you with protruding eyes ; but then — the creatures *have* the misfortune. Fat men and fat women of the globe ! either in these latter years you have still been able to see your knees and feet, or that blessed boundary of self-inspection has long since had to be abandoned ! However the world may deride your embonpoint, your pursiness, your corpulence, — in Hildebrand’s bosom beats for you a sympathetic heart.

Among the obese personages of recent times, a place was merited — though not a first, yet still a place — by Mr. Hendrik Johannes Bruis ; a privileged dog, whom it never could befall to encounter an old acquaintance without the first word said to him being, “How fat you have grown !” while every one who had not had the good fortune to see his face within a fortnight assured him that “he had grown fatter *still*” ; a lucky dog, who in a thousand tokens from his relatives, his friends, and especially his doctor, clearly perceived that they harbored a strong suspicion he would die of apoplexy, and who withal was incited by his temperament to do, eat, and drink every-

thing most injurious, made fatter, and set climbing and whetting his blood in all possible ways ; a lucky dog, who, as he had it hot in summer through fleshiness, had it hot winter and summer through ardor, choler, and excitability.

Mr. Hendrik Johannes Bruis betook himself, on the above described burning hot Friday afternoon, about five o'clock, along one of the streets of the town I have not named ; and doing it, the heat of the day and his figure taken into account, much too rapidly. He held in one hand his hat, and in the other his yellow silk handkerchief and his bamboo cane with a round ivory top ; with which top he hit his head several times in militant motion, when he tried to use the handkerchief. Behind him skipped along a little street gamin, who carried the man's overcoat on his arm and his valise in his hand, without hat or cap on his head, wearing a blue jacket with a black patch on one elbow and a gray one on the other, and of which the first button (a black bone one) was fastened through the fourth buttonhole, while the second (a brass one), which stood in the place of the fourth, was restrained by the sixth hole. He was fortunate enough, this warm summer time, to wear no stockings ; as could be noted at the edge of his wooden shoes, and here and there still farther up.

"Well, where is it now, youngster ? where is it now ?" asked Mr. Hendrik Johannes Bruis, impatiently.

"That first house with the broad steps," answered the urchin ; "the second door past the pork-butcher's ; next to the house where the busybody [spy-mirror] sticks out."

"All right, all right, all right," said Mr. H. J. Bruis.

The pork-butcher and the busybody were behind his back, and the fat man stood on the steps of Dr. Deluw, his college friend, whom he had not seen since his marriage ; for Mr. Bruis lived in a town of Overijssel, where he was a teacher of law but not a lawyer, a husband but not a father, merchant, and member of the Council. At present he had to be in Rotterdam, and had made a detour on this hot afternoon to see his friend Dr. Deluw, his wife, and his children. He therefore hastily pulled at the bell, gripped his valise, and took his overcoat on one arm.

"There, my little man ! now just make yourself scarce !"

The boy made himself scarce, and at a lively gait ; decidedly not because it was so warm, but because he was a boy,

and had received a handsomer tip than he expected, and which besides his father did not know of. In a moment he was clear out of the long street, and stopped, I imagine, here and there to regale himself with a cucumber pickle, a pint of bladder-nuts, or some other street-boy's dainties, with aversion wherefor people cannot begin early enough to inspire children.

Nevertheless Dr Deluw's door did not open for a long time still, and Mr. Bruis saw himself obliged to jerk at the bell once more. The bell again rang duly, and gave token of belonging to a very clear-toned species; but Mr. Bruis marked not a single sound within his friend's dwelling that answered his ring. After having wiped his forehead several times more and thumped on the step with his cane, he rang for the third time, and simultaneously began to peer into the vestibule through the small pane, trellised behind, which was set in the door-jamb on the weather side; but he saw nothing save the pendulum of a great green clock, a stand with a slate on it, and a blue cotton umbrella. Then he also peeped over the sash curtains of the side rooms, which was even more difficult, since he had to look through the fringe of the draw-curtains. He saw clearly in the one room an inkstand with two long quill pens on a table, and in the other a man's portrait; but neither the clock, nor the stand, nor the inkstand, nor the man's portrait itself, could uncloset the door for Mr. Hendrik Johannes Bruis.

Mr. Bruis, nevertheless, had grown still hotter than hot, to which his impatience and the overcoat on his arm contributed not a little. So he rang for the fourth time, and now so loud that the juffrouw¹ next door, who was looking into her busybody and had seen him all along, — "it was a pity of him," — unpinned her needlework from her knee, opened her upper half-door (she gave no countenance to the invention of screws, leads, and cords), and assured Mr. Bruis that "no one was in."

"Not even the doctor?"

"No, mynheer."

"Not even mevrouw?"

"No, mynheer: I tell you again that all of them are out—"

"Where have they gone to, then?"

"I don't know, mynheer! They are all of them out, and the girl is the only one at home."

¹ A married woman in Holland is "mevrouw" (lit. "my-wife"); an unmarried one of any age, "juffrouw," colloquially "juffer" (young woman).

"Then why doesn't the girl open the door?"

"Why, because she is not *in*, mynheer."

"But you said she is at home!"

"Yes, but she can perfectly well not be *in*," said the juffrouw, and shut her upper half-door, doing so in the more haste that her white cat had just made ready to spring over the lower ditto; and left Mr. Bruis alone, to speculate in quiet, if he wished, on the difference between the terms "at home" and "in." He would thus, had he patience for it, have grasped the fact that "being at home" was a duty laid on the servant by the Deluw family, of which "being in," according to her own interpretation, constituted but a small part.

To clear this up, a voice came from a cobbler's stall on the opposite side.

"They are in the garden," called out the voice, "and the girl is on an errand. There she all comes."

The little word *all* in this phrase might, in Mr. Bruis' judgment, have been properly omitted: but he really did see a not uncomely maid approach, with a large key in her hand, and as fast as she could go without falling into a trot; she came up the steps, shot past His Highness, fastened the door open with unexampled celerity, and stood before him on the door-mat.

"Did you want to speak to meheer?" asked the maid.

"Yes. Mynheer seems not to be at home."

"No, meheer: meheer, and mevrouw, and the juffrouw, and the young master, and all the children, are at Villa, and I am the only one at home so as to run errands."

Now, Mr. Bruis had had occasion during a long quarter of an hour to find entertainment in the scrupulosity with which the doctor's maid — who meanwhile had had a lengthy gossip with the daughter of a fruit-woman, who went out sewing and sat beside a lifted window-sash — acquitted herself of this duty of hers. He was in too much of a hurry, however, to dwell on it.

"Where is Villa?" he asked; "is it far? where is it?"

"In the Meester-Moris Lane," answered the maid.

"In the Meester-Moris Lane!" repeated Bruis, with the uttermost scorn. "What do *I* know about the Meester-Moris Lane?"

There was, to the maid's sensibilities, more of arrogance in Mr. Bruis' manner and tone than was becoming in presence of her pretty face. She was therefore justly offended.

"I can't help your not knowing it!" said the maid dryly; and made a motion with the door-catch, as if Mr. Bruis could well enough go away now.

Mr. Bruis changed his tone.

"Listen a second, my girl! I came here by express diligence to see the doctor and his family. If it isn't too far, I'll walk to Villa too. Can't you give me directions?"

He gazed wistfully along the street, to see if there was not now also a boy who would conduct him thither; but none was discoverable.

The maid condescended meantime to give the information required, and Mr. H. J. Bruis set out for the Villa of Dr. Deluw.

When he was a house or two farther on, he suddenly noticed that he was carrying his overcoat on his arm and his valise in his hand.

So he came back, and rang still again, in order to give both of them to the maid to keep; but Grietje was apparently always with her friends, and Mr. Bruis saw himself compelled, on this burning hot Friday afternoon, to lug his overcoat and valise himself; with the firm resolve that should he ever get so far as to see Dr. Deluw, he would complain to him about his maid.

To the man's good fortune, the town which I have still never named was not large, and Mr. Bruis perceived speedily enough the gate he must go out at, although the ascent and not less the descent of two unusually high bridges had fretted him considerably. Arrived at the gate, he had the happy inspiration of confiding his overcoat and valise to the care of a clerk; he went to the commission house for that purpose, but no one was in; he noticed, however, a person with a gray overcoat who stood fishing on the other side of the *singel* [walk around the town outside the wall], and seemed very clerk-like, laid his things down where he was, and betaking himself straightway to the fisherman, who was in fact a clerk, had himself also posted again by this person about the location of "Meester-Moris Lane." I should do him injustice if I said that Mr. Bruis had forgotten Grietje's instructions, for in his excitement he had scarcely hearkened to them. He was to go "first a little way up the town-walk, then into a lane, then a lane to the right till he came to a white stake; then left again, then right again, and then he was in the Meester-Moris Lane."

"And Dr. Deluw's Villa?"

"Never heard of it," said the clerk; "but there's a lot of gardens in there. What do they call it?"

"Fieldview."

"Fieldview," said the clerk, who was longing to get rid of Mr. Bruis, because he thought he felt a bite at the end of his line; "no, sir, that isn't within my knowledge."

Mr. Bruis walked on. The town-walk restored him a little, for high trees stood on both sides of it; but his felicity was speedily cut short, because the city, in a moment of pecuniary embarrassment, had felled a large part of the trees for an illumination on the king's birthday, and in their place at present showed themselves, as a young plantation, a few slender saplings where the others were burned. So he was again much exhausted, when between two black hedges he saw a narrow lane, which he judged he must take. It was solitary in the lane, — nothing but hedges with trees projecting above, nothing but garden doors with titles and numbers. A single sparrow sprung up among them. Mr. Bruis walked forward with his hat in one hand and his handkerchief and cane in the other, as in the streets of the town; but now always with his body a little twisted to the right, in order to strike the eagerly coveted right-side turn, according to the clerk's instructions. The occasion, however, did not arise, and Mr. Bruis finally stood right before a broad open water, and right next a garbage heap with a quantity of cauliflower stalks, lettuce leaves, potsherds, withered nosegays, and thorn-apples, which in the midst of the thriving putrescence spread their overpowering odor on the air.

It was obvious that Mr. Bruis had come to the end of the treacherous lane; and however unpleasant the garbage heap was, still the neighborhood of the water satisfied him so well that he resolved to rest a moment there before he turned back. To that end he sat himself down as close to the edge as possible; and, fanning himself with his handkerchief and cooling off his impatience with his reason, he strove pretty successfully to bring his mind into a slightly calmer mood. Gazing right and left along the waterside, he noted on his left at a little distance a square sea-green pavilion, in which some people were moving about; and although he could not distinguish them, it was a virtual suggestion to him that this must be the Fieldview of his friend the doctor; and that it might bear that name was

shown by the prospect on the other side of the water, for it was meadow right and left, far and wide, up to the blue horizon — nothing but green and yellow and sunny meadow !

Mr. Bruis took up his walking-stick once more, marched back through the lane, and was again on the town-walk. Soon another lane appeared before him, which however he thought it desirable to look down before he entered it. He then saw there would be an early occasion to turn to the right ; and having done this, he was also very quickly at the white stake. Then he went to the left and then to the right again, and according to all suppositions he was in the “Meester-Moris Lane.”

Before a garden gate, which was ajar, sat a little child with a dirty frock on, a dirty cap with a dirty frontlet nearly off, and a dirty face under it, amusing itself with a pumpkin and a few potato peelings.

“Is this the Meester-Moris Lane, my dear child ?” asked Mr. Bruis.

The child nodded yes.

“Whereabouts is Fieldview ?”

The child said nothing.

Mr. Bruis was provoked, not so much at the child as at the mystery of Fieldview.

“Don’t you know it ?” asked he, one or two notes too severely.

The child let fall the pumpkin and the potato parings, got up, began to blubber, and ran into the garden.

Mr. Bruis sighed. The “Meester-Moris Lane” seemed to be very long, and the garden gates were manifold. He read names of every sort. Names of strut and magniloquence, as Beauty Place, Finesite, Flowercourt, The Plaisance ; names of satisfaction and repose, as My Content, Well Satisfied, Country Rest ; naïve names, as Never Expected, Little, but Oh My ! Better Hereafter ; but also a number of geographical ones, as Near By, Bytown, South Court ; and optical ones, as Meadow-view, Canalview, Landview, Cattleview, Fillview, — this last seemed from a distance to be quite like Fieldview, but still it was not Fieldview.

Finally, there were two or three gates on which there was nothing to be read but Q 4 No. 33 and Q 4 No. 34. One of the two doors must be Fieldview ! Mr. Bruis, however choleric and impatient, had to decide. So he went past No. 33, in order

not to take the first he came to for Fieldview, and knocked at No. 84.

After a short wait, the door was opened to him by a very tall, stately lady, looking as if out of an engraving, with a mourning dress on, a white camel's-hair fichu hanging loosely on her shoulders, a black hat canted well over on her nose as a shield from the sun, green spectacles, a suspicion of a beard on her upper lip, and a book in her hand.

"Is Fieldview here, mevrouw?" asked Mr. Bruis.

Why did he not see that she was no mevrouw?

"No, mynheer!" answered the juffrouw, frightened before a "strange man," and perhaps fully convinced that he was some one who wished to rob her; "it is right next to here," and slammed the door.

Mr. Bruis knocked at Q 4 No. 38.

HOW CHARMING IT WAS.

"Jansje! somebody is knocking," called out a female voice.

"I hear it all right, juffrouw!" called Jansje in return.

It was more than probable, nevertheless, that Jansje had heard nothing of it; for she had a most shocking amount of pleasure with the garden lad, who splashed her with water.

Mr. Bruis had rested just long enough beside the garbage heap to form a smart plan for a surprise. So, as soon as Jansje opened the door and informed him that this really was Fieldview, and really Dr. Deluw's garden (for the voice out of the lodge seemed to be still further accurate in this, that it was a Garden and no Villa), he said:—

"My dear good girl, then just show me the way to the pavilion: I only want to surprise your master."

"Then shan't I go first and say the gentleman is here?" asked Jansje.

"Not on any account, child; only go ahead of me, will you?"

The garden was a long, narrow strip alongside the canal on whose banks Mr. Bruis a few minutes before had snuffed a little air; it looked most detestably green, and had but very narrow walkways, bordered on both sides with strawberries. Whoever entered was justly astonished that it had been possible to crowd so many apple and pear trees, so many currant and gooseberry bushes, into so small an area, and was continually obliged to

stoop for the former and step out his way for the latter ; in a word, it was what the townspeople with rapture term a "fruitful spot," and which they would feel an inconceivable desire for in case the Villa people did not live closer to it, would rise earlier than they, and know sooner when every individual fruit was ready to be plucked.

"Warm weather to-day, meheer !" said Jansje, when they had walked on a short distance, and she began to feel sympathy with the panting and puffing of the fat gentleman behind her.

"Yes, child, frightful, frightful !" said Bruis ; "is there nobody in the garden ?"

"The family is on the pavilion," was the answer, "except Juffrouw Mientje, who sits here to read."

Jansje and Mr. Bruis, following the tortuous path, came at this moment to the waterside ; and there sat in fact, under a small weeping cypress, on a low turf mound, the eldest daughter of his friend Deluw, upon a green garden bench, with gloves on, a book in her hand, and a little dog at her feet, "to play Villa," fretting because for the last hour no one had passed on the opposite bank, and no men had been sitting in the *trekschuit* [canal boat].

She very solemnly let her head droop on her bosom when Mr. Bruis greeted her ; but the little dog jumped up and barked desperately at the intruder, who would have given the frantic animal a cut with his bamboo, — but he dared not, as it was a young lady's dog, and besides he did not quite wish to surprise his friend with a bite to begin with.

The sea-green summerhouse now came into sight directly. It seemed to be very spacious, and had a little side room, with a chimney and a fireplace to boil water in, tongs, and a closet with nothing in it ; all these wonders Bruis already perceived from a distance. The pavilion was ascended by a flight of steps.

"Thanks, my girl !" said he to Jansje when he was within ten steps of the summerhouse, and he stole cautiously up to it. Fortunately the blinds before the windows on the garden side were tight shut, and the door was not of glass, as elsewhere is usually the case with lookouts. Mr. Bruis could thus very well carry out his plan of surprise. What a melting scene he saw in his mind ! His cordial and friendly heart brimmed

He had not seen his good "Black Dan," as Deluw was named at the college, for sixteen years ; and how should he

find him? At the side of a charming spouse, surrounded with blooming children. Yes, with grizzling hair in place of black, but with the selfsame heart in his bosom, open to friendship, rejoicing in comradeship!

In the joy these thoughts awakened in him, he did not notice the loud cries that were issuing from the summerhouse.

He stole up the steps and opened the door with the friendliest smile that has ever rested on the burnt visage of a tired fat man.

What a picture!

There was a mad youngster of six or so, who was screaming and stamping violently; there was a father, red with rage, who stood with one hand tightly clutching the table and threatening fiercely with the other; there was a mother, white with anguish, who was trying to quiet down the youngster; there was a tall boy of thirteen, with a sallow face and blue rings under his eyes, who sat laughing at the scene, with his elbows on the table and a book before him; there was a little miss of five, who clung fast to her mamma's gown, bawling. It was Dr. Deluw, his charming spouse, and his blooming family.

"I won't," yelled the youngster, kicking over the chair that stood nearest him.

"Immediately!" shrieked the father, hoarse with fury, "or I shall hurt something!"

"Be calm, Deluw," supplicated the mother; "he will surely go."

"Don't feel put out with me, mynheer!" said the doctor, with difficulty restraining himself to some extent; "this boy makes it tiresome for me. I will listen to you shortly;" and he laid hold of the rebel by the collar.

"Oh, gracious, don't tear his clothes, Deluw!" coaxed the mother; "he always goes."

"Just let *me* see to it," said the doctor, and dragged his fractious son—who, unthankful for the favorable sentiments expressed by his mother concerning his obedience, did not stir a foot—out of the pavilion into the side room, where he shut him up in the turf hole.

"Don't feel put out with me, mynheer," said Mevrouw Deluw meanwhile, in her turn, to the newcomer, "I am upset; I am not myself." And to prove it, she dropped a chair.

"I think the best thing for me would be to take the air a little," she continued.

"Do not incommode yourself, mevrouw!" said her husband's disillusioned college friend. And she went out, with the sobbing child still hanging to her gown.

Young Master Deluw, with the sallow face and the blue rings, remained alone with Mr. Bruis, and stared at him with impudent looks.

"I shall have all the meddling neighbors at me," said Dr. Deluw, entering once more, as he thought it needful to characterize his son's misconduct before the stranger, that the latter might not take him for an unjust and hard-hearted father. "May I ask —"

"Fatty!" cried the jovial paunch owner, with a frank smile on his purple cheeks.

Now the word "fatty," appellative from fat, is a very common word, at least to a physician. Nevertheless, it seemed to this physician, from the mouth of a stranger, just at the moment very unbecoming. Dr. Deluw opened his eyes very wide at it.

"Fatty!" repeated Mr. Bruis.

Dr. Deluw thought he saw a lunatic before him, and as he had just now been very angry, he was on the point of becoming so a second time, seeing it could prosper so well in one trouble, and really he was very seldom so at other times, and only with *much* trouble.

"What is your pleasure, mynheer?"

"Well, haven't you eaten with Fatty, then?"

Dr. Deluw did not remember any other eating than with his mouth. He shrugged his shoulders.

"He has certainly grown a good deal stouter during the time, Black Dan!" said the fat man, rising from the chair he was sitting on.

"Bruis!" cried Dr. Daniel Deluw suddenly. "That's so; I was called Black Dan, and you were called Fatty. I shouldn't have known you, man! How you've changed! Ate together. Well, well, to be sure. In the Jolly Saucer." But the tone of earlier comradeship was quickly abandoned: "What can I offer you, Heer Bruis?"

The expression "Heer Bruis" was unquestionably a halfway house between the familiar "Bruis" as of old, and "mynheer" as never.

"Where is my wife,—do you know?" asked the doctor.

"She is a little upset," said Bruis, "so she went out just now to get the air."

"Willem, go and hunt up mamma!" said Dr. Deluw.

Willem got lazily up, stretched himself, went and stood at the door of the summerhouse, and screamed at the top of his voice, "Mamma!"

Thereupon Willem came and sat down again and gazed over his book.

"I want out," yelled the youngster in the turf hole, and kicked against the door.

"What can I say to you?" said Dr. Deluw; "these boys wear out one's patience sometimes!—You have no children, I believe."

"Not one," said the fat man, who meantime was choking with thirst, "to my sorrow," he added with a sigh, although the scene he had had before his eyes did not precisely aggravate the sorrow.

Mamma came in.

"This is Mr. Bruis, dearest!" said the doctor, "whom I have so often told you about."

But mevrouw's face expressed that she remembered nothing of him. Mevrouw Deluw, by the way, was a very stiff woman.

"Shall I offer mynheer a cup of tea?" she said; and going to a cupboard that from dryness would never shut, she brought a flowered cup and saucer to view.

Mr. Bruis would have given anything for a glass of beer or a glass of wine and water. But it was incumbent on him, tired and hot as he was, to drink tea in a blazing hot summerhouse. It brings a happy aid to the feminine system that you cannot get everything in a garden; also it is fitting that in a tea-garden there is nothing but tea.

So Mr. Bruis set his hot lips to a hotter cup of tea.

"May I get a little milk for you too?"

Dr. Deluw saw clearly that his college friend would rather have had something cold, and made a thousand apologies for the poor hospitality in a pavilion, where people merely go from time to time to give the children pleasure. "There is never any cellar there," he added.

"There is a turf hole!" shrieked the naughty youngster with all his might, from the place he named.

"The little wretch," said the mother, with a slight smile.

"Has mynheer any other connection with ——?" inquired Mevrouw Deluw of Mr. Bruis, naming the town which I have never yet named.

"Pardon me, mevrouw," said Mr. Bruis, "I know no one in it but your husband, — although our acquaintance has aged a good deal," he added with a sigh.

"That is true," said Mevrouw Deluw; "another cup of tea?"

"Thank you, thank you!" [No.]

Mevrouw Deluw rose, bowed, and declared that "Mynheer must really excuse her a moment," whereupon she left the room. Her five-year-old girl had stopped blubbering, but still hung tight to her gown, and went out with her.

When his wife had gone, the friendly heart of Dr. Deluw again came to the top. He would willingly have buried himself in old times with his old comrade, in the delights of Leyden, in reminiscences of the Jolly Saucer, in what not? He thought it much better, however, to dismiss his prying thirteen-year-old son first.

"I can't understand, Willem, why you don't go fishing awhile sometimes."

"Fishing!" said the young Paul Pry, sticking out his tongue, "nice fun that is!"

"Or go and swing your sister."

"Gosh, swing!"

"The young gentleman seems to prefer reading," said Mr. Bruis.

"Yes, sometimes, when the occasion isn't at all suitable," answered Dr. Deluw.

The prying Willem was angry, slapped his book shut with all his force, shoved it across the table so hard that it went entirely over one end, to the imminent peril of the visitor's empty cup, swung his chair around, which procedure seemed to be a specialty of the younger Deluw, muttered something between his misshapen teeth, behind his thick lips, and flung out roughly, slamming the door.

"Oh, such whims!" said the fortunate husband and father.

Meanwhile the road was now clear for the renewal of the friendship. Each of the gentlemen lit a cigar and began to talk over Leyden; and it was about to grow delightful, when Jansje, who had all along been hoydening with the garden lad, came in red as a beet, to say that "there was a boy from

Mevrouw Van Alpyn, if doctor would please come there *right away*, seeing as mevrouw was took so bad."

"Tell her I'll come at once," said Dr. Deluw to the servant-girl; and then to his friend, "I don't imagine it's of any consequence. That's the mean part of our business, that people haul you out for every trifle."

This phrase, by the way, is a doctor's phrase, which I have heard many times, without understanding why a physician has the right to take it ill of people that they do not call him in except in fatal cases. Must it not rather be the patient who should complain that his physicians chargè him with a visit for every trifle?

However it be, Dr. Deluw made ready to go and see Mevrouw Van Alpyn for this trifle.

"It will be a good hour and a half before I can be back," said he, looking at his watch; "shall I find you here still?"

"I am not certain," said Bruis, whose definite plan had been to spend the night in the unnamed town with his friend; "I will see what I think of further along toward evening."

"Come, come," said the doctor, "I shall come and take you away from here, and you will have supper with me in town?"

"I can't say," answered Bruis, who would have liked it better if mevrouw had been present at this invitation.

"Well!" said the doctor, "we shall see; I'll take you to my wife now."

HOW SUPERIOR SHE WAS.

Mevrouw Deluw was not far off, busy scolding Jansje over her conduct in general: "she didn't know," she said, with one eye on the garden lad, "why something always had to be done in the garden when the family was there."

Deluw conducted his friend to his wife, and started to leave.

"Just one word!" said Mevrouw Deluw.

"What, darling?" said the doctor.

"Can't anything be done?"

"What about?"

"About those boys."

"What boys? Willem and —"

"No, no! About those boys over there in the meadow."

"Why, what do you want done about them?"

"To have them forbidden," said the doctor's lady.

"But, my love, we haven't any right to," said the doctor.

"Well, I think it's nothing else than indecent, and especially before Mientje, who always sits there under the cypress; oughtn't you —"

The doctor did not listen, but was off.

This specimen of conjugal discussion related to a quintet of boys eight or nine years old, who were three-quarters of a mile from Fieldview, over in the meadow, and found it, on this blazing hot afternoon, much cooler in the water of the drain than in their clothes.

"Your eldest daughter," said Bruis, when he was alone with Mevrouw Deluw, "seems to prefer being by herself."

"Oh yes, mynheer! I take the utmost pleasure in that girl. She is always outdoors with some book or other; I assure you she understands her French even better than I; she reads English and German too."

"Good enough," said Mr. Bruis, "that is charming. Yes, here in Holland there are such noble opportunities for all that."

Mevrouw Deluw thought this observation belittled the deserts of her whelp.

"It makes a great deal of difference, mynheer," she replied, "how people profit by the opportunities; and my daughter studies hard, studies simply all the time. Her greatest delight is in studying; and she doesn't take up, either, with everything that other girls of her age usually find pleasure in."

Mr. Bruis did not care for girls of that sort.

"How old is your daughter?" he asked.

"Sixteen," said Mevrouw Deluw, perking up her head with motherly dignity.

"Flos ipse" [the very blossom], murmured Mr. Bruis.

"And as I was saying," went on Mevrouw Deluw, "English, French, and German. I feel sure she has gone out again now with an English book. Haven't you seen her?"

"I saw a lady who sat reading under a tree," said Mr. Bruis, who was not generally used to calling a miss of sixteen a "lady"; but he thought, "English, French, and German, and always reading!"

"Oh, that is her favorite spot," said Mevrouw Deluw; "we'll go and look her up at once. It is cool, and we can rest out there."

They approached the favorite spot; the daughter rose, and once more bowed to Mr. Bruis.

Mevrouw Deluw went and sat beside her daughter on the garden bench, and Mr. Bruis found himself a chair.

"We have come out to sit with you a while, Minnie. What are you reading there now, child? your eternal English again?"

"Oh no, mamma! it's only just for a book; I didn't know right off what I wanted to take with me; I saw this lying there. Is Johnny quiet again?"

There was something extremely restive and unquiet in Mientje's face. To tell the truth, she was not a very pretty girl; she too was thoroughly sallow, and with something most unpleasant in her eyes, which perpetually looked out askant; withal she had nervous lines in her features, so to speak, which did not please Mr. Bruis.

Mevrouw Deluw did not press her to show the book. So far as Mr. Bruis could catch, it had a very strong likeness to a certain work entitled "Amours and Amourettes of Napoleon," wherefrom, doubtless, much of an edifying nature is to be learned by a girl of sixteen.

The trio had sat there for a few moments, while Mevrouw Deluw merely talked with her daughter in order to lure expressions from her which might bring her great superiority to light; and then she shook her head still again over the little bathing boys, three quarters of a mile off in the country.

"Oh!" said Minnie, and her fingers trembled nervously over her book, which she sat actually pulling to pieces, "oh! it is dreadful, it's so dangerous here."

At this moment her name was called in a half-suppressed voice.

"You are called, child!" said Mevrouw Deluw.

"No, mamma," said Minnie, and almost tore the cover off the book.

Mr. Bruis switched buttercups and grass nosegays with his cane.

"Minnie!" called the voice in the same tone; "why don't you come? The old man's gone to town, and Jansje says mamma-dear is sitting on the pavilion with a strange wind-bag."

Mamma-dear looked at daughter-dear. The strange wind-bag acted as if he had not noticed anything, walked down close to the canal, and appeared to be devoting his entire attention to a passing trekschuit, which he would have frantically hailed "passenger here," had he had his valise and overcoat.

Mevrouw Deluw's eyes shot fire; she pinched Minnie on the arm. "What does this mean?" she whispered; but she did not wish to "make a scene" in the presence of the stranger.

"Come now," proceeded the voice, "no capers! I know very well you are sitting there, but I dasn't come there; your chair stood here the last time, and nobody can see me here." He was silent a moment. "But what difference can it make to me, so long as the old man's away!"

Thud — some one sprang from the hedge of No. 32; the trees rustled; and on the favorite spot of the superior one appeared a well-grown boy of about the age to go to a fitting-school, with a blue cap and a round jacket, and with a very stupid, depraved, and brutal countenance.

"That's another thing!" said the well-grown boy, as soon as he noticed Mamma Deluw and Mr. Bruis.

"Young man!" said Mevrouw Deluw, trembling with rage.

"Isn't Willem here?" asked the big boy, imperturbably.

"No, young man!" answered Mevrouw Deluw, "and even if he were here, Willem should not go around with a young person who dares speak to my daughter in a manner which — which — which is, as you have done —"

"That's another thing," said the big boy, "but I can't help your daughter's chasing me up. Her chair stood by the hedge, didn't it, Min?"

"You are a vulgar boy," said "Min," biting her lips; "I have never known you, and I don't want to know you."

"That's another thing!" replied he again, — that remark apparently being in order during high-school days, among the polished translators of Livy and Virgil, — and he turned away: "Regards to the doctor!"

He made ready to quit the scene, whistling.

At this moment up came Willem, "who could not go around with boys of that kind."

"Ha!" said the big boy, "there you have that dear little fellow, who fools the guys three times a week. That's another thing. Billy, how do the fresh eggs taste, out of the dairyman's henhouse?"

And twitching "Billy" by the hand, the big boy laughed with great gusto.

"My time is up, madam!" said Mr. Bruis, acting as if he had heard nothing, and had just waked out of a deep reverie. "Give your husband my kindest regards, but it is getting

rather late. Thank you for the cordial reception! Your servant, Miss Deluw! Good day, young gentlemen!"

And before Mevrouw Deluw, who naturally was "most dreadfully confused," could say anything, Mr. Bruis had already left the favorite spot.

He hastened through the narrow, crooked paths to find his road.

"Fatty!" sounded with a provoking laugh from one of the encircling apple trees.

Mr. Bruis felt the blood mount to his head; for it was the voice of the six-year-old boy, who had of course made his escape as soon as his father left.

Mr. Bruis turned himself toward all sides, with the object of finding the imp, but did not see him. Nevertheless he could not help making a movement with his cane as if he were giving him a sharp cut.

He came to the gate; but not knowing the secret of the catch, it was some time before he succeeded in forcing it open, in which his haste and violence naturally worked against him; while the youngster in the apple tree, with every possible mutation of voice, kept repeating his college nickname.

"Thank God!" said Mr. Bruis from the bottom of his heart, when he was out of Meester-Moris Lane, with the firm resolve of hastening to the first inn he came to in the town I shall never name. He had not exactly grown much *cooler* yet.

"And how about your friend Dr. Deluw?" asked Mevrouw Bruis, when her jovial spouse, a week later, sat by her side to rest from the fatigues of the journey, refreshing himself with a large glass of Rhine wine with foaming soda-water and sugar. "Were you received nicely there? Wasn't he overjoyed to see you? Has he a dear wife and handsome children?"

"My friend Dr. Deluw, wife, has a very handsome tea-garden, a wife, two sons, and two daughters, whom he takes great pleasure in, especially the oldest daughter."

Then he stirred once more his large glass of wine, soda-water, and sugar, and drank it at one draught.

SPEECHES OF BISMARCK.

(Translated for this work, by Forrest Morgan.)

[COUNT OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK was born at Schönhausen, in Brandenburg, Prussia, April 1, 1815; a moderate landholder. He was educated at Göttingen, Berlin, and Greifswald; but it was not till 1847 that he entered public life, as member of the Prussian Landtag, where he was distinguished mainly as a violent absolutist and uncompromising reactionary. From 1851 to 1859 he was Prussian ambassador to the German Confederation at Frankfort. He was then sent as ambassador to Russia, in reality as a sort of honorable banishment to remove him from the path of the Liberals. In 1862 his post was changed to France; but in October of the same year he was called to be minister of foreign affairs under the recently acceded king, William I., at the advice of the war minister, Von Roon, who wished to carry through military reorganization to which the House was bitterly opposed, and wanted Bismarck as a man of iron and a despiser of parliamentarism. The result was an expenditure on the army which the House claimed was without its consent, while the government held that the consent was implied in the authorization of the objects and from the nature of the case could not be asked in advance. For some years, therefore, the Diet refused to authorize the new annual expenditures, and the government continued to make them without its authority. But the results of the Danish War of 1864, which gave Schleswig-Holstein to Austria and Prussia as joint possessors; and of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, which gave them to Prussia as prize, forced Austria out of the German Confederation, and created the new North German Confederation under the lead of Prussia, with the full control of the German navy and the Baltic coast, produced a vast revulsion of feeling; and Bismarck in 1866 was enabled to carry his Bill of Indemnity, which passed a sponge over the past. In 1866 he was made chancellor of the North German Confederation. He incensed French jealousy into the declaration of war in 1870, which crushed France and cost it Alsace and Lorraine; and in 1871 was made chancellor of the new German Empire, with the title of Prince. His part in the internal reforms of the empire for many years was splendid and useful; especially, he created the system of public education. He was president of the Berlin Congress of 1878, which dealt with the results of the Russo-Turkish war; and in 1883 formed the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy. On March 18, 1890, he resigned all his offices—chancellor, minister of foreign affairs, and president of the Prussian ministry of state—from a disagreement with William II., and retired to private life, with the title of Duke of Lauenburg. He died July 30, 1898.]

[The introductions are in the main those of Horft Kohl, from whose edition the speeches are selected and translated; but much fervidly patriotic and party utterance has been retrenched, and considerable additions have been made for American readers.]

ON THE DOWNFALL OF AUTOCRACY IN PRUSSIA.

(Speech of April 2, 1848.)

[FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., in view of the commotions set up by the Paris revolution of February, 1848, issued a proclamation on March 14, calling the United Diet together for April 27, to assist him with their counsels and resolves in a judicious reconstruction of the German Federation. Scarcely had the proclamation gone forth, when the revolution broke out in Vienna which brought the democracy to the helm, and left Austria powerless for the time; and also in Berlin, blocking some streets with barricades, and compelling the soldiers to use bloodshed to clear them. Frederick William IV., already at work on a revised Constitution, was spurred on by this to a fresh proclamation of March 18, ordering the United Diet to convene April 2, and announcing a programme of future Prussian and German policy which promised to satisfy the most far-reaching wishes. It was received by the Berliners with delight; but out of their public procession of thanks grew a general Civil War in the city, filling it with the barricades of a great rebel camp; after many hours' fighting, the horrified king was persuaded to order the troops to evacuate the capital and leave him behind under the protection of the Berlin City Guard. The Prussian sovereignty had for a time to bend to the will of the people, and the aristocratic classes were furious. Count Bismarck voiced these feelings at the first session of the United Diet. When the motion was introduced to transmit to the king in an address the thanks of the orders for the assurances given, he justified his negative vote in the following speech, which a fit of weeping compelled him to break off.]

I AM one of the few who will vote against the Address; and I have therefore asked for the floor merely to justify this division, and make it clear to you that in so far as the Address is a programme for the future, I accept it without further ceremony, on the sole ground that I cannot help myself. [Laughter.] Not of my own free will do I do this, but driven by the force of circumstances; for I have not changed my opinions in six months. I believe this ministry [Camphausen, succeeding Arnim March 29] is the only one that can bring us out of the present situation into one of law and order, and on this ground I shall devote my slight assistance to it in every way possible. But what induces me to vote against the Address is the expression of rejoicing and thanks for what has been done the last few days. The past is buried, and I mourn more bitterly than any of you that no human power is in a position to resuscitate it, after the Crown itself has thrown the earth on its coffin. But if I accept this, constrained by the force of circumstances, still I cannot withdraw from my functions in the United Diet with the lie on my lips that I rejoice and am thankful over what I hold a mistaken path, to say no more. If on the new path just struck out, one single German Fatherland really succeeds in attaining to a happy or even only a legal and orderly

condition, then the moment will have come when I can express my thanks to the founder of this new order of things ; but at present it is impossible for me !

CRITICISM OF THE FRANKFORT CONSTITUTION.

(Speech of April 21, 1849.)

[FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.'s contingent rejection of the offer of the German imperial crown by the Frankfort National Assembly displeased the Liberals of the Prussian Lower House. April 13, 1849, Representative Rodbertus introduced an urgent motion that the Lower House do acknowledge as valid the Constitution perfected by the German National Assembly, as amended on the second reading ; and on the other hand decidedly disapprove the path struck out by the circular note of April 3, under the king's authority, of union of the separate German states among themselves and with the German National Assembly, as unsuitable for the speedy bringing about of a legal status in Germany publicly answerable to the expectations of the German people. The committee appointed for a preliminary conference on the motion, in their report of April 21, did not admit urgency ; the majority of the House, on the other hand, declared itself for urgency. Minister President Count Brandenburg, requested by the chairman of the committee, Von Vincke, to bring matters to a crisis by a plain declaration of insecurity, acceded thereto. This declaration, which he read aloud, resulted in the royal ministry reporting itself unable to advise the acceptance of the Frankfort Constitution, because the " memories woven " by Prussia in association with other German states were in great part disregarded on the second reading ; and moreover, the draft of the Constitution had undergone some alterations which his Majesty's Government could not but consider in the highest degree prejudicial. Representative Von Bismarck, who with one other had moved to pass over Representative Rodbertus' motion and its amendments to the Order of the Day, defended his motion in the following speech.]

-The declaration we have just heard from the Minister President confirms me all the more in my purpose of voting for the motion on the Order of the Day. It is the fourth time since our bimonthly session began that we have been called on to express our opinions and feelings on a subject which constitutionally does not at present admit of our immediate decision or the passage of resolutions. We had to speak our mind for the first time in the reply to the Speech from the Throne on the German Question. Later on, two motions of Representative Von Vincke have given us an opportunity of expressing not only the judgment of the Assembly as a whole, but that of every special section, in presence of the ministry of his Majesty the King. Since then, in my judgment, nothing has happened that alters the state of things as far as we are concerned. For as to the illegal resolutions with which the National Assembly at Frankfort has tried to bolster up its playing at charters [interruption by the President's bell] —I cannot acknowledge them as

existing for us. Just as little can I admit that the declaration of twenty-eight governments having together six and a half millions — or as I shall prove later, four to five millions — of subjects [Voices on Liberal side : "Subjects ?"] — yes, subjects, [hilarity] — those governments whose ministers have promptly endeavored to get their March offices in out of the rain [Cheers and laughter from Right] by means of the constituted anarchy to be offered from Frankfort — that, as I said, these declarations are of weight enough to change our opinions, when the question at issue is the future of Prussia.

The Government has complied with the majority decision on that motion of Representative Von Vincke's, which amounted to advising the King not to shirk the resolutions that came from Frankfort, and with unusual speed in the forms. It seems, however, that the way and manner of doing it displeases a part of the Assembly, and so the assault on the Government that remained ineffectual then they try to resume now.

Titles 3 and 5 of the People's Charter of December 5 define the rights that belong respectively to the Crown and the Chamber. I cannot gather from Title 5, the one which deals with the rights of the Chamber, that it is our business to rule the country by addresses and declarations of opinion and sentiment; that it is our business, in cases where the Government of his Majesty the King has made use of the rights specially reserved to the Crown in section 46 [war, peace, and treaties] which displeases a part of this Chamber — that it is our business to open on the Government a continuous fire of addresses and votes of want of confidence till the ministry strikes its flag. Should the ministry submit to such a procedure, it would thereby acknowledge that the direct executive power had passed to the Second Chamber. It would acknowledge that the minister was not an official of the King, but an official of the Second Chamber, and that the King's outward signs of power for the time were shams. This may be held "constitutional government"¹ by many; I hold as constitutional government only what is according to the Constitution. In Prussia nothing is constitutional government but what can be drawn from the Constitution. In Belgium or France, or Anhalt-Dessau, or where the morning

¹ Bismarck's antithesis in these sentences between the political catchword "konstitutionell" borrowed from foreigners, and the native *verfassung* or constitution, is untranslatable. We have added "government" to the former to indicate its usage as an abstract technicality.

splendor of Mecklenburg freedom shines, anything you like may be constitutional government; here nothing is constitutional government but what rests on the Prussian Constitution. True, I have confidence in the present advisers of the Crown that they know how to guard the prerogative of the Crown, and have been convinced with pleasure, from the communications of the Minister President, that they are resolved to do it. I am convinced they will set no higher value on the manifestations of feeling and opinion in this Chamber than they are constitutionally entitled to; rather, that in case the Chamber is resolved to work no longer in unison with the ministry, but where its concurrence in legislation is claimed, to refuse it and thereby put a screw on the ministry, the latter will leave it to the Chamber either to recede or be dissolved. But on this very ground, it seems to me unworthy the dignity of the Chamber to pass repeated resolutions on a matter where every lawful means of giving force to such resolutions fails it, and where I don't know how it could retaliate if the ministry put the resolutions on its files without giving effect to them, or announced that the minister in his turn "decidedly disapproved" many of our resolutions, as for instance on the Poster and Club Law deliberated over and diluted by us.

If the Chamber will take the matter in hand, in my opinion the one proper method for it would be to sketch out a bill in virtue of which the Frankfort Constitution should be acknowledged legal in Prussia, and try to gain the assent of the Crown and the First Chamber to that bill. But before we could proceed to that, we should need to have an authentic draft of the Frankfort project for a constitution laid before us, to undergo our scrutiny and determination. I should have to tax myself with the utmost levity if on so weighty a matter, after a hurried discussion, on the ground of a motion for urgency, I accepted an entire constitution in the lump, — a thing prejudicial in all points to the weightiest business we have, the revision of the Prussian Constitution; for I cannot believe that in the long run, two constitutions can stand beside each other in Prussia and Germany; especially, as up to this time the German people of the narrower federation [outside Austria] comprises very few but Prussian subjects. It seems to me that two constitutions with many points of conflict cannot run parallel to each other, so that one shall have force for sixteen million Prussians, the other for the same sixteen million Prussians

and four to five million Germans out of the "Kingdom" besides.

The Prussian Constitution of December 5 I do not count among the most excellent that history tells of ; its distinguishing excellence is, that it is there. It leaves the Government hardly that scanty stock of power without which in general it cannot get itself obeyed. It also admits the principle that the influence of every class in the community is to increase in the same proportion its political training and capacity for judgment diminishes, and thereby supplies a solid bulwark against the aristocracy of intelligence. Meantime, the Frankfort Constitution has dipped still more deeply into the wells of wisdom of those theorists who, since the "Social Contract," have learned little and forgotten much, — those theorists whose phantoms in the last six months of the preceding summer have cost us more blood, treasure, and tears than a thirty-three-year absolutism.

The Frankfort Constitution brings us among its gifts first the principle of popular sovereignty ; it wears the very stamp of that openly on its brow ; it acknowledges that in the whole manner the Frankfort Assembly — if I belonged to the Left I should use the expression "octrois " [charters] this Constitution for us ; it sanctions the principle of popular sovereignty in the most striking way in the King's suspensive veto, which the Hon. Mr. Camphausen, who spoke previously, has explained more at large than I am either able or disposed to do. The Frankfort Constitution makes the King accept his crown, till now free, as a loan from the Frankfort Assembly ; and if these representatives of the people lock it up three times, then the King, and every other prince who has become the subject of the narrower federation, ceases to reign.

It brings us, secondly, direct election with universal suffrage. If the election districts remain as they are, an election district to return two representatives will contain on an average twenty-six thousand primary electors. I question whether any one of the Right believes himself able to organize for a party ticket twenty-six thousand electors, scattered among huts and farm-houses. The gentlemen of the Left perhaps will find it easier. [Cheers.] I willingly concede that you can organize with more skill. Besides, it is easier to agree on what you don't wish to preserve than on what you do, or to put in the place of that now on hand ; especially is it easier when you have resolved to leave nothing at all of what exists. Consequently I believe

the gentlemen of the Left will more easily bring about united action among their adherents, and that when a hundred or more candidates lie in the ballot-boxes with twenty-six thousand votes, the Left will be more likely to have concentrated two or three thousand votes on one candidate, than the Right. The other twenty-four thousand will perhaps be single, because the voters have not wanted those exact candidates ; but not because they do want a given one, which is apt to be our way on the Right.

That, gentlemen, I cannot call representation. I foresee that under this election law, considering also the reënforcement they will get from the small republican states, the Left will strengthen itself heavily against the Right, and I hold that a serious misfortune for the country and the Crown. [Laughter and cheers from the Left.]

Many will find their consolation in thinking the Conservative party have a vantage ground at the state-house ; but I find that Prussia will come off badly there too. Prussia is to send forty Representatives to the state-house at Frankfort, therefore one to 400,000 ; the Bavarians are worth more, — one is sent out of 200,000 there ; in Weimar one in 120,000, in Hesse-Homburg one in 26,000, while Lichtenstein, which has as many inhabitants as Schöneburg, at the Hallegate [perhaps 2000 then], would exercise the same influence at the state-house as the majority of Prussian administrative districts with 400,000 and more inhabitants.

The third evil the Frankfort Constitution brings us is the annual assent to the Budget. Through these paragraphs it lies in the hands of whatever majority results from the lottery of this direct election, and which offers not the least guarantee of qualification or even of good-will [laughter] — in the hands of this majority it lies to bring the machinery of government to a standstill at any moment, by refusing to consent to the new Budget, and so convention-like neutralize the entire royal and every other power in the state ; and this seems to me dangerous to a high degree.

The Frankfort Constitution further demands of its future emperor, that he create an *entire* Germany¹ for it, just as in the past the latter fashioned the German Federation. I willingly admit that to-day's movers have not attached this meaning to

¹ I.e. including German Austria, and compelling the lesser sovereigns to join by force if needful.

their motion ; the Frankforters, however, have solemnly sworn not to change an iota of their constitution, and we shall be compelled to go along with them, if we go along with them at all. [Laughter and cheers.] So the king, if he becomes Emperor, will have to send a German Imperial Commissioner to Austria and other states, to regulate customs and coinage matters there, to exact oaths and pledges from the local armies, and forbid the Austrian fleet from lying up anywhere except at Fiume or along the Dalmatian coast—for Trieste would be an Imperial harbor. Possibly Austria or a state like Bavaria might not submit to that ; then the Emperor would have to treat the princes there as rebels, and summon part of the “energy” of Bavaria against the house of Wittelsbach [its own] or the “energy” of the Hanoverians against the house of Welf. That is just where the gentlemen of the Destruction Party would like to have us. [Great hilarity on the Left.]

I have indicated no one here in the hall by these words. There are enough outside ! [Laughter.]

The gentlemen of the Extreme Left in Frankfort, whose votes have been bought on the Emperor question by a trade and dicker with principles I can never approve of, desire this. It will not go on long before the Radicals march up to the Emperor with the imperial escutcheon and ask him, “Do you think this eagle was a present to you ?”¹ [Laughter.]

Two gentlemen by the name of Simon—I don’t know if they are brothers—have declared in the most emphatic way in the public prints that they will have *only* an entire Germany. Mr. Schaffrath shouted recently in the Saxon Lower House, “The new Emperor *must* create an entire Germany for us !” This magic formula, in which a great deal can be read between the lines, converts this Radical Chamber into a good Imperial one ; and in this sudden transformation lies for me something disquieting. Every means will be used to force Prussia into the part that Sardinia has played in Italy ; to bring us where Charles Albert was before the battle of Novara [March 23, 1849], where victory could only mean the ruin of his monarchy, and defeat a shameful peace.

Submissiveness to Frankfort has already brought us to the marvelous phenomena that royal Prussian troops are defending the revolution in Schleswig against the lawful sovereign,² and

¹ From “Der Freischütz.”

² The King of Denmark.

that our eastern provinces, in a dispute over the Emperor's beard, in a pure *querelle allemande*, are a second time to be ruined by the blockade,¹ while the gentlemen in Frankfort complacently read in the papers about our army's deeds, how far away in Denmark the peoples war with each other.²

German unity is desired by everybody you ask about it, as soon as he can barely speak German ; but with this Constitution I do not wish it.

Twenty-eight governments alone have expressed a wish to have it with this Constitution. Yes, twenty-eight territorial governments, which are still sick from the March fever of last year, and have together 6,700,000 inhabitants [Voices from the Right : "Subjects !"] under their scepter ; from which however 1,300,000 Badeners are to be deducted, since on the part of Baden only a conditional declaration is given out, and even that under the destructive condition that the Grand Dukedom reserves further decision to itself in case other states outside of Austria do not come into the League, which can be assumed as a certainty ; furthermore, 500,000 Holstein-Lauenburgers, since for these the provisional government cannot make such a permanently binding declaration, but only the King of Denmark, who up to this time has given out no declaration.³ [Great laughter.]

Against the four to five millions remaining stand the subjects of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the four other German kingdoms, with 38,000,000, exclusive of Baden, Holstein, Luxemburg, Limburg, and any number besides. None of these will acknowledge the Constitution. The twenty-eight governments would be very glad to ally themselves with German unity, even under the condition of having another constitution ; and it is solely the over-hasty resolves of the Frankfort Assembly, which hangs stubbornly to this very one, that stand in the way of German unification.

I consider it therefore our task, even if we thereby still further entangle the German Question, to be extremely reluctant, at the moment when Europe is recovering from her revolution drunk, about lending the prop of our assent to the Frankfort

¹ Of the Baltic by Denmark.

² An allusion to *Faust*, Part I., lines 514-515.

³ He had abolished the Succession Law of Schleswig and Holstein to incorporate them, or at least the former, which had a large Danish population, with Denmark ; which brought on their rebellion, supported by Prussia.

lust of sovereignty, which comes just a year too late. [Cry from the Left: "First-rate!"] I believe that by the very fact of our refusing them our assent, Prussia will be in so much better a position to bring about German unity on the path struck out by the Government. The dangers that may confront us in that way I do not fear so long as right is on our side, even should they exceed tenfold the usual volume of a Hecker riot.¹ In the worst case, however, before I see my king stoop to be the vassal of the fellow-believers of Simon and Schaffrath, I want Prussia to remain Prussia. As such it will always be in a position to give laws to Germany, not to receive them from another. Gentlemen! I have, as Representative, the honor to speak for the electoral and capital city of Brandenburg, which has, given its name to this province, the foundation and cradle of the Prussian monarchy; and on that account I feel the more strongly beholden to oppose the discussion of a motion which looks toward undermining and overthrowing the edifice of state that centuries of glory and love of the Fatherland have reared, and from the ground up the blood of our fathers has cemented. The Frankfort crown may be very glittering, but the gold that lends reality to its glitter must be gotten first by melting up the Prussian crown; and I have no confidence that the recasting will succeed under the form of this Constitution. [Cheers.]

THE OLMÜTZ SURRENDER NO BLOT ON PRUSSIA'S HONOR.

(Speech of December 3, 1850.)

[After the rejection of the Imperial crown by Frederick William IV., partly in fear of Austria and Russia, partly from detestation of the theory of popular sovereignty implied in recognizing the competence of the Frankfort Parliament, and belief that he had no right to accept a compliance on the part of the minor sovereigns wrung from them by rebellious subjects,—the revolutionary uprisings in various states in favor of the Frankfort Constitution were put down by the help of Prussian troops. The King, however, again opened negotiations with these sovereigns in April, 1849, to carry out his pet scheme of a hierarchic Germany of sacrosanct princes under Prussian leadership. The governments rescued from insurrection by Prussia did not venture to decline the summons, and sent plenipotentiaries to Berlin, where negotiations began May 16. Austria, then under the haughty and iron will of Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, though still crippled by her revolution, protested against all determinations taken in German affairs without her coöperation; and thereby afforded a safe bulwark to the lesser kings, who regarded the whole scheme as an entering wedge for Prussia to abolish them and absorb their states. Bavaria withdrew outright after a few days; Saxony and Hanover, less able to risk Prussia's ill will, con-

¹ Hecker was the leader of a popular insurrection in Baden.

cluded with it on May 26, the Federation of the Three Kings, — paralyzed from the beginning, however, by their insisting on the concurrence of Bavaria as a preliminary to all future decisions. When Prussia thereupon invited the German princes to a constitutional convention for a German kingdom, and urged the calling of a German Parliament, Saxony and Hanover declared that in their judgment no progress could be made in the formation of the federal state till all the German states outside Austria had acceded to it, and the latter had given her consent. Accordingly they gave no effect to the election call for October 19, 1849; then Hanover formally cut loose. The German Parliament, which despite this convened in Erfurt, March 20, 1850, was under these circumstances nothing but an empty phrase; Bismarck, though a member of the Lower House, sneered bitterly at its "word drill and parliamentary evolutions." The union under Prussian leadership would have been a shadow after the desertion of the other kingdoms, with only some petty principalities remaining; especially as the King had no heart for a Germany that excluded Austria, was invincibly opposed to having the minor sovereigns coerced into joining by their subjects, and had no courage for bold initiatives. Meanwhile Austria had overpowered her revolution, and demanded back the former primacy of Germany; and, for a bludgeon to put Prussia back in its place, revived against Prussia's protest the abolished Confederate Diet, which however was to pass a new and greatly reformed constitution for Germany. The minor kingdoms supported this with zeal; and in the federal convention called at Frankfort-on-the-Main, May 10, 1850, Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg took part. This practically broke up the conference of sovereigns called at Berlin by Frederick William; Electoral Hesse took the lead in refusing to acknowledge the Erfurt constitution, others followed, and by September 2 Austria had a Bundesrath (Federal Senate) containing all four kingdoms (Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, and Hanover), both Hesses, the Danish duchies, and several smaller states.

Meantime affairs in Hesse brought Austria and Prussia to the very brink of war. The worthless Elector had overthrown the old and well-working constitution by violence, installed the fanatical reactionary Daniel Hasenpflug as premier, and attempted to collect taxes without presenting any Budget. Thereupon nearly the entire civil and military services revolted in a body and refused obedience, and the people refused to pay the taxes. The Elector fled and called on the Federation to reinstate him and punish his subjects; and Bavarian troops flooded the southern portion and instituted dragonnades after the fashion of Louis XIV. Frederick William was as anxious to quell the insurrection as Austria was, but wished it to be done by Prussian troops within the limits of Prussian treaty-guaranteed military roads, so the Elector would have to recognize Prussia as his joint saviour; but the Federal Diet (Austria) ordered the Prussians out of the country, and on refusal, the Bavarians overpassed the military roads, and actually had a slight skirmish with the Prussians, which but for the overwhelming odds against Prussia would have brought on a general war. The Czar Nicholas took Austria's side, however, and peremptorily insisted on Prussia's yielding on this matter and that of Schleswig-Holstein (see note, page 225). Even so, Frederick William put on a bold front, ordered the army mobilized (in fact, merely to be able to say that he gave way because he chose and not because he was forced), and set a warlike programme before his ministry, — carefully explaining that if they did not like it he should submit to their judgment; which was so utterly adverse to his habit as to show that he wished them to disfavor it, which most of them did. Thereupon Baron Von Manteuffel (successor to Brandenburg, who died November 6, 1850) went to Olmütz (Schwarzenberg insisted on Vienna, but this rubbing-in of humiliation was finally withdrawn), and arranged terms for a renewal of the German Federation,

as preliminary to constituting a new form of it which was to make Prussia only a minor member, like the other little kingdoms, of a league controlled by Austria. But complete as Schwartzberg's victory seemed at the time, and entire the overthrow of Prussia, the one was dust and ashes and the other entirely effaced in a few months: Russia cared nothing for Austrian ambitions in Germany and would not support them, and with her out of the way Frederick William became as inflexible as Schwartzberg; the new project went to pieces utterly in face of Prussia's absolute refusal to accept second place, and the old Federation with the two equal and mutually distrustful powers resumed its place.

A few days before Brandenburg's death, on November 2, the Prussian Landtag (Diet) was convened, in view of the seemingly impending collision; the King's Speech, with which it was opened on November 21, was very warlike in tone, and roused vehement applause. The Lower House resolved that it reply with an address assuring the King of the support of his people in his endeavors to establish a German Constitution securing external dignity and internal freedom, and that it protest against the revival of "the Federal Diet abolished with universal consent." The address as formulated was to be laid before the full Council December 3. Meantime Manteuffel, on November 29, had signed the Olmütz capitulation. On December 5 the Minister President gave the floor to the reporter of the committee, Representative Von Bodelschwingh (from Hagen), to expound the situation and gloss over the surrender as far as possible. Rep. Von Vincke expressed the anger of the Left in scathing words; he urged the adoption of an amendment to the resolution as drawn up, culminating in the prayer to the King that he make an end of the system which had brought the country into such a fatal posture of affairs. Rep. Riedel, the well-known editor of the "*Codex Diplomaticus Brandenburgensis*," spoke in the warmest manner for Vincke's motion; he urged the dismissal of the Manteuffel ministry for having parted with the honor of Prussia. Rep. Von Bismarck followed Riedel in defense of the ministerial policy.]

The honorable gentleman, who has before me in this place shed light on the subject that occupies us from the standpoint of an independent or martially disposed civil servant [laughter from the Right], and during whose speech, in a momentary absence of mind it was not fully present to me whether I was in the Hessian or the Prussian Parliament,—I say in a momentary absence of mind,—was set down to speak for the Address. As the event proves, he has not only spoken *against* the Address, but also plead for an amendment brought in to-day and diametrically opposed to the Address. So far as the honorable gentleman has spoken against the Address, I find myself with him on the same ground, but on wholly different grounds.

If the object of the present Address is to reproduce the total import of the people's voice through the organ of its Representatives, my belief is that not one of the proposed drafts, exclusive of the amendments, effects this object. The Prussian people, as we all know, has risen as one man at the call of its King: it has risen in trusting loyalty; it has risen like its fathers to fight the battles of the King of Prussia before it knew—and

mark this well, gentlemen, before it knew — what was to be fought for in those battles ; perhaps nobody knew that who turned out in the Landwehr ; it has risen in genuine attachment to its King — in genuine attachment to the Constitution, I should say — [Cheers and laughter from all sides. President: “Order, please ; the speaker will continue.”] I am very happy if for the first time in my life it has fallen to my lot to win the unanimous applause of a legislative body. [Cheers.]

I had hoped to find this feeling of unanimity and confidence again in the sphere of the country's Representatives — in the narrower circles whence the reins of government spread out. A short sojourn in Berlin and a hasty glance at the local doings has shown me that I am in error. The draft Address calls this a *great* time ; I have found nothing great here but personal ambition, nothing great but suspicion, nothing great but party hatred. These are three great things that to my mind stamp this time as a petty one, and make our future a gloomy prospect for lovers of the Fatherland. The lack of concord in the sphere I mentioned will be loosely covered up in this Address with big phrases, to which every one can attach his own meaning. Of the confidence that animates the country, — of the devoted confidence, based on the attachment to his Majesty the King, based on the experience that the country has fared well under the ministry which has governed it for the past two years, — I have seen nothing in the Address or its amendments. I should have thought this all the more needful, because it seemed to me imperative that the impression the unanimous uprising of the people had made in Europe should be heightened and strengthened by the harmony of those who formed no part of the defensive forces, at the moment when we are opposing our neighbors in arms, when we are hastening to our frontiers in arms ; at a moment when the spirit of confidence reigns even where it formerly seemed to have no place ; at a moment when every phrase of the Address that touches on foreign politics hides war or peace in its womb. And, gentlemen, what war ? No single-regiment campaign to Schleswig or Baden, no military promenade through disturbed provinces ; but a war on a great scale against two out of the three greatest Continental powers [Austria and Russia], while the third [France], hankering for booty, makes ready on our frontier, and knows very well there is a jewel to be found in Cologne Cathedral that would fitly wind up the French revolution and fortify the

rulers there—I mean the French Imperial crown;—a war, gentlemen, at the outset of which we shall have to abandon part of the outlying provinces of Prussia, in which a great part of the Prussian land will see itself instantly overrun by hostile armies, and which will make our provinces feel the horrors of war to the utmost;—a war it is to be assumed the Minister of Public Worship, who presides over the servants of religion, peace, and love, will abhor deep in his heart; [laughter]—a war the Minister of Trade and Commerce must feel sure will annihilate at the start the branches of public welfare intrusted to his charge, and one the Finance Minister can only wish if there is money to burn in the royal treasury. Nevertheless I would not recoil from this war, I would even advise it, if any one could show me the necessity for it, or point out a worthy object to be gained by it and not to be gained without the war. Why do large states make war to-day? The only solid foundation for a large state, the essence of what distinguishes it from a small one, is public egoism and not romanticism; and it is not worthy of a great state to struggle for an object it has no interest in. Show me, then, gentlemen, a worthy object of this war, and I will vote for it. It is easy for a statesman, either in the Cabinet or in Parliament, to wind the same war-horn as the populace and so warm himself at his own hearth; or to make thundering speeches from this platform, and leave it to the soldier who bleeds on the snow to settle whether his system shall bring in victory and glory or not. There is nothing easier than that; but woe to the statesman who does not look about him now for a ground of war that shall stand the test *after* the war as well. My conviction is that you will view the questions now occupying us in another fashion when you look backwards through a long perspective of battlefields and burning homes, of woes and miseries, of a hundred thousand corpses and a hundred millions of debt. Will you then have the face to step up to the farmer amid the blackened ruins of his home, to the cripple shot to pieces, to the childless father, and say: “You have suffered a great deal, but rejoice with us, the Union Constitution is saved; [laughter]—rejoice with us, Hassenpflug is no longer minister, our Bayrthoffer [radical leader] rules in Hesse?” [Cheers from the Right.] If you have the front to say that to the people, then begin this war; but on many sides—on many a one where I had thought men must see clearly in such glaring light—these questions are identified with Prus-

sian honor, and people think they have found there the lever to send the idlest Prussian hand to the sword hilt; they think they have found the secret of sending the Prussian army to war for the same principle it fought for in 1848 in the streets of Berlin. [Commotion on the Left.]

Gentlemen, I cannot help being surprised to see overflowing to-day with soldierly honor and military sympathies the mouths of the very men who, during the fights of the 18th of March, did not happen with their sympathies and counsel on the spots where the Prussian soldiery was seeking its honor; and who, in the debate of the United Diet over the Address, and in the Address itself, had no better balsam for the wounded soldier heart than the chilly phrase, "Heroic hearts fought on both sides,"—on both sides, on the side of the Prussian army and also on the side of that part of the so-called People who withstood it. But, gentlemen, even should you—I will not say from lack of patriotism: any one else may have a different conception of patriotism from mine—should you not disdain to drive the sting deep into the valiant heart of the Prussian soldier at this moment, when owing to a year and a half of perverted politics, whose upholder [Von Radowitz] and in my opinion his system with him has fallen, the Prussian military sentiment is deeply enough wounded already; should you wish to inflame the enthusiasm of the army, so it will run away with Prussian political wisdom like an unhitched horse,—should you try to do this, it will fail you, that Prussian army which on the 19th of March, with the passion of wrought-up victors in its heart and its loaded weapons in its hand, hearkening only to the voice of its military commanders, amid the scorn of its opponents took up the rôle of the vanquished to wage a parliamentary war; it will always remain the *King's* army, and seek its honor in obedience.

The Prussian army, thank God, has no need of demonstrating its courage, and like young university game-cocks, to pick quarrels in order to show it is a fighter. It will not be demanded of us that we quit Hesse: but if it were demanded, I should not consider the honor of the Prussian army injured by it; at any rate, it would be no worse injured by it than the army of any great power in Europe which still lays claim to honor. On this point I would remind you that in 1840, when the war-cry resounded, the Prussian army held it perfectly compatible with its honor that the reserves which had been

called out should be sent home again, as soon as the government had become convinced that its plans in Europe would meet with stouter resistance than the advantage to be gained bore any relation to. I would remind you that last year the victorious Austrian army twice came to a halt before Turin, you might say because ordered to, anyhow in consequence of a threatened declaration of war from the French kingdom; and nobody has dared to cry shame on the Austrian soldiery because of it. I would remind you that Russia last year gave way on treaty claims, on the surrender of Polish and Hungarian refugees, not because it had become convinced of the injustice of its claims, but because it was threatened with war by France and England. I would remind you of the English fleet, which sailed proudly through the Dardanelles, and as soon as England was menaced with war by Russia, promptly sailed back through the Dardanelles, amidst the jubilations of the Russian sailors, without one English seaman holding his honor injured by obedience to the orders of his Cabinet. I have firm confidence, and I believe the larger part of Prussia has it with me, that the ministry which in November 1848 guarded the honor of the Fatherland, that the general on whom the entire army looked with esteem and who stands at the head of the Ministry of War [Von Stockhausen],—that they and their colleagues also know what Prussian honor is and how to guard it.

Prussian honor, according to my conviction, does not consist in Prussia's playing Don Quixote everywhere in Germany for afflicted parliamentary celebrities, who think their local constitutions endangered. I look for Prussia's honor in Prussia's holding herself aloof, above all, from every disgraceful connection with the democracy; in Prussia's not conceding, on the present as on all questions, that anything shall be done in Germany without Prussia's consent; [laughter] in the carrying out of whatever Prussia and Austria consider on independent common grounds to be rational and politic, by both the equally entitled protectors of Germany in common.

Plenty of argument is possible as to what in these circumstances, especially in Hesse and Holstein, is politic and rational. But I believe the majority of us are at one in this: that it is desirable the pettifoggers of a quarrel where I would not burn a charge of powder for both sides should be made an end of; and that the unhappy war in Schleswig-Holstein, in which the

heedless and frivolous politics of 1848 have entangled us, shall be ended likewise. I myself urgently wish, and make a point of, the preservation of the genuine rights of the Schleswig-Holsteiners—a race which has won from me by its warlike valor the esteem I must always deny its efforts to extort its true or pretended rights from the lords of the land by revolutionary force.

I say one may judge variously as to the legal conditions in Hesse and Holstein ; but the opinion of the member for Aachen [Von Vincke] that the condition of things in Hesse is the most legitimate that could exist in any country, I cannot agree with. If it is really true, as the honorable member for Aachen has read in a letter, that Councillor Niebuhr has been sent to Hesse to bring about the dreadful state of affairs that the taxes can be collected again, I wish the mission every success ; and I prefer this last state to the one which the member for Aachen declares by preference legitimate, in which civil and military officials publicly declare war on their superiors and refuse them obedience. In regard to utilizing the military roads, I should almost infer from the utterances here that the notion of a military road is a novelty to many of us. We have—I will try to be perfectly lucid—the utilization of military roads lengthwise ; in itself we are not in the least incommoded if the roads are crossed by somebody else breadthwise. [Laughter.]

Our material interests, the integrity of our boundaries, the security of our home constitution, are thus far attacked by no one ; conquests we will not make. I will not discuss here how regrettable this is, and how somebody would perhaps like to wage a war that has no other ground than the King and war-chief saying, “This country pleases me, and I am going to have it.” The question does not concern us ; the King’s speech itself disclaims the possibility of conquest. The Address expresses your thanks for it ; so this question for the present is outside the game. The main question, which embosoms war and peace,—the structure of Germany, the ordering of the relations between Prussia and Austria, and the relations between Prussia and Austria and the smaller states,—is in a few days to be the subject of open conferences [at Dresden], and so cannot be the subject of a war *now*. Whoever absolutely insists on war, I must put off with the assurance that it can always be found at the open conferences ; in four or six weeks, if one

must have it. Far be it from me, at a juncture so momentous as this, to hamper the government's freedom of action by giving it advice. If I were to express one wish in opposition to the ministry, it would be that we do not disarm till the open conferences have effected some positive result; then there is still time enough always left to make war, if we really cannot avoid it with honor or do not wish to avoid it. [Applause on the Right.] But to have this House — whether as a diplomatic council as now, or as an advisory war committee of 350 persons — interfere in these matters, I believe would be the one possible mode of blocking the happy outcome to those matters I foresee according to my lights, — an outcome that would make what we have been wrongheadedly struggling a whole year for tumble into our lap without a blow of the sword.

We have seen the ministry bitterly reproached to-day for not being more profuse in its reports on pending questions; we have seen here a military critic who went into such detail that one may well expect our outposts' dispositions for battle to be directed from this platform next. It has been put down as the minimum claim, that in the course of diplomatic negotiations at least a maximum shall be communicated to the Chambers, beyond which the government will not aim in its conclusions with foreign powers. I do not understand how anybody who knows and must know diplomatic affairs can set up such a claim on a ministry; for fear it may not be understood hereafter, that such claims can in no wise be submitted to, I will illustrate the matter by a simple and universally intelligible comparison. Anybody who has once taken part in a horse trade will look out and not tell a third party in the course of it, and perhaps a very loose-tongued third party, what maximum of price he will not go over or what minimum he will not go under; for his minimum would at once become the maximum and his maximum the minimum of the other man. I believe this comparison makes the matter quite clear.

In this way I look about on all sides to see where the *casus belli* can lie, and what the conditions could be that we should impose on conquered enemies, if we were to stand victorious at the gates of Vienna and Petersburg. Shall we stipulate that in case the Baden forces should again march to Prussia, they shall be allowed a certain breadth of way across the Hartz, so they can deploy in sections and not be reduced to single column? I should really be puzzled to find the *casus belli*, had

not the honorable member who a few days ago interpellated the ministry on the banishment of one of the choicest spirits of constitutionalism,¹ openly declared, "No war over military roads or a question of military courtesy is worth while, but a war for principle is worth while." By which I understand, translated into my dialect, "A war is worth while for hard-pressed parliamentary friends in Hesse, Würtemberg, and Saxony, for the restoration of the constitutions which are perhaps liked there, and the individual members of the Chamber better liked than the present ones." I understand by it a war for the propaganda which is carrying forward the struggle from where it was broken off here in Berlin on March 19, 1848. May they be not deceiving themselves, they who believe they can begin such a war and also *end* it under the banner of the Union. Gentlemen! I should have thought we all, and especially that party whose counsels Prussia up to November 1848 had the ill luck to follow, had learned what "playing with fire" means; and that the one who has lit a blaze is in no position to dictate to it, with the formula of some worn-out paragraph, a "thus far and no farther" at the exact spot where the fire is to stop at his wish.

I had hoped that in pursuance of the intimations in the Speech from the Throne, we should adjourn the debates concerning the 26th of May, and the Union relations standing in connection therewith, till we had won for Germany again at least that minimum of unity or perhaps something more—that we had before the proceedings in St. Paul's Cathedral [Frankfort National Assembly] began. [Voice from the Left: "The Confederate Diet!"]

If any one in the name of German unity is pressing ahead toward the parliamentary Union, I forewarn him that he must not confound two notions, German unity and right, and hold forth on them from a German parliamentary platform: for to me the two conceptions lie far asunder. But how German unity is to be looked for in the Union I cannot conceive: it is a singular unity that demands from the ground up, in the interest of this Disunion Federation, the shooting and stabbing of our German fellow-countrymen in the south; which finds German honor in the fact that the center of gravity in all German questions necessarily falls at Warsaw and Paris. Imagine two parts of Germany in arms against each other, without their dis-

¹ Dr. Haym, Editor of the *Konstitutionellen Zeitung*.

junction of force being of such moment that any partisan of either side, even a much smaller power than Russia or France, could throw a deciding weight into the scale ; and I do not understand what right any one who will help on such a relation could have to complain because the center of gravity in decisions under such circumstances falls in foreign countries. It is mathematically inevitable, and it is his own fault.

When a while ago I heard Austria called from this platform a foreign country, and if I mistake not, an insolent foreign country, I wanted to ask with what right you hold that Hesse and Holstein do not count as foreign countries to us, if you treat Austria as a foreign country, when it belongs to Germany by the same right? I had supposed the Union, which outside this House and till I returned to Berlin I never heard named by anybody except with a little chuckle of laughter, as a youthful dream, which people recalled with a sense of pleasure that it had luckily remained without evil consequences, — this Union I supposed had fallen with its upholder. The upholder of the Union, the creator of the Constitution of the 26th of May, Mr. Von Radowitz, has withdrawn from the ministry, as I understood it, because the ministry had dropped the former system, acknowledged to be wrongheaded, the Radowitz system. I will not assail the absent ; I would gladly have seen Mr. Von Radowitz sitting opposite me as for a year previous. I am convinced he has wished for Prussia's best good, and has only laid hold of the wrong means.

A long time ago I expressed from this place my conviction that the Union had no vitality in itself ; that to me it perpetually seemed like a mongrel product of timid sovereignty and tame revolution. Up to this time I have still found nothing to refute this conviction, deeply abiding in the people ; and the draft Address embodies no more colossal error than in the passage on the satisfaction with which the people have received the efforts for the Union. For the relinquishment of this principle of the Union, the reproach of inconsistency has to-day been heaped upon the ministry from this place in bitter terms, by the member for Aachen. I would especially remind the gentleman on this point, that he can himself find private persons in such case that they grow inconsistent, and what they formerly deemed wrong, later as a result of circumstances have to deem right. I reproach no one with this ; I consider it manly and open to acknowledge one's error, but I do not consider it manly to

make a reproach of it to a man who has abandoned his error. I will only point out further, that it is much easier to keep private relations consistent in one's course than what under altered conditions touches and governs the fate of a country of sixteen million people.

I will not hark back now to the idea of the legality or illegality of the Union Constitution,—we have talked that out sufficiently in Erfurt. I am convinced now as then that it has no legal existence for us, thank God, and that if it did so exist, it would be nothing else than a mediatizing of Prussia, not under the princes but under the Chambers of the small states ; and a war for the Union carried on by Prussia could only remind me vividly of that Englishman who went through a victorious fight with a sentry, so as to be able to hang up in the sentry-box a right he had vindicated for himself and every free-born Briton. Should we nevertheless be driven so far as to make war for the Union idea, gentlemen, it would not be long before the last rags of the Union cloak would be torn off the Union champions by powerful hands, and nothing left but the red lining of this very light garment. Least of all can I believe that the statesman, who in the summer of 1848 could not withstand the demonstrations of friendship from a handful of Berlin proletarians, would be strong enough, if the conflagration were once started, to reject in the conflict with overwhelming force the proffered hands of Polish, Italian, Hungarian, and German democrats.

It would come to this, then : that a statesman was on the right track who sat in this place at the time of the now dissolved Chamber, and on the 31st of October, in the famous “nailed-up” sitting,¹ moved to hasten immediately to the aid of the Hungarian revolution, in the name of Germany, against the heirs of a long line of German emperors. It is a curious modesty that we cannot make up our minds to consider Austria a German power. I can trace no other ground for it than that Austria has the fortune to bear rule over foreign races, subjugated in former times by German arms. But I cannot conclude therefrom that because Slovaks and Ruthenes are under Austrian rule, these are the representatives of the state, and the Germans a purely incidental annex to Slavic Austria ; instead, I acknowl-

¹ Of October 31, 1849 ; popularly so called because the noisy crowd before the building frightened the Assembly into fastening a cross-bar over one of the doors.

edge in Austria the representative and heir of an old German power, which has often and gloriously wielded the German sword.

Don't imagine my hints of danger are based on chimeras. I appeal to the widely circulated organ of a party that calls itself the Moderate Constitutional or the Moderate Democratic, I don't know which, — the notions converge pretty closely just now, — I mean the *Kölnische Zeitung* [Cologne Gazette], in which Prussia is called on to come to the aid of Magyar and Italian independence. We need not go so far away to penetrate into the secret orgies of the democracy, where Prussia must hear with shame that the effigy of Robert Blum,¹ adorned with the Prussian colors, black and white, will be set up to incite like-minded members of the Prussian Landwehr to swear an oath of vengeance for the martyrs of freedom, before whose images they stand, and who died for the same thing, trying to fight Prussia. This also is from a letter I have read myself.

I have already given warning last year in this place, that Prussia must not be forced into the part which Turin has played in Italy. The duty of the counselors of the Crown is to protect Prussia from the counsels of those who have repeatedly brought it to the brink of destruction. It is their duty to save the Crown from allies more dangerous than the enemy itself; to shield the Prussian banner from being the meeting place of those whom Europe has cast out, and whom I will not indicate more exactly because none of them are present. If the ministry does not succeed in far averting from us this propaganda war, — this war of Principle, — then, gentlemen, nothing else remains for Prussia but to obey the order which summons it to a round of wars, if also to bitter sufferings and shameful overthrow even in victory. But may every one who can hinder this war and does not do it reflect that the blood which will be shed in this war stands to his own account as debtor; may he meet with the curse of every honorable soldier who dies for a cause he condemns and despises in his heart, and may that curse weigh heavy on his soul at the Judgment Day.

But, gentlemen, such a War of Principle—I have not heard that anybody wants it—I admit that it is a long time since I first heard the phrase in this Chamber; — should nobody in the land want such a War of Principle except a majority of the

¹ Saxon popular leader who went to Vienna to encourage the revolutionists, and was executed November 9, 1848.

Chamber, then in my judgment that is a ground not of war with Austria, but of war with this Chamber. Then it would be the duty of the advisers of the Crown to remember that a Chamber is easier to mobilize than an army [laughter], and to ask the people in a new election whether the judgment of their Representatives is approved; [Uproar. President: "Order, please!"] — or whether it will show by its choice that it clings with firm confidence to the ministry, to uphold which — remember that, gentlemen — almost all of us were sent hither a year ago.

THE GOVERNMENT'S POLICY IS THE KING'S POLICY.

(Speech of June 12, 1865.)

[On June 2 the House of Representatives rejected the bill to raise a loan for naval expenses, and accepted a resolution of Rep. Von Carlowitz that it could not authorize this loan for the Bismarck ministry, which had openly contemned the House's control over appropriations. A few days later the occasion arose for another futile protest. The government in May had requested, in a detailed memorial, an *ex post facto* consent to the expenditures out of public funds for the Danish War, indirectly acknowledging thereby the right of control in the House; the Budget Committee declared the proposition unacceptable. June 13, 1865, the committee's report came before the House. Several amendments were offered, among them one of Rep. Michaelis to the following purport: "The interest of Prussia and Germany demands that a definitive settlement of the status of Schleswig-Holstein be carried forward as speedily as possible; that nevertheless the Elbe Duchies shall be constituted as states only under such measures as shall establish an inseparable union between them and Prussia, which puts in Prussia's hands the defense of the northern boundaries of Germany and the development of a navy commanding respect, with the collaboration of the Elbe Duchies in proportions corresponding to the strength of both sides, and, which to this end guarantees the needful preliminary territorial, financial, maritime, and military conditions." Rep. Twesten, appointed the reporter of the committee, preferred the Michaelis motion to the committee's purely negative one, and in his own name — of course he could not speak for the committee — recommended its acceptance. Rep. Waldeck championed the committee report. After him Bismarck took the floor.]

If your committee's report had been of the same tenor as the preliminary statement of the honorable reporter, I should hardly have yielded to the temptation of taking the floor to-day; when, however, I call to mind the contents of the report, it makes me doubtful whether my memory of the transactions that occurred in this place a year and a half ago, over the authorization of a loan, is entirely correct. I had retained the impression about those doings, that the House of Representatives at that time would have been ready to authorize the costs of the Danish War in the shape of a loan, provided the royal government would have adopted the aims in foreign politics

which the popular House set up for it. Those aims are more closely indicated in two documents among the transactions of the time, which immediately express the sentiments of the House as a body, without my needing to extract them from partly more long-drawn speeches.

In the resolution you framed on refusal of the loan, some of these aims of Prussian policy are indicated negatively : "That this course in Prusso-Austrian politics can have no other outcome than to surrender the Duchies for the second time to Denmark," — this fear has not been realized ; "that the royal government, by treating this purely German question as a European one, invites the meddling of the outside world," — neither has this proved true ; "that the threatened violence provokes the justifiable resistance of the other German states, and thereby a *civil war in Germany*." Those were the fears which this House cherished, the precipices whose avoidance was demanded of the government, the precipices which were avoided by it. Positively, the House points out its aims in an address sent up to his Majesty the King, with these words : "Prussia and Germany are entitled, and therewith also in duty bound, to acknowledge the hereditary right of Frederick VIII. [of Augustenburg] to free the territory of the German Confederation from the presence of Danish troops, and to establish the joint existence and independence of the Dukedoms."

Gentlemen ! This programme is either fulfilled by the royal government, or its fulfillment, so far as it remains in arrears, so far as concerns the installation of Duke Frederick VIII., lies in our power. I have already emphasized this of late : we are fully in position to carry out this part of our programme any day, as soon as the hereditary right of the Duke of Augustenburg is proved to us, which it is *not*, or as soon as we have security that the claims to be made on the Duchies, in the interest of Prussia and of Germany as a whole, will be carried out by the Duke.

In spite of this accordance of the results attained with the aims then put forward by you, even now you disallow afresh the costs of the war. You assign as a motive for this disallowance a retrospective criticism, partly of the government's proceedings, partly the motive that caused you to refuse the loan a year and a half ago. You also make the reproach to the government's proceedings, that the aims which the government has followed have not always remained the same, but have changed. It has already been explained by a previous speaker

on the right [Wagener], that not so much the aims as the means of following out the aims have changed.

The three distinct items intended to express in the committee's report the incoherence of the aims followed by the government, mean to my thinking all three one thing, and that one they fully cover, and fall into accord. As our present aim is indicated the full separation of the Duchies from Denmark, which is definitively attained by the peace of October 30, 1864, and a closer annexation to Prussia in military and maritime relations. Along with this, be it expressly noted in our proposal that originally the authorizing resolution was only "to acquire the good will of the German states to the uttermost that seems attainable under the general political situation," and I believe the two are not in contradiction. What we are now striving for and have partly attained may be just this uttermost. A third, "the declaration given out in London, of securing the peace, in reality to establish a legal and solid status in Schleswig-Holstein, by surety against the return of Danish oppression to the Duchies,"—now this indication also fully accords with what we now set forth as our aim. The "security against return of Danish oppression" consists in certain stipulations we impose, which are primarily only to guard us against finding it necessary in a very short time to carry on a costly campaign still again to set the Duchies free.

The committee report lays further stress, as a motive for the former refusal of the loan, on the House having lacked the needful confidence in the persons who direct the policy. Gentlemen! I believe you would have had this confidence, if you had clearly put it before yourselves that the person who directs the foreign policy of the Prussian state is his Majesty the King, as well constitutionally as in matter of fact [sensation]; the minister conducts the policy of the Prussian state according to the fixed, precise, and special direction of his Majesty the King.

Had you made this clear to yourselves, then, I say, you would have had that confidence, and this confidence would not have deceived you. For the results you wished are attained, only not by the roads you wished to see taken: that is the capital reproach I find laid upon us in this retrospective criticism. You say that by your road, moreover, a wholesale disturbance of European peace could have been prevented; that it could have been prevented also if we had taken part with the German Confederation instead of with Austria. That



is possible; but it seemed to the royal government not probable to such a degree as the avoidance of war on the road we took, and anyway I have the result to plead that by our road it has been avoided.

You cast the further reproach on this road, that it has given us a joint proprietor in Schleswig-Holstein. But that ordered by you would have given us thirty-two joint proprietors [laughter and commotion on the Left], and on top of these same thirty-two that we now have, and indeed not with the same equal title, but with the supremacy of presidential power and the leadership of the majority of the Confederation against Prussia; the whole center of gravity would lie not between Berlin and Vienna and Kiel, it would lie in Frankfort, and the Duchies would probably find themselves at this moment under the administration of Messrs. K  nneritz and Kieper [Confederate commissioners for Holstein].

It has been set forth by a previous speaker — if I mistake not, by the honorable reporter — that we have missed an opportunity to place ourselves at the head of the middle and petty states of Germany. If the honorable reporter, like me, had been ambassador eight years long to the Confederate Diet in Frankfort, he would not have set up this possibility as one so easily attainable. He would, like me, be convinced that the majority of the middle and petty states would not voluntarily and readily have subordinated themselves to a Prussian leadership, to a Prussian action, without being constrained and restrained, without detriment to Prussia in drawing the consequences from that action. The relation would have been the inverse of the one suggested: Prussia would have taken part in this whole campaign under the lead of the Confederate majority and the Confederate resolutions.

Though the contents of the report have wrung these few words out of me, I still consider it fruitless to conjecture and criticise further over the past. The question upon which I should have expected here an utterance of the House, even more than the financial, is the political, the question of the present and the future. This question now, the one that for twenty years has stood in the foreground of German political interests, that question at this moment awaits solution. You, gentlemen, through the government's proposal, are put in a position to deliver yourselves on it; you have the opportunity to speak — I might say you are *en demeure* [in duty bound] to

advise. The nation has a right to learn what the opinion of its national bodyguard is on the matter. You have the chance to speak; diplomatic scruples do not stand in your way, and besides you have not cared much for them on former occasions. If, nevertheless, with this pressing challenge to give counsel, you keep silence on the subject now, it does not become me to impugn your motives for so doing by my criticism. If I were to judge the temper of the entire House by the utterances of Representative Waldeck, I must assume that you are afraid either to come in conflict with public opinion, if you say out what is in your hearts, or that if you do not come in conflict with public opinion, you may strengthen a government you would rather not, which does not belong to your party. I cannot think this is the sentiment of the majority among you. For you cannot deceive yourselves on this point: that you — in the department of foreign policy at least — that you cannot separate the government appointed by the King from the Prussian policy toward the outer world; you have neither the power nor the right to do so. There is in fact no other Prussian policy than that which the government appointed by the King carries on. Resist that policy, and you are resisting the policy of your own Fatherland in the Confederation toward the outer world that faces the Fatherland. [“No, no,” and commotion, especially on the Left.]

I believe that against the plain cold logic of this proposition, no practical objections can be sustained. I repeat that I do not prejudge that purpose as the conscious view of the majority of this House. I should not have used the expression if I had not been entitled to do so by the previous speaker. That speaker expressly said: “What do the perplexities of the Prussian government matter to us? Why should we strengthen it, perhaps by a vote? Why should we lend ourselves to be diplomatically utilized by this government, which denies our right over appropriations?” In short, if you follow the advice of the last speaker, you will use your legal right of refusing a loan to extort concessions from the government in other departments. I believe there is no doubt this was the last speaker’s meaning. That it is not the view of *all* among you, the motion of Representative Michaelis and his associates proves. I have not much objection to make to the substance of this motion, although I could have wished it more practical: it meets the reproach of insufficient clearness, and not wholly with injustice.

We have laid our programme fully and clearly before you in the dispatch of February 22; and I believe, gentlemen, — unless you wish, in the manner that one of the previous speakers has suggested, to actually *abdicate* in the sphere of foreign politics, — that the royal government has a right to expect an utterance from you to this purport: Will you stand up for this programme of the government, will you uphold the government, will you have the government advance at every hazard on the road marked out by this programme; or do you wish the programme changed, do you wish it lessened, do you wish it strengthened? Hereon the government, the country, has the right to demand an expression from you.

I must give a word of consideration still to the other amendment, offered by Representative Wagener and his companions. We have already pronounced ourselves in our bill, to the effect that if only the question of *pertinence* were decisive, this programme would be very much to the purpose, especially in the interest of the Duchies. I consider it, of a certainty, vastly more judicious for the Duchies to become a member of the great Prussian partnership than to set up a new little state with almost intolerable burdens. But if this programme, this motion, is to be carried into practice, then these very same burdens must be assumed by the Prussian Treasury. We could not receive the Duchies into the Prussian Confederation under any form, and still demand the Prussian war costs from them, or let them settle the Austrian war costs, or even let them remain under the inequality of debts which amount to double as much per head in Schleswig-Holstein as in Prussia. We must put them on an equality with the entire Prussian citizenship. The government cannot give its voice for the assumption of such weighty burdens when it sees the refusal of the national representation itself to assume them. A policy in that direction can only be considered in earnest by the government, when it is sure the national representation is ready to assume the burdens involved in it. We cannot begin such a policy and afterwards split on the rock of a refusal of the money, as Representative Dr. Waldeck has placed with full assurance in our view. But in any event, the idea of “annexation,” as it is currently called, even if it does not come to actual performance, has had its usefulness. The readiness of the Crown Prince of Augustenburg and the people of the Duchies to grant such conditions as Prussia

thought imperative to demand, was not in accord with my experience, and up to this time never present to such a degree as the honorable reporter believed he could picture it.

I remember especially that last summer I had the honor to speak in person with the Crown Prince of Augustenburg, and his Highness was so far away from the most moderate and equitable conditions, that when I unfolded them, he answered : "What have you come after the Duchies for, anyway? We didn't call you in; things would have fallen out better for me without Prussia."

This refusal to grant such conditions as might impose burdens on the population, especially in knight service, I do not view as the product of any irritation over certain newspaper articles, or over the policy of the royal government as a whole, but as the natural outcome of that easy-going indolence, averse from all action, which even the reporter has pointed out as the born share of small states, and which I lately took the liberty of characterizing as the state principle "resting on the basis of the Phæacians," who wanted to eat and drink and be protected. This resolve not to assume any sort of burden was present in the highest degree; it diminished in the same proportion the annexation idea came into view; it vanished entirely under the stress of this idea and the fear of violence. They have approached our wishes, but they have still not come so far that a conclusion can be reached. That with this refusal to make moderate concessions to Prussia, — yes, even those wholly indispensable to the interests of Germany, — the idea of annexation should emerge more and more and gain in prospect, lies in the nature of things. For if the reasonable conditions we demand are refused, and thereby a conclusion is hindered, it is certainly hard to see ahead to what complications such a refusal may lead in the long run and with altered European relations. But it leads to this, that naturally the measure of our cupidity takes a very much wider jump than is fixed at this moment by our discretion. [Cheers from the Right.]

[At the close of the prolonged debate, Rep. Twesten as reporter took the floor again. In the course of his speech, he opposed to the statement of the Minister President as to his conversation with the Crown Prince of Augustenburg the utterances of certain official newspapers, that the question had not been of a divergence from the Prussian demands, but in essentials the question of a partition of Schleswig and the surrender of North Schleswig to Denmark. He further adopted as his own the reproach cast up by Rep. Loewe, that the government was seeking to shelter the faults of its policy behind the person of the King, from which only the greatest injury to the Crown could arise. Bismarck rejoined.]

The honorable reporter has made some allusions in respect to the conversation with the Crown Prince of Augustenburg brought up by me to-day, which deviated from what I said, or even went beyond it. I make answer that his Highness was not in a position to treat with me concerning the partition or delimitation of Schleswig, because that did not depend on the Crown Prince. It was, to be sure, at the time when we could still not foresee with certainty that we should obtain all Schleswig. Having regard to this lack of clearness in relations, the Crown Prince furnished more extensive securities for the case of our obtaining the whole than for the case of our having to leave some part of Schleswig in the hands of Denmark. But in both cases, I repeat, the securities were wholly insufficient, and remained far in arrears of what would now be granted us even by Austria.

As the honorable reporter, in conclusion, has referred to an utterance of Representative Loewe, that the ministry intend to shoulder on his Majesty the King the responsibility for the faults it has committed in policy, I do not comprehend what utterances of mine can have given rise to this misunderstanding. The matter of fact that his Majesty the King himself directs the policy of Prussia, which is his constitutional right, — gentlemen, it exists! Then shall I tell you untruth about it? I report to his Majesty the King, and on that report his Majesty orders what shall be done. Should something be commanded that in my conviction would be incompatible with the true welfare of the country, I should give in my resignation. My staying at my post shows you, therefore, that I assuredly consider the policy ordered by his Majesty the King compatible with the welfare of the country, and serve him with readiness; but the fact remains always there, that the King of Prussia directs its policy according to his own individual will, and I rejoice that it is so. [Cheers from Right.]

I have not thrown off the responsibility for our *faults*, however, but I have claimed the profit of a bold and coherent policy — I should not speak so vaingloriously of it if it were my own policy — this *profit* and your confidence I have claimed for his Majesty the King. Whether that means shouldering our faults on the Crown, cowering behind the throne, and thereby covering up our own responsibility, I leave you to judge. Should faults be committed, and I be a party to them, then you may expect me to say, "*Quand même*" [Cost what it may], and

answer for it nevertheless. But should it ever come to bearing the consequences of such faults, then I can assure Representative Loewe that he will find me, come the worst that may, *before* the throne ; whether I shall find *him* there then is doubtful to me. [Cheers from the Right, hisses from the Left.]

[The government's proposal and the motions of Reps. Michaelis and Wagener were rejected, and the committee's adopted. This was plain notice that no terms could be made with the House except by an express constitutional submission the government would not submit to ; on June 17, therefore, the Minister President closed the sittings of the Diet in the name of the King, with a speech in which, after a sharp criticism of the hostile resolutions of the House of Representatives, he gave expression to the hope that the day might not be far distant when the nation, as already through a thousand voices that found utterance of their own motion, so through the mouths of their legal representatives, would give thanks and acknowledgment to its King.]

THE BILL OF INDEMNITY.

(Speech of September 1, 1866.)

[The Austro-Prussian war of 1866, which brought to Prussia not only a popularly unexpected accession of land and people, but also its due leadership in North Germany, led in Prussia itself to a vast revolution of opinion, which had been slowly maturing as it became evident that the government had firmness to use its new military machine for the aggrandizement of the country. The chief objection of the Liberals to the great military expenditures had been the hopelessness, born of many retreats before Austria or Russia or the Confederate Diet, of their being utilized for giving Prussia a higher position. The army had now brilliantly approved itself in two wars, and the government had satisfied the most exacting demands of Prussian patriotism ; there could be no further motive for an irreconcilable policy toward the government when the latter showed itself willing to reënter constitutional paths, which indeed under its own interpretation it had never left. The elections on July 3 brought in a host of new members more than willing to end the contest now so objectless. On the other hand, some Hotspurs in the Conservative ranks counseled the King to employ the absolute authority which the Crown was now enjoying to enhance the power of the kingdom, and the monarch himself leaned to that view. Count Bismarck, however, thought it more advantageous to hold out the hand of reconciliation to the sulkers standing aloof, and by formal acknowledgment of the principle of "Budget-right" to win their collaboration in the common task of strengthening the kingdom from within. That the bill for *ex post facto* legalization of the expenses incurred without authorized budget in 1862-1865 should not be looked on as a humbling of the Crown beneath the House of Representatives, was Bismarck's care ; and on the date above given he expressed the government's wish for peace in the following speech.]

The more sincerely the royal government wishes peace, the more do its members feel the duty of refraining from entrance upon retrospective criticism, be it for attack or defense. We have on both sides in the past four years defended our stand-

points copiously, with more or less bitterness or good nature; neither has been able in the four years to convince the other; each has believed he was acting rightly when he acted as he did. A treaty of peace in foreign relations, moreover, would scarcely ever be brought to pass if demand were made that it should be preceded by the confession from one of the two sides: "I now admit that I have acted unjustly." We wish for peace, not because we are driven off the field in this domestic battle, — on the contrary, the tide is flowing at this moment more in our favor than for years before; nor do we wish it in order to evade a possible future impeachment on the basis of a future bill of pains and penalties: I do not believe we shall be impeached; I do not believe that if it does happen we shall be condemned, and be that as it may — many reproaches have been cast on this ministry, but never yet that of cowardice! [Laughter.]

We wish peace, because in our judgment the Fatherland needs it at the present moment in a higher degree than before; we wish it and seek it especially for the reason that we believe it is to be had at the present moment; we should have tried for it earlier if we could have hoped to have it earlier; we believe it is to be had because you will have recognized that the royal government is not so much a stranger to the problems which you in your majority were wrestling with as perhaps you have thought for some years past; not so much a stranger as the silence of the government on many points it had to be silent on may have entitled you to believe. [Cheers.] On this ground we believe that peace is to be had, and we seek it honestly; we have held out our hand to you on it, and the motion of the committee gives us the assurance that you will clasp the hand. Then the problems that remain for us to solve, we shall solve in common with you; I do not exclude in any way from these problems, improvements of domestic conditions in fulfillment of the promises made in the constitution. [Loud cheers from all sides.] But only in common shall we be able to solve them, for on both sides we serve the same Fatherland with the same good will, without distrusting the sincerity of the others. [Cheers.]

At this moment, however, the problems of foreign policy are still unsolved, the glittering achievements of the army have only increased after a fashion the stake we have in the game, we have more to lose than before, but the game is not yet won;

the more firmly we hold together internally, the surer we are to win it. If you look about you in the foreign world, if you glance through the Vienna newspapers, and even the ones that will be accepted as expressing the sentiments of the imperial government, you will find the same expressions of hate and of anti-Prussian agitation that were to be read there before the war, and which contributed not a little to make the war a necessity for the imperial government; from which the imperial government could not have drawn back if it had wished. Look on the behavior of the peoples in South Germany, as they are represented in the armies; there certainly the proper degree of reconciliation, and of recognition of a common problem of united Germany, is certainly not present so long as Bavarian troops fire at Prussian officers assassin-wise out of railroad carriages. Look at the attitude of the individual governments toward the new arrangements to be framed: it is one of content with some, of reluctance with others; certain it is, however, that you will scarcely find a power in Europe that has furthered the constituting of this new collective German life in a good-tempered way, unless it has needed in its own fashion to share in this constituting; even if it were only to not shut off one of the more powerful confederates, as Saxony, from the possibility of being able to play the same part as in the last war. [Cries of "Very true."]

So, gentlemen, our problem is not yet solved; it demands the unity of the collective nation as a fact and as an impression.

If it has often been said, "What the sword has won the pen has lost," I have full confidence that we shall now hear, "What sword and pen have won is not annihilated by this tribune!" [Loud applause.]

[On September 3, the grant of indemnity was carried by 230 to 75, and domestic peace was established in Prussia.]

ALSACE-LORRAINE A RAMPART AGAINST FRANCE.

(Speech of May 2, 1871.)

[After the accession of Alsace-Lorraine as a result of the Franco-Prussian War, the problem of its organization and government while being Germanized became a burning one. Its bitterness of French feeling made it difficult to manage as an entity, and to consolidate it with one of its South German neighbors or * with Prussia would probably involve internecine German quarrels. Naturally, the question of definitive organization was remitted to the future as far as possible; and up to the time when the new imperial constitution went into effect (January 1, 1874), the district was governed directly by the Crown and the Bundesrath

(Federal Council). On May 2, 1871, the bill for the incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine with the German Empire came to a first reading. Prince Bismarck opened with the following speech.]

I have only a few words to say in introducing the bill now before you. On its details the debate will give me an opportunity to express myself; but the leading principle, I think, is hardly open to a difference of opinion, — I mean the question whether Elsass and Lothringen shall be incorporated with the German Empire. The form in which it will have to be accomplished, especially the form in which it is to be initiated, will of course be matter of your resolutions, and you will find the confederated governments ready to carefully weigh all proposals divergent from ours that shall be made in this regard.

On the principle itself, I think no difference of opinion will be present, for the reason that it was not present a year ago, and during this year of war it has not come to light. If we cast our minds back a year, — more exactly, ten months, — we can say to ourselves that Germany was one in the love of peace; there was hardly a German who did not wish peace with France, so long as it was to be had with honor. Those morbid exceptions who may have desired war in the hope that their own Fatherland would succumb — they are not worthy of the name, I do not count them Germans! [Cheers.]

I still maintain that the Germans wished for peace with unanimity. But they were just as unanimous when war was forced upon us, when we were constrained to catch up some means of protecting ourselves, that if God should grant us victory in this war, which we were resolved to wage manfully, we would seek for a guarantee to make the recurrence of a like war improbable, and defense easier if it did occur. Every one recalled that under our fathers for three hundred years there had been hardly a generation which had not been forced to draw the sword against France; and every one said to himself that if on former occasions, when Germany belonged to the victors over France, the possibility of giving Germany a better fortress against the West had been neglected, it lay in the fact that we had won the victory in common with Confederate allies, whose interests were not just ours. Every one was therefore determined, in case we now, standing alone, and backed purely by our own weapons and our own right, should win the victory, to work in serious earnest to leave behind a solid future to our children.

The wars with France had in the course of centuries, since owing to the welter of Germany they nearly always fell out to our disadvantage, shaped a geographico-military bound-mark that in itself was full of temptation for France and full of menace for Germany ; and I cannot more strikingly characterize the situation in which we found ourselves, especially in which South Germany found itself, than was once done to me by a sagacious South German sovereign, when Germany was forced to take part with the Western powers in the Eastern war, without having, in the conviction of its governments, a subsistent interest in carrying on the war. I may give his name—it was the late King William of Würtemberg. He said to me : “I share your opinion that we have no interest in mixing ourselves in this war, that no German interest is at stake in it worth the pains of spilling German blood for. But if we should fall out with the Western powers over it, supposing it goes that length : count on my vote in the Bundestag up to the time when it comes to the breaking out of war—for then the matter takes on another aspect. I am resolved as honestly as everybody else to keep the engagements I have undertaken. But beware of judging men other than as they are. Give us Strasburg, and we shall be united for all eventualities ; but so long as Strasburg is a sally-port for a continually armed power, I have to be afraid that my country will be overrun with foreign troops before the German Bund could come to my aid. I would not hesitate a moment to eat the bitter bread of exile in your camp ; but my subjects will write to me that they are to be crushed by contributions in order to work a change in my resolve—I do not know what I should do, I do not know whether all the people would remain firm enough. But the crucial point lies in Strasburg ; for so long as that is not German, it will always put an obstacle in the way of South Germany’s indulging itself with German unity, a German national policy without reserve. So long as Strasburg is a sally-port for a constantly mobilized army of a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand men, Germany remains in the position of not being able to march across the Rhine in due season with just as strong an active force—the French will regularly be there before us.”

I believe this case, drawn from life, tells the whole story, I have nothing to add to it.

The wedge which the corner of Elsass thrust into Germany

at Weissenburg separated South Germany from North Germany more effectively than the political line of the Main; and it required a high degree of resolution, of national enthusiasm and devotion, in our South German confederates, in face of this close-lying danger to which they were exposed under a skillful conduct of the campaign by the French, to not waver an instant from seeing their own danger in North Germany's, and fall to with a will in order to go forward with us in a body! [Cheers.] That France in this commanding position, in this outlying bastion that Strasburg formed against Germany, was ready at any time to yield to the temptation as soon as domestic affairs made a foreign outlet needful, we have seen for ten years long. ["Very true!"] It is notorious that as late as the 6th of August, 1866, I had the experience of seeing the French ambassador enter my room to put before me in curt language the ultimatum of surrendering Mainz to France or expecting an immediate declaration of war. ["Hear! Hear!"] I was of course not doubtful of the answer for a second. I answered him, "Very well, then it is war!"¹ [Cheers.] He journeyed to Paris with this answer; in Paris they changed their minds after a few days,² and I was given to understand that these instructions were extorted from the Emperor Napoleon while he was sick. [Laughter.] The further attempt in relation to Luxemburg, and the further questions, are well known; I shall not hark back to that. I think I do not need to show, either, that France has not always had enough strength of character to withstand the temptations the possession of Elsass brought with it.

As to the question what securities are to be obtained against this — they must be of a territorial nature; the guarantees of foreign powers cannot help us much, for such guarantees sometimes have to receive as codicils curiously enfeebling declarations. [Laughter.] One would have supposed all Europe would feel the need of checking the frequent struggles between two great cultured peoples in the midst of European civilization, and that it was not far to see that the simplest means of checking them was to strengthen the undeniably pacific part of both in its defenses. I cannot say, however, that this idea was

¹ Neither Benedetti's demand nor Bismarck's refusal was as roughly worded as this gives the idea; the substance of the conversation, however, is not falsified. Benedetti closed the interview with Bismarck under the conviction that a cession of German territory could not be had without war. — KOHL.

² By a letter to the minister, Lavalette, on August 12, 1866, Napoleon III. renounced any compensation through the cession of German territory. — KOHL.

in the first instance everywhere found obvious. [Laughter.] It was sought after by other expedients; it was widely proposed that we should content ourselves with the costs of the war and with the demolition of the French fortresses in Elsass and Lothringen. I have always opposed this, for I consider it an unpractical means for the maintenance of peace. It is the constituting of a legal incumbrance on foreign soil and property, of a very oppressive and vexatious burden to the feeling of sovereignty and independence in the one it befalls. The cession of fortresses would be hardly felt more sorely than such a command of a foreign country not to dare build within the sphere of one's own sovereignty. The demolition of the unimportant place of Hüningen¹ has perhaps been oftener used to excite French passion than any loss of territory France had to suffer on its conquest in 1815. I have therefore set no value on this means; the less, that, according to the geographical configuration of the outpushing bastion, as I took the liberty of pointing out, the starting-point of the French troops would always have lain close to Stuttgart and Munich, as now. It came to this, that it must be moved farther back.

More than that, Metz is a place whose topographical configuration is of such a kind that art needs to do very little there in order to make it a strong fortress, and in order that what it has done upon it, if it were obliterated, which would be very costly, might nevertheless be very speedily restored. So I have judged this expedient also inadequate.

Another means would have been — and that would be recommended even by the inhabitants of Elsass and Lothringen — to erect in that place a neutral state, such as Belgium and Switzerland. A chain of neutral states would then have been established from the North Sea to the Swiss Alps, which would certainly have made it impossible for *us* to attack France by land, because we are accustomed to respect agreements and neutrality, [“Very good!”] and because we should be separated from France by this intermediate space; but France would have been nowise impeded in the plan conceived but not carried out in this very last war, of sending its fleet on occasion to land troops on our coasts, or landing French troops among

¹ Hüningen, which Louis XIV. acquired by purchase in 1680, and erected into a strong fortress, was forced to capitulate in 1815. At the order of the Archduke John the fortifications were demolished, and the second peace of Paris forbade their rebuilding. — K.

allies to let them penetrate among us. France would have received a protecting girdle against us ; but we, so long as our fleet was not able to cope with the French, should not be covered by the sea. This was one ground, but only of the second rank. The foremost ground is, that neutrality in general is only solid when the population is resolved to keep for itself an independent neutral position, and to uphold its neutrality in case of need with military force. Belgium has done so, Switzerland has done so ; neither of them would have needed it against us, but as matter of fact, their neutrality has been preserved by both. Both *wish* to remain independent neutral states. This supposition would not hold good in the immediate future with the new neutrals-to-be, Elsass and Lothringen ; on the contrary, it is to be expected that whoever might be its sovereign, the strong French elements of this neutral state who will long remain in the land, who would cling to France with their interests, sympathies, and memories, would resolve, in a new French-German war, to reannex themselves to France, and the neutrality would be just a mere phantom, noxious to us, useful to France. Nothing else remained, therefore, but to bring this tract all complete, with its strong fortresses, under German control, in order to protect itself as a strong rampart of Germany against France, and in order to set back the starting-point of a possible French attack by a number of days' marches, if France, either by its own increase of strength, or by the possession of allies, should again throw down the glove to us.

To the realization of this idea, the satisfaction of this imperative need for our security, there opposed itself in the foremost rank the refusal of the inhabitants themselves to be separated from France. It is not my business here to investigate the causes that have made it possible for an originally German population to be so deeply attached to a country with foreign speech, and a government not always beneficent or indulgent. Some part of it lies in the fact that all those special traits which distinguish Germans from Frenchmen are embodied precisely in the Alsatian people to a high degree, so that the population of this region in respect of capability and love of order, I dare to say without assumption, have formed a sort of aristocracy in France ; they were better fitted for office, more trustworthy in service. The officers in the military, the police, the officials in the civil service, were Alsations and Lorrainers in a proportion far transcending the ratio of the population ; there were a million and a half of Germans

who were in a position to utilize, and as a fact did utilize, the qualities of the German among a people that has other qualities, but not precisely these; they had from their special traits a preferred position, which made them forget much legal unfairness. Moreover, it lies in the German character that every stock vindicates for itself some kind of superiority, especially over its nearest neighbors: behind the Alsatians and Lorrainers, so long as they were French, stood Paris with its brilliancy, and France with its centralized greatness; he faced the German citizen with the feeling, "Paris is mine," and found in that a source for a feeling of particularist ascendancy. I will not go back over the broader grounds, that every one is more easily assimilated to a great state organism which gives his capacity full play, than to a nation in shreds, even if racially related, such as formerly exhibited itself to an Alsatian on this side the Rhine. It is a fact that this refusal was there, and that it is our duty to vanquish it by patience. We have in my judgment many means for so doing; we Germans as a whole are in the habit of ruling more benevolently—sometimes a trifle awkwardly, but in the long run it nevertheless turns out—more benevolently and humanely than the French statesmen do [laughter]; that is an advantage of the German nature, which in the German hearts of the Alsatians will soon be homelike and recognizable.

We shall moreover be able to grant the inhabitants a much higher degree of municipal and individual freedom than the French arrangements and traditions ever could. If we view the Paris commotion of to-day [the Commune], it will prove true of that, what is not doubtful of any commotion which has a certain continuity, that alongside all the unreasonable motives which cling to it and influence individuals, a kernel of something more rational lies at the heart: else no agitation could acquire even the degree of strength which that of Paris has momentarily acquired. This rational kernel—I do not know how many people adhere to it, but in any case the best and most intelligent of those who momentarily fight against their fellow-countrymen—I may indicate by one word: it is the German city order; if the Commune had this, then the *better* of their adherents would be contented—I do not say all. We must distinguish how the matter stands: the militia of violence consists predominantly of people who have nothing to lose. In a city of two millions there is a great number of so-called *repris de justice* [discharged convicts], persons who

with us would be marked as under police surveillance, persons who employ in Paris the interval they have between two seasons in the penitentiary, and who find themselves in considerable numbers there, persons who everywhere where there is disorder and plundering are ready to help themselves. It is just these who have given the outbreak the character of a menace to civilization, by which it casually distinguished itself before its theoretical aims were more closely investigated, and which in the interest of humanity is now, I hope, among the vanquished, but which certainly also is just as likely to relapse. Besides this scum, such as is found copiously enough in every large state, will be the militia I mentioned, composed of a number of followers of the European national republic. The figures have been given me which the foreign nationalities there are concerned with; of which there dimly remains to me only that about eight thousand Englishmen have to be in Paris for the purpose of carrying out their plans,—I presume a great part of them are Irish Fenians, who will be designated by the term “Englishmen,”—as well as a great quantity of Belgians, Poles, Garibaldians, and Italians. They are people to whom the Commune and French liberties are practically indifferent; they are striving after something else, and to them, of course, this argument was not applied, when I said, ‘There is a rational kernel in every commotion. [Laughter.]

Such wishes as surely they are well entitled to in the large communities of France—compared with their past public law, which allowed them but a slight measure of activity, and yet according to the traditions of French statesmen granted them the utmost communal freedom that can be obtained—make themselves in a high degree perceptible with the German character of the Alsatian and Lorrainer, who strives after more individual and communal sovereignty like the Frenchman; and I am convinced that we can allow the population of Elsass, without injury to the united empire, considerably freer play in the sphere of self-government,—from the ground up,—which will gradually be so broadened as to approach the ideal that every individual, every smaller narrower circle, shall possess the degree of liberty that on the whole is compatible with the order of the organized public body. To attain this, to come the nearest possible to this end, I consider the task of all rational political science; and it is much more attainable with the German arrangements under which we live than it ever can be in

France, with the French character and the centralized constitution of France. I believe therefore that with German patience and German kindness, we shall succeed in winning over the natives there—perhaps in a shorter time than is now expected. There will always remain elements there, however, which are rooted in France with their whole personal past, and which are too old to still tear themselves loose from it; or which by their material interests are necessarily connected with France, and for the snapping of the ties that knit them to France can find compensation with us either not at all or but tardily. So we need not flatter ourselves with very quickly reaching the goal of having conditions in Elsass like what they are in Thuringia, in respect of German feeling; but then we need not doubt, either, of attaining even in our own lifetime the goal we aspire to, if we fulfill the days that on the average are given to men.

How now to approach this problem more closely,—in what form, to begin with,—that is the question which first devolves upon you at this time, gentlemen, but yet not in a decisive way or one binding on the future. I would beg you in these discussions not to take the standpoint that you are to make something valid to all eternity, that you can frame for yourselves right on the spot a firm notion of the shape of the future, as perhaps it will be after a number of years. No human foresight, in my judgment, extends so far. The relations are abnormal; they *must* be abnormal,—our *whole* problem was so,—and they are not merely abnormal in the way we have won Elsass, they are also abnormal in the person of the winner. A federation composed of sovereign princes and free cities, which makes a conquest it must retain for the needs of its own defense, which thus finds itself in *common* possession, is a very rare phenomenon in history; and if we except isolated enterprises of the Swiss cantons,—which however had no intention in any case of assimilating to themselves with equal rights the territories conquered in common, but that of administering them as common provinces for the benefit of the conqueror,—I hardly believe anything like it can be found in history. I should also believe that precisely on account of this abnormal condition and abnormal task, the exhortation not to overrate the far-sightedness of the sharpest-eyed politician in human affairs had fallen upon us. I at least do not feel able at this moment to say with full assurance how the situation will be in Elsass and Lothringen three years hence. To be able to calcu-

late that, one must see into the future. It depends on factors whose development, whose demeanor and good will, are not at all in our power and cannot be regulated by us.

This is what we lay before you : merely an *experiment*, to find the correct beginning of a road as to whose end we still need instruction ourselves through the developments, through the experiences, we shall create. And I would therefore beg you meanwhile to be willing to travel that empirical road, which the governments have gone over, and to accept the conditions as they stand, and not as perhaps would be desirable. If one knows nothing *better* to put in the place of something that does not entirely please him, he always does better, according to my conviction, to allow the gravitation of events its course, and meanwhile take the matter just as it stands ; but it stands thus, — that the confederated governments have won these territories in common, that their common ownership and their common administration is something to be taken for granted, which can be modified according to our needs and the needs of the partners in Elsass and Lothringen. But I would urgently beg you to save up still, just as the confederated governments do, your judgment as to how the exact shape can once more become definitive. If you have more courage to fore-judge the future than we have, we will readily meet you halfway, as we can assuredly perform our task only in common ; and the very precaution with which I make known to you the conviction of the confederated governments, and with which the conviction has been formed, shows you at once the ready and willing mood we are in to let ourselves be taught, if we can be given any kind of a better proposition, especially should it be approved as better at the hand of experience, even of a short experience ; and if I make known this good will on our side, I am sure it is just as present a purpose with you, on this common road, with German patience and German love to all, in particular to the people of our newest land, to find and at last to reach the rightful goal. [Hearty cheers.]

[The bill was referred to a committee, and came on May 20, greatly amended, to a second reading before the Reichstag. The principal changes, which substituted the coöperation of the Reichstag in legislation for the dictatorship of the Emperor and the Chancellor through the period of transition, were opposed by the Chancellor at the third reading on the 25th of May ; he succeeded in having the reported bill sent back for another reading. By the personal intervention of the Chancellor, a compromise between the opposing views was reached, so that a bill correspondingly altered was passed by the Reichstag June 3.]

“WE WILL NOT GO TO CANOSSA!”

(Speech of May 14, 1872.)

[The Kulturkampf (Civilization Struggle, or that of the spirit of progress against obscurantism—a term invented by Virchow) was not at first an assault of the state upon ecclesiastical rights, but a defense against the hostile encroachments of Catholic individuals or parties. To prevent these sporadic acts of mutual hostility from growing into irreconcilable warfare, the Emperor William decided, in April, 1872, to send a special envoy to the Holy See, believing that it could be induced to separate its religious interests from the struggles for political power of the Center party in the German Empire. The idea was almost absurdly futile, as the Papacy could not disavow its most earnest adherents; but its good faith is made evident by the selection of Cardinal Prince Gustav zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst,—for though he was a loyal German and notoriously not in sympathy with the Ultramontanes, yet as Bismarck wrote to Count Arnim, the German ambassador in Paris, on April 28, it was obvious to any one without prejudice that a cardinal would not be a useful instrument of hostile designs against the Papacy. But in Rome the choice of the cardinal, to the German government's surprise, met with a cold rejection. On May 2 the Pope communicated to the German chargé, Von Derenthall, through Cardinal Antonelli, his Secretary of State, that sensible as he was of the consideration of his Majesty the Emperor, he regretted that nevertheless he could not authorize the acceptance of so delicate and weighty a function by a cardinal of the Roman Church. The news of this rejection was publicly bruited abroad from Rome before any official answer had been sent to the Emperor's communication; the organs of the Center were loudly exultant, regarding a lukewarm adherent as the worst of enemies, and the vast Protestant majority were correspondingly enraged at the snub to the Emperor and the rebuff to conciliatory offers. Representative Von Bennigsen made himself the spokesman of popular feeling. On May 14, 1872, in the discussion on the 19,350 thalers for the Roman embassy included in the Foreign Office estimates, he sharply criticised the Pope's procedure, and submitted whether in respect of the latest occurrences the post should not be abolished for the future. Without directly moving its abolition, he expressed the hope that the government now or in future would declare the appropriation for the embassy superfluous. On this, Bismarck spoke as follows.]

I understand that with this Budget appropriation, the idea may spring up that the costs of this embassy are no longer requisite because it is no longer a question of protecting German subjects in the districts concerned. I am glad, however, that a motion to abolish this post was not made, for it would have been unwelcome to the government. The tasks of an embassy consist on the one hand of the protection of their countrymen; on the other hand, however, also of harmonizing the relations in which the imperial government stands to the court at which there is an accredited ambassador. Now there is no foreign sovereign who, by the tenor of our legislation up to this time, would be qualified so extensively to exercise

rights approaching sovereignty, and subject to no constitutional responsibility, within the German Empire, by virtue of our legislation. It is therefore of substantial interest to the German Empire how it stands toward the supremacy of the Roman Church, which exercises this influence among us, so unusually embracing for a foreign sovereign — how it stands toward it in a diplomatic way. I hardly believe that an ambassador of the German Empire, considering the tone of feeling now authoritative in the Catholic Church, would succeed by the most skillful diplomacy, by *persuasion* — of comminatory action, as might happen between two secular powers, there can of course be no suggestion here — but I will say by persuasion, in exercising an influence which a modification of the attitude taken on principle by his Holiness the Pope toward secular things would be able to effect. I consider it, according to recently expressed and publicly promulgated dogmas of the Catholic Church, impossible for a secular power to arrive at a concordat, without that secular power effacing itself to a degree and in a manner which the German kingdom at least cannot accept. [“Very true !”] Have no anxiety : *we will not go to Canossa*,¹ either bodily or spiritually ! [Loud cheering.]

But notwithstanding, no one can hide from himself that the attitude of the German Empire — I have not here the task of inquiring into the motives and the fault of one side or the other, but only the task of defending a Budget appropriation — that the temper within the German Empire as to the limits of the confessional peace is a stormy one. The governments of the German Empire seek assiduously, seek with the entire solicitude which they owe to their Catholic as to their evangelical subjects, for the means of getting in the friendliest manner possible, in a manner to shock as little as possible the confessional relations of the empire, out of the present condition of things into one more acceptable. This of course can hardly be effected otherwise than by way of legislation, and indeed by way of a general imperial legislation [cheers], for which the governments will be constrained to claim the assistance of the Reichstag. [Cheers and “Hear ! hear !”]

That this legislation, however, must go forward in a way to save the freedom of conscience entire, in the most deliberate,

¹ Where the Emperor Henry IV. humiliated himself before Pope Gregory VII., January 25-27, 1077.

most delicate manner, that the government must take careful pains to prevent all needless aggravation of its tasks which may proceed from incorrect reports or the lack of correct forms, you will grant me; that the governments must take pains to carry out the rectification of our inner peace in the way to spare most fully the confessional feelings, even such as we do not share, you will grant me. To this end is required before everything, that on the one side the Roman Curia shall always be as well informed as possible of the intentions of the German governments, and better informed than it has been up to this time. I consider as one of the most prominent causes of the present disturbances in the confessional sphere the inaccurate representations, distorted either by personal agitation or by worse motives, of the state of things in Germany and the intentions of the German governments, which have come to his Holiness the Pope.

I had hoped that by the selection of an ambassador who had the full confidence of both sides, first in regard to a nice love of truth and worthiness of credit, then in regard to the placability of his disposition and behavior—that the selection of such an ambassador as his Majesty the Emperor had hit upon in the person of a well-known prince of the Church would be welcome in Rome, that it would be understood as a pledge of our intentions of peace and of meeting them halfway, that it would be hailed as a stepping-stone to a compromise; I had hoped that in it would be perceived the assurance that we would never demand from his Holiness the Pope anything else than what a prince of the Church, bound also to his Holiness the Pope by the most intimate relations, might say, report, and speak out, that the forms would always remain those in which one prince of the Church moves relatively to another, and that all needless friction should be prevented in a matter which is difficult enough of itself. Many fears over this appointment have been united on the evangelical and liberal side, which in my judgment are grounded in the main upon an incorrect estimate of the position of an envoy or ambassador. An ambassador is substantially, however, only the vessel which first obtains its full value when filled by the instructions of its sovereign. That the vessel should be an agreeable and welcome one, however,—one which by its nature, as they said of the ancient crystals, cannot receive poison or venom without instantly proclaiming it,—that is certainly desirable in such delicate relations as these are. That we

had hoped to attain. Unfortunately, on grounds which have not yet been explained to us, this intention of the imperial government has been hindered of successful execution by a curt refusal on the side of the papal Curia.

I can truly say that such a case does not often occur. It is customary that when a sovereign has fixed upon his choice for an envoy or ambassador, he then out of courtesy addresses the inquiry to the sovereign the envoy is accredited to, whether the latter is *persona grata*: it is extremely seldom the case, however, that this inquiry is answered in the negative, since it always implies an annulment of a nomination already made; for what the Emperor can do as to such a nomination, he did in advance, before asking the question. He has so nominated before he asks; the negative answer is thus a command to annul the action taken—is a declaration, “You have made a wrong choice!” I have been foreign minister for close on ten years now, I have been for twenty-one years in the business of high-grade diplomacy, and I think I do not deceive myself when I say this is the first and solitary case I have experienced [“Hear! hear!”] when such a question has been answered in the negative. I have often had it happen that opinions were expressed against ambassadors who had already served for a long period, that a court in a confidential way has expressed the wish that a change in the person might take place; then, however, this court had behind it many years of experience in diplomatic intercourse with that person, had the conviction that his personality was unsuitable for securing the good relations wished for by that court, and then expressed in the most confidential form—usually in the autograph writing from sovereign to sovereign, with specifications—why this was so, and even then in a very cautious manner it is seldom or never definitely commanded. There have been individual cases in the recent past, at least *one* highly flagrant one, when the recall of an envoy has been demanded; but as I said, the refusal of a new nominee is not in my memory as an experience of mine.

My regret over this refusal is an exceedingly acute one. I am not entitled, however, to translate this regret into the colors of resentment; for the government owes it to our Catholic fellow-citizens not to be weary of searching for the path in which the settlement of the boundaries between the spiritual and the secular powers, which in the interest of our domestic peace we absolutely need, can be found in the most indulgent way.

one least irritating confessionally. I shall therefore not allow myself to be discouraged by this occurrence, but go forward to collaborate with his Majesty the Emperor, to the end that a representative of the empire may be found for Rome who shall enjoy the confidence of both powers, if not to the same degree, at least to a sufficient degree. That this task is rendered materially harder by what has happened, I certainly cannot conceal. [Cheers.]

[Rep. Windthorst made an attempt to criticise the action of the German government, and to justify the rejection of the cardinal by the Curia. He termed the Pope the lawful lord of the cardinal, and laid the blame of the occurrence at the door of the German government, which in misconception of this papal lordship had nominated an official of the Pope to a position which only a subordinate of the Emperor could occupy. Prince Bismarck sharply scored down the claim of the Ultramontane champion, and emphasized the fact that the government had resolved, "in opposition to the claim which individual subjects of his Majesty the King of Prussia set up, to spiritual station and that there *may* be laws of the land which are not binding on *them*, to hold firm the full united sovereignty, the sovereignty of legislation, with all the means at its command." The appropriation for the embassy was passed.]

"THE OLD MAN'S" EXHORTATION TO THE CONSERVATIVES.

(Speeches of March 20 and May 18, 1889.)

[The Emperor's message of November 17, 1881, had introduced the great social question of state insurance for the laboring classes against old age and sickness, which both the Emperor and Bismarck had keenly at heart, as a social beneficence and a political safeguard. It took years to draft out even a presentable scheme for this most complicated reform; at length, on the sixth anniversary of the message, the Home Office published a tentative draft for criticism. In April, 1888, a bill founded on this was laid before the Reichstag, and referred to the proper committee, which in July again published a draft based on the results of its threshing out. The criticisms showered on it from theoretical and practical circles were utilized in a third and last draft, of embracing compass and 150 paragraphs, which was debated on the first reading, December 6, 7, and 10. The Social Democrats and German Liberalists (Deutschfreisinnigepartei) objected to the whole principle, and prophesied only an intensification of class hatred; all other sections were friendly to the principle, though finding much fault with the exact system proposed. The bill went into committee, which debated it in 41 sittings, and recommended it with large alterations by 22 to 5. March 20, 1889, the second reading in the Reichstag began. The Opposition circulated the report that Bismarck no longer cared to have it go through, which created much uncertainty, and was partly true and partly false. The alterations in his plan had taken out of it for him what he thought its chief merit, the free and unburdened grant to the laborer from the public resources of a provision for his times of helplessness: to load it with a contribution from the laborer himself, he considered open to the charge that the government was

enriching itself by these pickings from the laborers' pockets for a decade before it returned anything to him ; he wished to reach their hearts at once by a gift that had no taint of anything but pure good feeling for the needs of the poor. But he knew the proverb that "the best is the enemy of the good," and had no wish to see even an installment of the great reform definitively shelved ; he therefore consented to have the contributions of employee and employer fixed at the same share, and the government only charged with a yearly addition of fifty marks to each annuity. By his order, the Home Secretary, Von Boetticher, contradicted on March 29 all such reports as above. During his statement Bismarck made his appearance, and confirmed his utterances by the following declaration.]

If I take the floor on this matter, after the competent and exhaustive statement of the previous speaker, I am led to it only by the casual fact that the previous speaker has expressed himself in my presence on my position toward the matter, and if I should be silent on it, it would look as if I were not fully in accord with the previous speaker in regard to what he has said about me. To meet them halfway is my duty to the matter and the previous speaker both ; that the — I can call it nothing else than "suspectedness," whose existence he has hinted at, should be also contradicted by me, seems to me a necessity. It is hardly intelligible to me how this report can have arisen. I have reflected to some extent on what I can possibly have done and said to give occasion to it ; I have been able to discover nothing of the sort. I must brand it as a pure and impudent invention. I certainly did not believe at the beginning of this winter that we should have the prospect of dismissing this comprehensive measure *this* winter, not this session. I believed that it would not be argued out. That it would be brought in, was perfectly clear to me : how could I be doubtful on that, as Imperial Chancellor ? it cannot be brought in at all without me. But I believed we should have a sort of tie-race, and the proposal would have to be brought in still again next year. Whether I have ever given this out as an expression of my judgment, I do not know ; but it would have been the only thing that could have given an occasion or a pretext for circulating the hinted falsehood about my position on the matter. I have thus openly underrated the industry of the gentlemen concerned, and especially of my honored colleague who has just spoken, as perhaps those who have drawn the conclusion from my taking no share in the committee discussions that I stand coldly toward the matter, have undervalued my industry and my working capacity. I think the public organs of my political friends exaggerate when they say of me that as

I rapidly age, I meet incapacity for work halfway. [Great laughter.] I can still do something, though not all, of what I have done earlier. [Laughter.]

If I perform the tasks of a foreign minister of a great country, and even perform them satisfactorily, in my old age, then I shall always still be doing a man's work, which counts in other countries as a full man's work [heart-y cheers] and a meritorious work. If I am successful at it, by extending our foreign policy* in concord with all confederated governments and with his Majesty the Emperor, and the enjoyment of confidence from foreign governments, I look on that meanwhile as my first, my *primo loco*, duty. In all other respects I can be more easily replaced. But the amount of confidences and experiences I have been able to acquire for myself in some thirty years of foreign policy, — those I cannot bequeath and those I cannot transfer.

Especially in these questions now before us, I am far more than replaced by my colleague Herr Von Boetticher. That which he has done and discharged in this matter, I should not myself have been able to discharge, even had it been possible for me to devote myself exclusively to this affair. [Vigorous cheering on both sides of the House.] Every one has his own department, and in this department I ungrudgingly view the deserts of my colleague as greater than mine. [Repeated loud cheering.]

But I still have so much desert also in this matter, that I view it almost as an insult when people would believe of me that now, at the moment of decision, I would leave it in the lurch. I take the liberty of vindicating for myself the origination of this whole social policy, ["Hear! Hear! Bravo!" from the Right] including this last settlement of it we are now dealing with. I succeeded in winning for this matter the love of the late Emperor William. He has pointed it out as his fairest triumph; which he would again have done, and which he would have wished to live still to see, if this care for the needy could have been consummated under his government. The now reigning Emperor has made it one of his first utterances to adopt implicitly this chosen policy of his sainted grandfather. How could I now go so far as to fly in the face of this work called into life under my initiative, just before its consummation, even to the point of fighting it! That means to completely betray and abandon, not only the memory of the old Emperor, but even

the service of my present master. [Cheers from the Right.] In sober truth, it is an almost insulting imputation that is laid on me in this.

It is not possible for me to go into the details here; and besides, for me it would be *ultra crepidam* if I tried to do so after the minute and exhaustive exposition of the previous speaker. I should not have taken the floor, on the whole, if in my presence this doubt of my position on the matter had not been publicly given tongue. I cannot more directly contradict it than by meantime on my part begging the gentlemen to accept the proposal by the greatest possible majority, — which does not exclude members from voting down separate items *per majora*. I at least have no preconceived views on such details in the scheme as leave the collective aim untouched and uninjured; and am entirely ready to join the majority of the Reichstag and the confederated government on them. But for the adoption of the bill in its entirety I intercede with full conviction, and with the urgent entreaty that you on your side will agree to it. [Vigorous cheering.]

[The Reichstag dispatched the second reading in seventeen sittings, from March 30 to May 11; the third reading began May 17. The vote had been about evenly balanced on the second, the Opposition had made inroads on the Conservatives and National Liberals, and now redoubled their efforts hopefully. The Polish and Alsatian sections were set against it; still more discouragingly, Rep. Holz of the Right, a West Prussian landowner, who had voted for the bill even on the second reading, now announced a change to the negative, basing it on a vote of the West Prussian Central Agricultural Union. He denied that the bill had any connection with the agricultural interest, because there were very few invalid professionals on the land, and the victims of accident were sufficiently cared for by accident insurance; and he especially reprobated the severe penal provisions against the employer for neglecting to insure his laborers. The debate was continued on the 18th, with vigorous speeches pro and con; the Guelf Langwerth von Simmern spoke against the bill on grounds of principle, the Conservative Standy on practical considerations. The divergence within the Conservative ranks induced Bismarck to make a warm appeal to their national feeling, in the following speech — practically the last which he delivered as Chancellor.]

I have already, on taking the floor the last time, laid stress on the fact that my non-participation in the debates over details was due, not to lack of personal interest, but to lack of strength for satisfying in their entirety my tasks from all sides. It has become a necessity with years for me to narrow on principle the circle of my activities. I have believed, as I lately remarked, that I must retain before all things the leadership of foreign

affairs, and also the leadership of domestic policy, in their main drift, in Prussia as well as the empire; for me it is a task outside the circle thereby drawn to make speeches here of which I am perfectly sure they will not win a single vote in the definitive division, even if I spoke with the tongue of an angel. The gentlemen know already to-day quite well what they will vote for and what they will vote against; and all the eloquence that will be interchanged here, even the seeming bitterness and hostility that will be interchanged, are nevertheless calculated for other latitudes, and not for influence over any one who is entitled to vote in this hall.

I perceived, as I came in here, with a certain satisfaction, that my honored colleague at my right [Von Boetticher] has still time and strength for the attempt to convert a Guelf, and win him for a policy friendly to the empire. [Laughter.] I have hearkened, not with the sarcastic repose of age, but with sincere satisfaction, to the vitality that still remains in my colleague [cheers and laughter]; but I do not share the illusion under whose mastery he has exhausted his strength, which however I urgently wish may be spared for the future, against Herr Von Langwerth — not exhausted, but spent for the time.

It has not surprised me in any way that the *Social Democratic* party is against this law. If — my knowledge of how the land lies rests on a parliamentary correspondence of last evening — if one of the members of the Liberalist party has said that our inability to win the Social Democrats with this proposal follows from their appearance against it, I should retaliate to this that the speaker — I believe it was Representative Dr. Barth — absolutely confounds two things, the Socialist leaders and the Socialist masses. [“Very just.”]

The *masses*, who are dissatisfied with something, with something which even the Social Democracy would not be able to remedy, vote for the Social Democracy in the elections because they wish to give precise expression to their discontent by an anti-governmental division. The gentlemen stand on other ground whose entire importance, whose ascendancy, rests on the masses led and misled by them remaining discontented. These naturally reject the law, because it always — it will not conciliate the Social Democracy in its entirety, yet is a step on the road; and it is a source of content with our own conscience that we are trying to mitigate just discontents as far as possibility offers and the Reichstag allows us, a quieting of our

conscience in case it helps nothing but we have to fight. None the less, we do not deceive ourselves on the point that we are not in quiet discussion with the Social Democracy as with a party of compatriots : it lives in war with us, ["Very true !"] and it will strike just as the French do, as soon as it feels strong enough. And to get this strength ready — not with the great party, but the leaders — is certainly the whole task of their policy ; and all that can damage, can hinder, can check this strength from striking, from stirring up civil war, from reëstablishing the "measured tread of the battalions of labor," they will naturally contest ; thus also they will be obstructive that is, to every movement taken for the sake of the state toward meeting the sufferings of the poor halfway — *that* lessens the discontent, and they make use of discontent. So it was naturally foreseen that they would vote in the negative.

I have not wondered, either, that the gentlemen of the *Liberalist party* should vote in the negative. In the quarter century and more that I have been in this place, I have never yet had the concurrence of these gentlemen in anything ["Oho !" from the Liberalists] — unless perhaps I except, a long time ago, the last concurrence to the last touch that was put to our military system. Whether you voted then out of love to the empire and to show a lessening of your dislike to my person, or allowed your concurrence or your silence to happen from the necessities of your party factions, [cries from Left : "Bah !"] gentlemen, "bah" is not the question, — permit me to speak with entire plainness, — whoever says "bah" to me I call a brassy fellow. [Cheers from the Right.] I will not attempt to ask the gentleman — you will not hear the truth ; but I am here to tell you the truth : I will not let myself be insulted, for I will insult back. [Cheers from the Right.] "Bah" — I do not know what that relates to ; so I cannot retaliate to it. I look on it as a general expression of hate, whose object has for years been here in this place for the gentlemen who sit there. As a Christian, I can suffer it ; but as Chancellor, so long as I stand here, I resent it, and will not allow it to be said to me without retorting it.

Do you know, outside of your partly tacit, partly expressed concurrence with our military proposals, an organic determination of any sort, from the start of the imperial constitution up to the proposals of to-day, in which the Liberalist party — or, as it called itself formerly, the Progressive party [Fortschrittspartei]

—came to meet the government in anything; in which they showed an endeavor to ask themselves the question, Do we strengthen the empire by this or not? It may have asked itself this; but if it has answered this question for itself in its inner forum — which side it has then decided for, the strengthening or not, that I leave for the judgment of history to determine.

That the *Guelf* gentlemen are against the proposal, proceeds from other grounds than the opposition of the Progressive party. I do not say of the Progressive party that they do not wish the empire, but they do not wish the empire fitted out with this constitution, nor with these men at the head. If the gentlemen of the Progressive party were at the head themselves, I believe they would exert themselves most vigorously to make the empire stronger in its internal fabric; and I believe they would put up with less opposition than we put up with.

If the *Poles* reject a proposal, they merely bear testimony by so doing that it may help toward the consolidation of the German Empire; that the French friends who by over-hasty resolve of the Reichstag have been allowed in its midst [cries of "Hear! Hear!"] to take part in the legislation of the collective empire — surely we did not make war for that, to inoculate ourselves with fourteen Frenchmen — that they are against it is just as natural, and as the honorable Representative Von Kardorff quite rightly remarked, we have to learn from our enemies; the opposition of these gentlemen shows us that there must be a kernel of something in this law that is useful to the German Empire.

I should not have spoken at all of the self-evident nature of this opposition and its predictability, but that even on the *Conservative* side an opposition has been practiced against the law, partly as a whole and partly in regard to its application, which I do not find compatible with the mission of the Conservative party. I would answer every Conservative who breaks out here against the law, in the language of the poet —

"It long hath been a grief to me,
To see thee in such company."¹

It wants very little — *les extrêmes se touchent* — that hyper-Conservatives — I have gone through it often already in my

¹ "Faust," "In Martha's Garden."

life — should be, on occasions when they are angry, but slightly distinguishable in political effect from Social Democrats. [Laughter.] I might cry out to the gentlemen, in memory of the soil of their Fatherland and even the party they stand for : How can you in this fashion give room, on the side of the Conservative party, to individual spite, to chagrin, to local interest, regarding a question that so touches the entirety of the empire to its innermost depths as this does here ! I was distressed, in the report of yesterday's sitting, to see our opponents furnished out of a Conservative mouth with evidence that in such things the property interests, the local and the personal interests, are the ruling ones, in the first rank ; and that of the great interests of the empire, of the national and the Christian interests, there is no further talk whatever.

This, gentlemen, is no Conservative childbirth ; and he who ranges himself on this platform of petty parish policy, of local patriotism, of provincial patriotism, — he I believe, fulfills but partially, with much shade and little light, the obligations that a summons as Representative to the Reichstag lays upon him.

The honorable Representative Holz, the only one of the Conservative party whose speech I know — the Honorable Representative Von Staudy has spoken to-day, but I had not time to — [Cries: "Imperial party !"] Well, I call the Imperial party a Conservative party. ["Very true !" from the Right.] I had never up to now made any distinction, and I repeat emphatically, I am sorry if this difference is to be accentuated. Even in the narrower Conservative party there are still always gradations, which are not fully in accord with each other ; and even if we take them still more narrowly, we shall find, as is characteristic of Germans in the independence of their personal opinions, that among six Conservatives, two are always of other opinions than the other four, and do not waive their opinion. This is a clear token of the primal German nature of the Conservatives. The whole German state of moral rags and tatters is caused by this excess of independence. To be a Liberal — oh yes, one is swimming straight with the current then [laughter], and they do it. The Frenchman is certainly much more governable than the German. Our entire Liberalism leans somewhat to that side. In Liberalism, you see, there is quite naturally a dictatorship : whoever does not go in harness is either thrown overboard, or in his group he is oratorically tongue-lashed till he joins. There is no such tyranny

in the Conservative party, in which I not only count the Imperial party, but also two other groups, large groups in this House, which I call Conservative; there is a straight Germanic independence in them, and therefore they are harder to govern, but still in the long run amenable to reason too.

The honorable Representative Holz has alluded to the slight sympathy for the law in his election district. But, gentlemen, we ought not to accept this argument here. Every one can quote sympathies in his election district: every one who is actually elected by the majority—I have been a Representative too—can create them in his election district if he goes there and makes a speech. Furthermore, the Representatives are here to vote according to their estimate of what is useful for the common weal of the empire as a whole, and not according to the votes in their election district. [“Quite true!”]

Herr Holz has further pointed out, as a chief ground of his refusal, the fear that other provinces, the western provinces of our Fatherland, might gain more advantage from this law than the eastern. Now this rests at bottom on a kind of grudge that I should not wish to consider applicable to the treatment of great questions,—just like the grudge between agriculture and manufacturing. Both in my judgment go hand in hand, and the empire as a whole will suffer no injury from the welfare of its western provinces. I believe, however, the honorable Representative is in error throughout in his fears.

- It has been repeatedly made a grievance on this matter, that it has been given out from the government council board that the law will not be understood. Now I will not say just that. The gentlemen of the House have all juristic training enough to understand the law; but they are not all intimate enough with practical life to deduce the correct results from this law. The honorable Representative has drawn a false conclusion. The flight to the western provinces has already begun long ago, and I believe, so far as the eastern provinces and their inhabitants understand it, is long since felt. You find thousands of Poles among the striking laborers in Westphalia today; you find them with the laborers in Schleswig; you find westward emigrants that go from Silesia as far as the Rhine. This has all taken place already; and I do not believe the German has the hypochondriac apprehension that he is changing his home from the imminence of death or old age. He goes off where his wages are better; he does not consider that

the costs and the obligations he is to bear in that place will also be greater than at home. He sometimes returns ; on the whole, I should sum it up that he is better amused in the western provinces, but he prospers no better there.

I believe the emigration of the agricultural working class, also, is still not so strong toward the western provinces as toward the large centers, the great cities. ["Very true !" from the Right.] On the farming question I can speak from my own experience, although for the last twenty years my public employment has allowed me to bring hardly any but the more dismal experiences of farm management into full view for myself. None the less, in the meantime I have come to know these affairs pretty closely. I have people who at first, led by their military connections, preferred to remain in the place where they had served, at Berlin, and afterwards came home to me with stiff hospital bills ; and that for the second time. Then I have questioned them : "What is it that draws you so to Berlin ? Lodgings, treatment, everything is hardly so good as at home." Finally I have made the discovery ; the solitary ground, which the people tell me with a sort of blush as a settler : "Well, you see, a place where there's open-air music, and a man can sit and drink beer in the open air — well, a man hasn't any of that in Varzin." [Laughter.] Now that is one draw that takes people to the great cities. A quiet, law-abiding, honest man, but who would not stay at home, — he went away again, — cited this to me at last as his motive ; and it is certainly necessary, for the understanding of our inward domestic conditions, to make such matters clear to ourselves.

That there will be a great rush and crush for the westward in consequence of this law, I consider a totally unjustified and erroneous view. A "greater dissoluteness of life," a "greater stimulus to conviviality" in life, is not present in the west. On the contrary, I believe the dissoluteness of life among the villagers in the west is sometimes a much slighter thing than with us in the east, under the so-called patriarchal conditions.

Then the honorable Representative says, "The formerly very precious Lohren motions are unacceptable to me, because they make too great differences in the contributions ; anyway, the new resolutions have increased the pecuniary burdens over the original government proposals." I was a member of the Conservative party at the time when it was called the Stahl group. In it we never put ourselves in opposition to the gov-

ernment on pecuniary questions, however, but we only asked ourselves, "Which arrangements are suitable to uphold the continuity of our development, the stability of our state, the stability of our monarchy, and which not?" Into such skinflint figurings over pecuniary questions [laughter] the then Conservative party never let itself enter — aside from the fact whether this skinflint figuring is correct; and I consider it extraordinarily incorrect, as it is here drawn out. ["Very just!"]

The speaker of yesterday said the contributions amount to seven marks a year for a property of five to six hundred marks ground rent, employing year in and year out a hundred men. Now I ask every landlord here, how can a property of five to six hundred marks ground rent employ a hundred men year in and year out? [Laughter. "Very true!"] It is an absolute impossibility. I have owned property of pretty much this extent, and farmed it myself: I found in so doing that when I had strong distillery and intensive management, I got along with thirty, thirty-two, or thirty-six men, or even something less; but when I had no distillery and no strong potato culture, twenty to twenty-five men were quite enough. So this calculation is about two hundred per cent. overstated, according to my estimate. [Laughter.]

Herr Holz speaks of a property of five to six hundred marks ground rent. Now, ground rent varies, you know, — I will exclude maximum and minimum amounts, — on an average between fifty pfennigs and two marks.¹ If the property is a middling soil, fifty pfennigs an acre will pay ground rent for it; and in that case, with a ground rent of five to six hundred marks, a thousand to twelve hundred acres will be ample. If it is a property of heavy soil, which one mark pays ground rent for, then five to six hundred acres will be ample for it. Now how, on a property of five to six hundred marks ground rent, without having a large intensive manufacturing business, will you employ a hundred men year out and year in? And a man needs on the average, for his living, at least a hundred thalers a year, or three hundred marks. The speaker's hundred laborers will spend for him on that basis 30,000 marks, from the beginning on. How can he raise altogether — and mind, 30,000 marks annually, not as a lump sum — how can he raise that altogether off a property of five to six hundred marks ground rent? I have experiences on this point also

¹ Per acre; i.e. from 12½ cents to 50 cents.

which fully entitle me to characterize this figuring as absolutely inaccurate.

He then adds, "The great mass of proprietors have only twenty to thirty thousand marks of their own in their possession." Well, that is certainly a distressful state of things, which along with these bad times of agriculture, these fluctuating conditions generally, does not prove to be enduring, let us make such laws as we will. Such a property, which pays five hundred marks ground rent, will nevertheless be worth probably fifty times the ground rent of the net sum, or say 250,000 marks. Now if I own a property of 250,000 marks, of which 220,000 do not belong to me, I cannot blame the law if I come short on such a risky undertaking. The owner in question would have to not buy the property, or sell it judiciously, and with his remaining 30,000 marks, if he actually had so much left, embark in another business. That sounds hard and unfeeling; but I am not struck by the argument which keeps pace with it, that the owner of so large a property has generally but twenty or thirty thousand marks of his own, when he pays six hundred marks ground rent. You can count as little on such extreme cases as on employing a hundred men year in and year out on five hundred acres of middling soil.

The honorable speaker has further said, "Work is far more sought after in West Prussia, owing to the westward emigration, than the offers will take up."

Well, that may very likely be. All the properties in the eastern districts that do not lie near some industrial enterprise are suffering from that. Now just what fails in West Prussia for the development of industry is merely capital. There is at hand in West Prussia in extraordinary abundance, that substitute for coal, liable to no strikes, which one can generally, I believe, obtain for himself. The total unused water power that exists in West Prussia, no one knows except he has once traveled through the regions that separate Pomerania from Prussia. The same is the case in the whole empire; and if you wish to cut loose from coal, from the possibility that the population of twenty square miles may be able to plunge the whole empire into disaster by refusal to work on some one Thursday—when you try to cut loose from that, you must push forward as practically as possible the development of water power; then the strike of the period has no importance; and to some resource against calamities of the sort they have

threatened us with in our day, we must apply our minds. We ought to make it impossible for the little minority of inhabitants in the coal districts to put us any day in the condition the agricultural interest might perhaps put us into if they should cut off our bread. Coal has in many provinces become as necessary as bread is in all ; and in my judgment precautionary measures must be taken by the state that coal may not suddenly in three days be withdrawn from mankind, that every little household with its cooking, every washerwoman with her washing, every other sort of industry, may not be brought to a standstill.

I touch on this only in passing, as connected with the West Prussian water power which lies dead there. A remedy by that means, however, is possible only in ten to twenty years ; we must think up a quicker one.

Now here I come to the pecuniary question for the landlords themselves. The honorable Representative says, "Invalids from accident are provided for by accident insurance, invalids of the professional classes there are none on the land." This is decidedly not correct. I might say the gentleman has not yet lived long enough on the land to become acquainted with matters. He says, "Invalids will be bred here by this law for the first time." And in another place, "No relief is gained as to the poor rates, because these are not concerned with the old, but with widows and orphans."

Well, what do they do with the old in West Prussia ? The Siculi put them to death ; but in our Christian and civilized age that is no longer possible. An old man who cannot work must nevertheless live and be fed somehow, if there is to be any talk in general about patriarchal conditions. My experiences are certainly based in the main on Pomerania, and not on West Prussia. This whole law will hardly involve anything else than a relief as well to the landed estates as to the landlords. ["Very true !" from the Right.] Anyway, what already lies on decent properties the state will take over ; the severe legal obligation of the poor rate has confined itself so far to the requirement that the man shall have a roof over him and be fed with dry bread. But over and above that, it is very carefully provided for on all our good Pomeranian estates that I know of, that no one shall suffer want. In the communities it is sometimes different ; but even there I cannot accuse the good Pomeranian farmers. The farmer's wife says,

"The man shall not say he didn't have better meals with us than with the porter;" and if the set is boarded around, as usual among the poor, they feed them well; the people are mostly fat and well fed. This the communities will in part be rid of through the law.

That none become invalids on the land — well, the gentleman can never have seen any sick people; most invalids do not become so from accident, but from sickness, — some sort of consumption from catching cold, or from hereditary ailments, — so that a man in his thirtieth or fiftieth year already comes on the maintenance charge. I must here affirm, out of my very much longer experience, an emphatic testimony against these deductions of the honorable Representative. We have these invalids on the land, and thus far we care for them perhaps more amply than they will be cared for hereafter. I am not speaking of myself, — I am well enough off so it can be no burden to me: but among all my neighbors I have never yet found that an old man had to go begging; that would be a disgrace to the proprietor and the property from which he came. For any one to resort to suicide from lack of food, as happens in the large cities, is I believe entirely unheard of in the country. The overburdenment from our legal obligations will in great part be taken off us by this law. I do not ask it on that ground: I ask it first and foremost as a receipt for our readiness to carry out the programme of the imperial message, approved by the whole country, and for our readiness to come to the aid of the helpless and needy among our fellow-men.

If I have taken the floor again to-day, it was chiefly from the fear that I might, under given circumstances, by way of calumny, be represented *per nefas* as among those who, if the bill shall be rejected, have contributed to it by their holding back. So I speak for it again to-day out of pure anxiety [cheers from the Right] lest I might be found among the people who will be placed, I believe, in the most unpleasant situation at all future elections, those who have rejected the bill. That is my judgment, — I may of course be mistaken, but I have spent a longer time among these things than most of you, and I have had the experience, taking it by and large, that my judgment was oftener right than wrong. I should not wish this piece of unfinished legislation to remain open in the elections. There, I am persuaded, everything there is in it, with the incredible mendacity that many elections are conducted

with, will be ripped to pieces and worried apart from its connection and represented in the way the opposition party would behave at its most disgraceful pitch. If the law, however, is concluded upon between now and then, I do not believe this question will have any further influence on the elections. I have still other grounds beside this; and I would note again here the expressions of Herr Holz, so that if later these determinations should be extended to widows and orphans, we may nevertheless first make trial with the less costly resolution how the whole turns out; then we can perhaps come to that,—it is by no means closed up yet. If however it shall be rejected root and branch, *a limine*, then neither the old people will be eased in the poor relief, nor the widows and orphans. Further, I still expect from the entire law a useful operation for the empire as a whole.

I lived long enough in France to know that the dependence of most Frenchmen on the government immediately in power—and which has always the advantage even if it rules badly, but nevertheless in the last resort depends on the country—stands in essential connection with the fact that most Frenchmen are bondholders of the state, [“Very true!”] in small, often very small sums; I will not speak of *portiers* that are already rich people beside the poor, who have small holdings of state bonds. The people say, “If the state comes to harm, then I lose my bonds;” and if it is forty francs a year, one does not wish to lose it, and he has an interest in the state. That is simply human nature. I have had times when I still thought it possible to have foreign paper in my possession; but later I found that this possession, other things being equal, misled me from sound judgment on the policy of that government whose paper I owned; and it has now, I believe, been fifteen years since I parted on principle with all foreign paper. I wish to interest myself solely for my own country, and not for outside paper.

If we have 700,000 small stockholders who draw their incomes from the empire, among those very classes who at present have not much to lose and erroneously believe they may gain much by a change, I consider that an extraordinary advantage, even if they have only a hundred and fifteen to two hundred marks to lose, still the metal checks them in their buoyancy; be it ever so trifling, it holds them upright. You will not deny that; and I believe that if you can create for us

this benefit of more than half a million small shareholders in the empire, you will teach not only the government—it is not needed there—but also the ordinary man, to look on the empire as a beneficent institution.

Therefore I would not willingly view the matter from a West Prussian standpoint solely, but from the common policy.

In the complaints over section 139, with its fines and the like, I join ; if I were a Representative, I should vote to have these provisions stricken out of the law.

But if we now lay the whole matter one side, it vanishes from the scene. For who tells us whether we shall have time and leisure for it after a year? I interested myself for the Holstein canal six years long, from 1864 up to 1870. From 1870 to 1880 I have never again recovered my breath so far that I should have been able to think about the canal. Who tells you, then, that we shall still be in a position after a year to busy ourselves with these questions God has at the moment still given us leisure for? I at least could not express that confidence unconditionally.

I am sorry that I must keep harping on Herr Holz,—I have not the honor of knowing him personally, but what the other gentlemen in the Opposition have said is entirely indifferent to me, because, as I said, I could say what I wished on this. I am very grateful that they have mostly had the goodness to listen to me ; but that what I have said can make any impression on them, I do not believe. I must turn to the Conservative party, with the prayer that in order to a resolute mutual action, they will really march forward as a unified party, which gathers here for once around the state and its own principles, and which does not—I will use no hard terms which occur to me—pursue self-willed sectional struggles, whose motives I leave wholly unjudged. Thus to the Conservative party, as their “Old Man,” so to say,—I was formerly a member, I am so no longer, I can belong to no party,—I address the prayer, “Don’t make such jumps!” [Laughter.]

The small workshop, in the judgment of Herr Holz, is not agreed. Now, we cannot absolutely settle the legislation of the empire according to the small workshop. We can take note of the small workshop in all its interests, but on so complicated an affair of a hundred and fifty or Heaven knows how many paragraphs—I don’t know—we cannot put into the hands of

the small workshop an authoritative judgment for the whole empire: we must judge that ourselves, without asking the workman for his judgment; perhaps he will be thankful to us for it later on.

In the east, the employee still sees in his employer more than the man who counts out the pay for his employment; he sees in him his helper in need, and the one who takes care of him. Now, will he also see that in him later, when it gradually gets around — and the Social Democrat who votes against it now will be sure and see to that; he will say to him: “The business has fallen through on account of the opposition of the Conservatives, especially your landlord has voted against it; you would have now a pension of a hundred and fifty marks — and that is just as much as a disabled soldier gets under the same circumstances — if Herr Von So-and-So had not been against it”? I would beg you, however, not to rely unquestioningly on obtaining popularity by it, at the elections or otherwise.

Now, gentlemen, I am thus addressing my speech to-day especially to the Conservative party, in which I reckon also the Imperial party, and — I trust the gentlemen will not take it ill of me — the National Liberals and the Center. [Cheers and “Very good!”] I consider the parties just named as Conservative in the general tendency of their majority; that is, as parties which desire to uphold and protect the state and the empire, not only on the whole and in general, but also in particular applications. Only with the gentlemen do I have to explain myself, with the others I have to fight: that is another matter.

But I would especially beg the Conservative gentlemen, on their side, to cut loose absolutely from the society of Social Democrats, Poles, Guelfs, Elsass French — and also from the society of Liberalists! [Hearty cheers.]

[The general discussion was ended May 20; the special discussion took May 21 to 23; May 24 the bill was passed by 185 to 165.]

IN THE DOMAIN OF THE CROWS.

BY JONAS LIE.

(Translated for this work, by Olga Flinch.)

[JONAS LAURITZ IDEMIL LIE is the third of the great writers — coming next after Björnson and Ibsen — who have made Norway renowned in this century. He was born in 1833 at Eker, a small town in the south; while he was a lad his father, a lawyer, moved to the northern port of Tromsø, and he became familiarized with the coast and sea life which has made his best field of work in literature. He entered the naval academy, but had to quit from near-sightedness; went through the University of Christiania, and gained a good practice as a lawyer, also gaining repute as a poet by a volume of poems in 1866. Ruined by a financial panic, he removed in 1868 to Christiania and engaged in literature. The government, after his work had shown his caliber, granted him a traveling stipend and later the poets' pension, and he was enabled to see varied life and foreign countries; he has lived mostly abroad, and some of his most notable work, even of Norwegian scenes, was written in Italy. He has progressed, like so many other writers of this age, from romanticism colored by reality to realism of the grimmest sort uncolored by anything. His work includes "The Seer of Apparitions," a novel (1870); "Tales and Sketches from Norway" (1872), written in Rome; "The Bark *Failure*" and "The Pilot and His Wife" (1874), the latter his most famous novel; "Fänfulla" and "Antonio Banniera," Italian tales, and "Faustina Strozzi," dramatic poem with lyric interludes, all in 1875; "Thomas Ross" (1878), "Adam Schrader" (1879), both tales of city life; "Rutland" (1881) and "Press On" (1882), sea stories; "The Slave for Life," one of his best, and "The Family at Gilje" (1883); "A Maelstrom" (1884); "Eight Stories" (1885); "The Commodore's Daughters," a strong and typical story (1886); "Married Life" (1887); "Evil Powers" (1890); "Troll I. and II." (1891-1892), marine horror tales; and "Niobe" (1893). He has also written the comedies "Grabow's Cat" (1880), and "Merry Women" (1894).]

THERE was once a crow that lived all alone up on the farm ridge.

A bit of fence was left over from a torn-down workman's home, and there it sat on the stake, so that no one could see it because of the trees all around; but the position afforded it a wide view of all the farmland about, and over everything else, far and near. It held its black head on one side, because it had only one eye to look and take aim with.

But with that one eye it saw and discovered so much of what happened in the world, that it was really wonderful.

And if sometimes it grew so ragingly angry and furious that it hopped about pecking the stake, it was not long before the eye shone and glistened again with the fun of it. For it saw how the crows jumped about and flew madly now in answer to one call, now in answer to another, and equally certain

of the cause were they each time. Now the real thing was surely coming !

When the flock came from Schwartzeland it always divided ; some settled here on the ridge and others flew over pastureland, groves, and marshes to bailiff's fields on the other side of the stream.

And there they might live their own life, as far as the ridge crow was concerned ; she did not care one way or another.

But every once in a while she had to jump down on the stake and see what they were doing.

They sat two and three together on the outskirts of the wood, and nodded their beaks, and the tails of their coats bobbed up and down, and they chatted and gossiped instead of attending to their living and looking after the eggs and the young ones in the nest. And then they blamed the hawk when anything happened. It was rather fun, too, to watch a meeting between two who knew of the same nest and were on their way to rob it, how they kept an eye on each other, greeted politely, and made as if they were out on another errand.

There they all thieved for a living.

The ridge crow saw many things, and she could have said a word or two about who it was who went out nights with her thick-beaked youngsters and cleaned the farmland of fresh, newly sown seed, and who then in the morning so unselfishly led out the rest of the flock. And also about who was the hawk that went from east to west and ate both young ones and eggs when the parents had answered the call to meeting in the crow grove.

And then sometimes she had her fun out of preventing things in a quiet little way.

If they collected in large or small crowds on the barn roofs or on the church steeple, the ridge crow knew perfectly well what was up, and that some unfortunate crow had again been in the bailiff crow's way, and was now to be plucked for it.

For the bailiff crow was the wisest and most experienced, and in all dangers most courageous of all crows. She and none other knew the only right way to Schwartzeland, and the one who dared to stand up with another opinion had to pay for it. Moreover she was the mildest and the most peaceful of all.

But in the spring, when they returned from Schwartzeland, the ridge crow had a call from one of the oldest of her

grown children. He complained bitterly that he could not make his way in the world.

In everything that a crow ought to be able to do, he had showed himself over and over again the ablest. Twice he had predicted the weather, and it had been proved that the bailiff crow had chosen the wrong day for the flight; but, of course, it would not listen to any objection. And after all he could not get as much as one of the smallest watchman's posts in the neighborhood.

Now that they were about to fill a post at the lookout station, the bailiff crow had been about letting a word fall here and there that one could not carefully enough guard the community against the superficial and the too brilliant. Sure, trustworthy characters had to be selected. So that the outlook was closed up there too.

The ridge crow merely sat still and listened and blinked. And then it gave the young one an advice that would mend that matter.

Next Sunday he was to fly over to the pine grove, where the bailiff crow had its nest, and beg very politely for permission to pick up one of its lost feathers. And when it asked what he wished to do with that, he was to say that there was more wisdom in that one feather than in all the other crows put together, and that he wished to consult it at the lookout post to find out which way the wind blew.

And thus it happened that at the next meeting the ridge crow's son was appointed chief watch and sentinel crow.

But the new watch crow was out early and late, and brought back tidings through fog and mist from such distances that everybody marveled.

There was a caw-caw, and a collection of the curious, as if in front of a post office, every time it came back with fresh news and tales.

And the bailiff crow nodded its head and the heavy beak slowly and with weight, as if to say that this was what it had known all along and expected of the one who had one of its feathers as a guide.

But in spite of all the watch crow predicted in the way of weather, birds of prey, and danger, it never once said that it had its inspiration and guidance from the feather.

Then the bailiff crow sat down on its nest in the pine grove and meditated on what it had done. It pecked and dug, and

plucked its feathers with the beak, and scratched the back of its head with the claws, and thought and thought. A son of the ridge crow was equal to a little of everything.

It pecked the bark so that the branch trembled,—now it was sorry it had taken up that crow, praised it, and raised it to such prominence.

And when after that the watch crow came with news, the bailiff crow shook its head in so doubtful a way that any one could see it did not particularly trust him; whereupon it called another crow and flew away without hearing the watch crow out.

But to one who belonged to the council of three in the crow grove the bailiff crow confessed its doubts, as to whether the new watch crow did not see a little too much. Vain spirits were not the right kind for practical posts. And it might perhaps be better if one gave up employing him on the important distant posts.

And what the bailiff crow had said was repeated everywhere, where two and three sat together on a stump.

They swayed their bodies, and stuck their beaks up into the air, and moved nearer to each other to hear well. Whereupon they all agreed that the prominence and praise given to the ridge crow's son might need a little consideration.

The flocks grew larger and larger in righteous offense.

And there was general satisfaction on all roofs and branches, when one day he was actually called back from the sentinel post and placed at an inferior sentinel post near the church.

There he might sit and use those eyes of his looking as far as he was able to.

The ridge crow saw very clearly that something was up, by the way they all collected on the roofs.

And sure enough one evening the son came and complained that now he might be said to be barely more than an ordinary tower watch.

But the ridge crow weighed this, and shook its head, and considered, and looked at the field, as if for a worm. Then it tipped its head quietly on one side.

"Praise the bailiff crow diligently," said she, "cry out its praise from the church tower, and gather all the feathers it loses, then you may finally become King of Poland."

But the young crow was not of that mind.

And while he sat there on the tower roof and did his duty

as watch, and nearly wore out his claws shifting and trying to get a hold on the slippery tin, he had time to think over a thing or two of which no other crow had thought.

And in this way he found out that there ought to be yearly meetings to decide who would make the best guide for the flock, instead of following blindly after one and the same wise crow for a hundred years. And then that they would have to have new and well-trained spies on the lookout for hunters, for now men had a way of shooting without smoke or noise.

And he sang this out from the tower, that it might be known at once.

But all at once the bailiff crow flew up from the pine grove with a caw-caw, and complained that all this screaming from the tower gave it a headache, and disturbed it in its sleep. Such new and untried stuff was very dangerous matter for proclamation.

Then order was given that the tower crow had to stick closely to the old dignified watch call ; and if he could not do that, he would lose his place.

But at the next meeting the young crow suddenly flew into the center of the circle, and that in front of all the oldest crows.

He had news to tell, news so great, that none had been greater since the foundation of things.

He had looked so long now at the way the trees were being marked and at the measures the builders took of the tower, that he was very certain that the church was to be torn down, and the crow grove to be cleared.

And now the important thing was to dispose of all the old nests.

The oldest crows were so frightened that they bored their claws too far into the bark and made hoarse noises, the young ones cawed and shrieked one louder than the others.

Then the bailiff crow opened its beak slowly, and everybody else was silent.

They ought to remember that the dance in the crow-grove had gone on, through the lives of all their ancestors, for hundreds and hundreds of years.

It took a careful look at the tower, and said that according to its firm conviction they might all feel secure for at least a hundred and fifty or sixty years. Later than that one could of course not be so very certain. But one had to beware of wild and irresponsible individuals, who ran about with new-fangled

notions and lies. Newsmongers that excited and disquieted the people ought to be judged in the court and punished.

Then it lifted its body, scratched its tail feathers with the claws to put its coat tails to right, flapped its wings slowly and flew away.

After that it was all the young crow could do to get away with its life. If it had not been for the fact that the law demanded peace at the meeting, he would have been pecked to death.

Moreover he lost his position as tower watch. And on the flight south he was degraded to the last ranks, and both despised and maltreated.

But when they returned from Schwartzeland the bailiff crow began to circle about, and when the rest of the army saw that, it did likewise. They could see neither spire nor building, nor tower, and the crow grove with all the nests was nothing but hewn-down stumps.

Then there was a caw-caw, and a circling flight that sounded like the wind sighing around the old place.

And after that the crow sat on its pine stump all day long, and picked its feathers, and saw out of the corner of its eye how they all collected around the young crow down there among the stumps. They put their heads together behind knolls and ditches so that only the tail feathers stuck out, and went about shaking their beaks in a conceited way, and hopped sideways by the row, whenever the young crow stirred from his place.

It was not well that the young crow should go about idle in this way, and get the masses to follow him, thought the bailiff crow. Better get him out of the way, somehow.

Then it saw to it that the young crow got an appointment in the line of outposts, to watch the huntsmen in the major's large wood.

Every time they hunted over the wood ridge and the marshes, and the dogs were let loose, the young crow was detailed to watch. And he had to go so near that he could feel the shot tickling his feathers.

But the better he watched, the more he was employed, and the nearer he had to go to the guns.

And one day things came to such a pass that the young crow, shot in the wing, had all it could do to fly down and seek shelter on the farm ridge.

Then the ridge crow saw how things stood, and knew that this would end in his certain death.

He was shot in the wing now, but there was one who would look to it that he would go near enough to have the shots lodge in the breast next time.

Perhaps it was time it stirred about a little and took up the battle with the world, thought the ridge crow.

The next morning the bailiff crow had no sooner lifted its head from the wing, after its night's sleep, than it saw the ridge crow in the pine stump opposite.

At first it thought it was an optical illusion, because it had looked straight into the sun.

But sure enough, there sat the ridge crow, and blinked and looked out of its one eye.

It looked so strangely good-natured and pleased.

The bailiff crow stopped prinking. It took a firm hold with the claws, turned, and breathed hoarsely, and the neck feathers stood up. It was not sure that the other one might not be making fun of it.

"Caw-caw," greeted the ridge crow.

But the other one shook itself and turned its back.

"I have been sitting now for so many years, all alone over there on the ridge, and have had nothing to do but look at you and your pine," began the ridge crow. "From early morning till late in the evening, I have seen and made note of all your wise doings, so I thought I ought to come over and call on you, and thank you for the much learning gained."

Then the bailiff crow turned at once and gave it a friendly welcome, for it might have seen more than was desirable.

"I should so like to know how the hawk drinks our eggs," said the ridge crow, "and if it knows enough to pick a hole in both sides of the egg, so that one may judge at once whether a hawk or a crow has been at the nest."

Then the bailiff crow looked piously surprised. It screamed out that anything so unbelievable as that a crow should rob crow eggs and drink the blood of its own brethren, it had never heard before in its life.

But the ridge crow sat and half smiled with its head on one side, and raised itself once in a while to get a better look into the nest.

Then the bailiff crow grew very uneasy. It stuck beak and

head far into the bottom of the nest, and picked and pecked, and was very busy cleaning up for the day.

Meanwhile it wondered and wondered how best it could get rid of this visitor. For it understood that it was not for nothing that the other one came over to find out how one could eat crow eggs.

But the ridge crow blinked very good-naturedly with its head on one side, and said that perhaps the bailiff crow remembered how it had passed judgment on her, the ridge crow, and had her eye pecked out, the time she had advised the new direct road which they now all took in their flight.

Well, that was long ago and entirely forgotten, nodded the ridge crow. Now it sat all alone up there on the ridge and merely looked at the world. But probably it saw all wrong with that one eye. For every time it was reminded that the hawk was in the nests again, it looked from the ridge up there exactly as if a large crow flew up from this very pine.

Then the bailiff crow's feathers almost stood straight out.

Suddenly it hopped up on the edge of the nest and scratched the back of its head.

Now it remembered something, it screamed out, and that was that the ridge crow's son, as a reward for its great merit and because he was wounded in the service, on this very day at the meeting would be promoted to lieutenant in the spy regiment.

But the ridge crow merely sat and looked as if nothing had been said.

Then the bailiff crow made an ugly noise with its beak, and asked if the ridge crow had not heard that it said captain.

The ridge crow sat and looked the same. It merely lifted itself a little once in a while to get a better look into the nest.

Then the bailiff crow cawed in so ugly a way that it grated and squeaked 'way down in its throat; had the ridge crow not heard that it said colonel?

Oh, yes, now the ridge crow heard. It blinked most pleasantly and thanked very much.

When it was well out of the way, the bailiff crow hopped about so that the branches trembled, and pointed its beak and pecked at the bark.

It flew high up into the top of the pines and cawed in so ugly a fashion that it was heard all over the woods. But for

the rest of the day it sat quite subdued and quiet on the edge of the nest and meditated.

Then for the remainder of the week it flew about making calls.

When it heard that eggs were missing, and that it was thought the hawk had taken them, it shook its head suspiciously, and turned its heavy beak toward the ridge and begged them to be on their guard.

And to some it hinted that one might have one's own thoughts about the reason why the ridge crow kept so to itself over there on the ridge. It might have its good reasons for not wishing for too near neighbors.

Then one after another began to suspect that there were strange things in the air, and sat still and watched.

Once in a while they rose high to look over on the farm ridge.

The bailiff crow happened to say that the robber would have to be one who was very familiar with the conditions; it shook and twisted its head more and more suspiciously.

And greater and greater was the number that flew up and looked over the farm ridge. When one of them caught another doing it, it made believe not to notice.

But there were crows that walked about two and two, so hidden in the meadow that one could barely catch sight of the heads bobbing up and down in the grass.

It had to be one who was insatiably greedy. And one who rested so high up that it could overlook everything.

And then it could be none other than —

They shook themselves, and nodded, and pointed over toward the ridge. And they walked up and down, passing each other in the stubble field, and shook their tails and stuck their beaks high in the air every time they turned and met.

At last the name slipped out. And they flocked together, blacker and more shrill in their screams. There was one proof after another that it was a crow and not a hawk. Finally they even drew out large feathers which they had found near the plundered nests.

Then the bailiff crow grew very alarmed and excited. It instantly insisted on keeping the feather itself well guarded.

And now it was high time that a jury was called.

The ridge crow ought to be hacked and plucked to death, without delay or witnesses.

For feathers are circumstantial evidence, decided the bailiff crow.

And so the ridge crow was asked by two representatives of the law to meet before the next change of the sun before the assembled crows, south of the major's woods.

The next day seven flocks, each of a hundred and led by one, flew over the tree-tops toward the woods.

The bailiff crow had asked to be excused. It felt too old to be present at so ugly and affecting an execution.

Some of the crows flew low along the fields, and sat down once in a while and looked at the setting sun, and sharpened their beaks. They would not leave a scrap or a feather of the ridge crow, considering all the eggs and young ones it had stolen in such a sly way for years past.

Others stretched their necks and screamed and cawed vengeance from the sky until the air fairly rang.

Finally they all circled over the major's woods, ready to call the meeting.

But there sat the ridge crow already on a stump. It looked as if nothing were the matter, and glanced comfortably up, as if it wondered what they were up to now.

This was too audacious.

And there was a caw-caw, that threatened to rend the heavens.

They rushed down on it from every direction and began plucking it without waiting for law or judgment, feather after feather.

This was for the eggs, and this for the young ones, and this for its falseness, and this for its slyness.

And pluck, pluck it went; now it was feather and now it was flesh.

There was such a crowd, that they fell and fluttered over each other in large bunches and struck out blindly.

Suddenly the ridge crow spread the thin tail feathers it had left.

It announced mysteriously that it had a little word to say before it died. And then the crowd concluded it might make the punishment worse to drag it out a little.

They were rather curious also, and would like to be able to relate at home what its dying words had been. For the dying is sure to make a true prediction.

So they settled down, a quiet and threatening circle, on the

fields and stumps around the crow, beaks and heads closely crowded as far as eye could see.

But the ridge crow, naked as it was, sat and looked at them and blinked its one eye. Now it had spent many a year there on the ridge thinking and thinking, and certain it was that the crows were the wisest of all birds.

But one thing it could not understand. And that was that in their wisdom, they had not noticed that every time they went to meeting the robber was sure to be after those nests of theirs.

Then they looked at each other.

Suddenly they all crowed and flew up at once, so that the sky grew black and their wings made a fresh breeze.

And they rushed home like shades in the air, with beak and tail stretched out and the feet drawn up flat.

But there was a sight. Nest after nest emptied and cleaned out, so that the shells lay about and the whites were running from them.

And nothing left of the young ones but a little down.

They found more and more plundered nests.

But far away in the back woods they came upon the robber himself.

There sat the bailiff crow on the edge of a nest in the very height of feasting. It was drinking an egg that spilled out over its beak so that it could not see.

But before it had looked up, it was plucked and picked and hacked, and torn so that the feathers flew.

And that was the end of the bailiff crow in that neighborhood.

But the very same evening they all flew up to the farm ridge to the ridge crow.

They wanted to choose her son for their leader.

The ridge crow turned its naked, plucked neck and thanked them very much. The one eye looked shining and clear.

It really had to marvel, it said, how cleverly they had seen through the bailiff crow.

Certainly the crows were the wisest of all birds.

Then there was a caw-caw, and inauguration feast in the crow grove, with a great deal of noise and followed by a dance.

But the ridge crow sat and looked at it all with its one eye, and prinked and preened the few feathers it had left.

A LIFE'S ENIGMA.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

[BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, the great Norwegian novelist and poet, was born at Kvikne in 1832, son of a parish priest. His childhood was passed in the midst of a district full of wild scenery and romantic legendary associations. At seventeen he entered the University of Christiania, and at once wrote a play entitled "Valborg," which was accepted by the Christiania Theater, but which he withdrew before its performance and never printed. Without completing his course, he left the university and went into journalism; and in 1857 he published his first novel, "Synnöve Solblakken," and the play "Between the Battles," and removed to Bergen as director of its theater. Receiving from the government a traveling stipend in 1860, he spent the next two years abroad; since then, unlike Ibsen and Lie, his two great compatriots, he has lived mainly in his own country, though passing much time in Paris, and in 1880-1881 lecturing in the United States. Besides his literary activity, he has been prominent in politics, and the leader of Norwegian republicanism; and his work has shown the effect of this, progressing from pure art to polemics and ethical and purpose writing. His songs and lyrics, independent or scattered through his plays and novels, are the chief modern treasure of Norway in this branch, one of them being accepted as the Norwegian national song. His chief long poems are "Arnljot Gelline," a dramatic song-epic upon an early Norse freebooter, and the cantata "Light." Of his other works to middle age, the chief are "Arne" (1858), "A Happy Lad" (1860), "The Fisher Maiden" (1868), and "The Bridal March" (1873), novels; and the plays "Lame Hulda" (1858), "King Sverre" (1861), "Sigurd Slembø" (1862), a great trilogy on a mediæval contestant for the throne, "Mary Stuart of Scotland" (1864), "The Newly Married Pair" (1865, a problem play), and "Sigurd the Pilgrim to Jerusalem" (1872). His later work includes the problem plays (several of them highly successful) "The Editor" (1874), "A Bankruptcy" (1875), "The King" (1877), "Leonarda" (1879), "The New System" (1879), "A Glove" (1883), "Beyond One's Strength" (1883), with a later sequel, and "Geography and Love" (1885). The author is said to consider "The King" as the most important of his works; it imagines an attempt of an idealist king to transform monarchy so as to conform it to modern needs. Among the novels of this later period the chief are "Flags are Flying in Town and Harbor" (1884), and "In God's Way" (1889).]

"WHY sit here?"

"Because it's high and pleasant."

"But it goes so deep down, it makes me quite giddy, and the sun shines so dazzling on the water; let's go a little further."

"No — not any further."

"Just back, then, as far as that green inclosure — it was so pleasant there."

"No, I say, not there, either;" and he flung himself down, as if he either could not, or would not, go further.

She remained standing, with her eyes intently fixed upon him.

"Aasta," then he said, "now you must explain to me why it was you were so much afraid of that foreign skipper who came in just in the dusk of the evening."

"Didn't I think that was it!" she whispered, and seemed to wish to avoid the matter.

"Yes, you must tell me before you go, else I shall never come again."

"Botolf!" she exclaimed; and she turned, but still remained standing.

"It's true," he continued, "I promised you I wouldn't ask any questions, and I'll still keep my word if you like; but then things must come to an end between us."

She burst into tears, and came over to him, with the sun shining full upon her slender little figure, small hands, and soft golden hair, wherefrom the kerchief had fallen. He sprang up:—

"Yes!" he exclaimed, "you know very well when you come looking like that at me, I always give in to you. But I know, too, that the longer this thing goes on, the worse it gets. Can't you understand that, though I may promise you a hundred times not to wish to know about your bygone life, I never have any peace? I can bear it no more." His face, too, did indeed bear a look of long-continued suffering.

"Yes, Botolf, you did indeed promise me to let that thing rest—that which I can never, never tell you about. You promised me solemnly; you said you didn't care about it, if you could but have me. Botolf!" she exclaimed again, sinking to her knees before him upon the heather; and she wept as though her very life were in peril, and so looked at him through her fast-falling tears, that she seemed at once the loveliest and most miserable creature he had ever seen in all his days.

"Oh, dear me!" he exclaimed, rising, but then directly sitting down again, "if you did but love me well enough to have confidence in me, how happy we two might be!"

"If *you*, rather, could but have a little confidence in *me*!" she implored, coming nearer him, still upon her knees, and looking yearningly into his face. "Love you! Why that

very night when your ship had run into ours, when I came up on the deck and you stood there in command, I thought I never had seen anybody so brave and manly; and I loved you from that moment. And then when you carried me over into the boat when the ships were sinking, I once more felt what I thought I never should feel again — a wish to live." She wept in silence, with her hands clasped together resting upon his knee. "Botolf!" then she exclaimed, "be good and noble; be as you were when you first took me! — Botolf!"

"Why do you urge me so?" he replied almost harshly. "You know very well it can't be. One must have a woman's whole soul; though for a little while at first, perhaps, one is content without."

She drew back, and said hopelessly: —

"Ah, well, then, my life can never come right again! O God!" and once more she began to weep.

"Trust me with the whole of your life, and not merely a part of it, and it will all come right so far as I am concerned."

He spoke cheerfully, as though to encourage her.

She did not answer; but he saw she was struggling with herself.

"Master yourself!" he urged; "run the risk of doing as I wish. Things can't be worse than they are, at any rate."

"You'll drive me to the very worst," she said piteously.

He misunderstood her, and continued: —

"Even if you have to confess the greatest crime to me, I'll try to bear up; but this I can't bear."

"No; and neither can I!" she exclaimed; and she rose.

"I'll help you," he said, rising; "day by day I'll help you, when I only know what this thing is. But I'm quite too proud to be with a woman I don't fully know about; and who, perhaps, belongs to somebody else."

A bright flush came over her face.

"For shame! If you talk of pride, I'm a good deal prouder than you are; and I won't have you say such things. So, stop!"

"If you're so very proud, then, why do you leave room for my suspicions?"

"God help me! I can bear this no longer!"

"No, nor I either; I've made a vow it shall come to an end this day."

"How cruel it is," she wailed out, "to go on worrying and tormenting a woman who has trusted herself so fully to you, and has begged and prayed of you as I have been doing." She was near again beginning to weep, but with a sudden change of feeling she exclaimed, "Yes, I see how it is, you think by provoking and exciting me, you'll get things out of me!" she looked at him indignantly, and turned aside.

Then she heard him say slowly, word by word : —

"Will you, or will you not?"

"I will *not*," replied she, stretching out her hand; "no, not if you give me all we can see from here!" She went from him, her bosom heaved, and her eyes wandered to and fro, but mostly looked towards him, now sternly, next sorrowfully, then sternly again. She leaned against a tree and wept; then ceased weeping, and turned to her former mood.

"Ah, I knew very well you didn't love me," she heard next, and became in a moment the most humble and penitent of creatures.

Twice she tried to answer, but, instead, she flung herself down upon the heather, and hid her face in her hands.

Botolf came forward and stood over her.

She knew he was there, and she waited for him to speak, and tried to prepare herself for whatever he might say; but not a word came, and she grew yet more disturbed, and felt obliged to look up. She sprang to her feet instantly; Botolf's long, weather-beaten face seemed to have become sunken and hollow, his deeply set eyes staringly prominent, and his whole figure monstrous; and it stood over her with some strange influence that suddenly made her see him once more upon the ship just as she saw him on the night of the wreck; but now his strength was boundless, and it was all turned against her.

"You have been untruthful with me, Aasta."

She turned away, but he followed her, and continued : —

"And you have made me untruthful too; there hasn't been perfect truthfulness between us a single day ever since we have been together."

He stood so near that she could feel his hot breath; he looked straight into her eyes till she felt quite giddy; she knew not what he might the next moment say or do; and so she closed

her eyes. She stood as though she must either fall or rush away; the crisis was coming.

In its prelude of deep silence, Botolf himself became afraid. Still, once more he began in his former strain:—

“Make everything clear; make an end of all this miserable trickery and concealment—do it here—now.”

“Yes,” she answered, but quite unconsciously—“so *I* say—do it here—now!”

He gave a loud cry, for she rushed past him, and flung herself over the steep. He caught a glimpse of her golden hair, her uplifted hands, and the kerchief, which spread out, slipped off, and floated slowly down after her by itself. He heard no shriek, and he heard no fall into the water below; for it was very far down. Indeed, he was not listening; for he had sunk to the earth.

Out from the sea she had come to him that night at first; into the sea she had now passed away again; and with her the story of her life. In the midnight darkness of that silent deep lay all that was dear to him, should he not follow? He had come to that place with a firm determination to make an end of the thing that tormented him; this was not the end, and now it could never come; the trouble was, indeed, only now in reality beginning. Aasta's deed cried out to him that he had made a terrible mistake, and had killed her. Even if his misery should become ten times greater, he must live on to find out how all had happened. She, who was almost the only one saved on that fearful night, had been saved only to be killed by him who had saved her. He, who had gone voyaging and trafficking about as if the whole world were nothing but sea and mart, had all at once become the victim of a love which had killed the woman of his choice, and must now kill him. Was he a bad man? He had never heard any one say so, neither had he ever felt it himself. But what if, after all, it were so? He rose; not, however, to cast himself over the steep, but to return to the valley; no man kills himself just when he has found a great enigma which he wishes to solve.

But the enigma of Aasta's life could never be solved now. She had lived in America ever since she had been grown up; and she was coming from there when the ships ran into each other. In what part of America should his quest begin? From what part of Norway she had at first come he did not positively

know; and he was uncertain, even, whether her family name had not been changed since then. And that foreign skipper? Who could he be? Did he know Aasta, or was it only she who knew something of him? To question thus was like questioning the very sea, and to journey forth to investigate was like plunging into its depths.

Surely he had made a terrible mistake. A woman penitent on account of some guilty thing would have found relief in confessing it to her husband; and one still impenitent would have sought refuge in some evasion or other. But Aasta had neither confessed anything, nor had recourse to any evasion, but had sought refuge in death when he had so tormented her. Such conduct showed no signs of guilt. But why not? Some folks had a great dread of confessing anything. Aasta, however, had no such dread; for she had already confessed there was something about her life which she could never tell him. Perhaps, then, the greatness of her guilt made confession impossible. But she could not have had the burden of any great guilt upon her; for she was often joyous — nay, even full of fun. She was hasty and impetuous, it is true; but she was also very full of tender feeling and kindness. Perhaps the guilt was some other person's and not hers at all! Why, then, had she never told him so? If she had only done this, all would have come right. But supposing there were no guilt, either on her side, or on that of anybody else, how then? But she herself had said there was something she could never tell him. And then, how about that foreign skipper she was so afraid of? How was it? In the name of goodness, how was it? Ah, had she been still alive he would still have tormented her! This thought moved him deeply, and made him reproach and despise himself beyond measure.

Still he began again: perhaps she was not so guilty as she herself believed; or perhaps not so guilty as others might have thought. How often did we do wrong quite innocently, and only through ignorance, though so few could understand that! Thus Aasta had thought that he who was always so full of suspicions would not understand it. Out of one clear, simple answer he would have found matter for a hundred suspicious questions; and so she had chosen to confide herself to Death rather than to him. Why could he never leave her in peace? She had fled from the things of her past life, and sought refuge with him; and then he, forsooth, must constantly drag them

forward and fling them in her face ! She was truly attached to him, and showed him all love and tenderness ; what right had he, then, to concern himself about her past ? And if he had any such right, why did he not say so in the beginning ? Whereas, the more her affection had grown, the more his disquiet had grown likewise, — when she, not merely through admiration and gratitude, but also through love, had become wholly his own, *then*, forsooth, he must begin to wish to know all about what she had done and been in days gone by. The more, too, she had pleaded for herself, the worse he had thought of her, and the more he had insisted that there was something he ought to be told. Then, for the first time, arose the question, Had *he* told *her* everything ? Would it really be right for husband and wife to tell each other everything ? Would all be understood if it were told ? Most certainly not.

He heard two children playing, and he looked around. He was sitting in the green inclosure Aasta had spoken of a little while ago, but he had not been aware of it till now. Five hours had passed ; he thought it was a few minutes. The children had most likely been playing there for long ; but he heard them now for the first time.

What ! was not one of them Agnes, the clergyman's little daughter of eight years, whom Aasta had loved even to idolatry, and who was so like her ! Good Heavens ! how like she was !

Agnes had just set her little brother upon a great stone, where he had to be in school, while she was schoolmaster.

"Say now just what I say," she commanded : "Our Father."

"Ou' Farver."

"Who art in Heaven."

"'Eb'm."

"Hallowed be Thy name."

"'Arvid be name."

"Thy kingdom come."

"No !"

"Thy will be done."

"No ; s'an't."

Botolf crept away ; not, however, because the prayer had touched him ; indeed, he had not marked that it was a prayer ; but while he looked at and listened to the children, he became, in his own eyes, a horrible wild beast, unfit to come near either

God or man. He dragged himself behind some bushes, so that the children might not discover him; he was more afraid of them than he had ever been of any one in all his life. He slunk off into the forest, far away from the high-road.

Where should he go? To the now empty house he had bought and furnished for Aasta? Or should he go somewhere further away? It mattered nothing; for wherever he thought of going, he saw Aasta standing there. It is said that when folks are dying, the last object they see is pictured upon their eyes; so, too, when a man awakes to consciousness after doing a wicked deed, the first object he sees is pictured upon his eyes, and he can never get rid of it. Thus, when Botolf now saw Aasta, she no longer appeared to him as she had upon the mountain-slope so short a time before, but she seemed to be a little innocent girl—in fact, to be Agnes. Even the picture he retained of her figure while she was sinking down the steep was that of Agnes, with her little hands uplifted. In whatever direction he turned his thoughts and remembrances of the suffering woman whom he had so suspected, they were met by this innocent child whom he had just heard repeating the Lord's Prayer. In every scene of his life with Aasta—from the night of the shipwreck to this Sunday morning—the child's face appeared. The thought of this mysterious transformation so preyed upon him, in both mind and body, that in the course of a few days he became unable to take his necessary food, and a little while after was compelled to keep his bed.

Soon every one could see he was approaching death. He whose mind is burdened by some great life-enigma acquires a peculiar manner, through which he himself becomes an enigma to others.

Even from the day Botolf and Aasta first came to live in that parish, his gloomy taciturnity, her beauty, and the loneliness of the life of both, had been the subject of frequent gossip among the neighbors; and now, when Aasta all at once disappeared, the talk increased until the most incredible things said were the best believed. Nobody could throw any light upon the matter; for none of all those who lived upon the mountain ridge, or the shore beneath, or who were accustomed to go there, had happened to be looking towards the steep just when Aasta flung herself over. Neither did her corpse ever drift to land, itself to give evidence.

Even while Botolf was yet alive, therefore, no end of strange

spiritualistic stories were told about him. He became dreadful to see as he lay there with long, sunken face, red beard, and unkempt red hair, growing tangled together, and large eyes looking up like some dark tarn in a deep mountain-hollow. He seemed to have no wish either to live or to die ; and so the folks said there was a fight for his soul going on between God and the devil. Some said they had even seen the evil one, surrounded by flames, climb up to the windows of the dying man's chamber to call to him. They had seen the evil one, too, they said, in the form of a black dog, go sniffing round the house. Others, who had rowed past, had seen the whole place on fire ; while others, again, had heard a company of devils, shouting, barking, and laughing, come up from the sea, pass slowly towards the house, enter through the closed doors, rush furiously through all the rooms, and then go down once more beneath the waves, with the same awful row as they made in coming out. Botolf's servants, men as well as women, left immediately, and told all these tales to everybody. Hardly any one dared even to go near the place ; and if an old peasant and his wife, to whom the sick man had shown some kindness, had not taken care of him, he would have lain utterly untended. Even this old woman herself was in terror when she was with him ; and she used to burn straw under his bed to keep off the evil one ; but though the sick man was nearly scorched up, he still kept alive.

He lay in terrible suffering ; and the old woman thought at last he must be waiting to see some one. So she asked him whether she should send for the clergyman. He shook his head. Was there any one else he would like to see ? To that he made no answer. The next day, while he was lying as usual, he distinctly pronounced the name, " Agnes." Certainly, this was not in reply to the old woman's question of the day before ; but she fancied it was, and she rose gladly, went out to her husband, and bade him harness the horses with all speed, and drive over to the parsonage to fetch Agnes.

When he reached there, everybody thought there must be some mistake, and that it was the clergyman who was sent for ; but the old man insisted it was the little girl. She herself was indoors, and heard the message, which frightened her greatly ; for she, among the rest, had heard the tales about the devil, and about the company of devils rushing up out of the sea. But she had also heard that there was some one whom the sick

man was waiting to see, and must see before he could die ; and she did not think it anywise strange that that one should turn out to be herself, whom his wife had so often fetched over to the house before. Agnes's sisters told her, too, that one must always try to do what dying folks wish ; and that if she prayed nicely to God, nothing could do her any harm. She believed this, and let them dress her to go.

It was a cold, clear evening, wherein she could see long, dark shadows following, and hear echoes of the harness-bells sounding far off in the forest ; on the whole, she felt it was rather dreadful, and she sat saying her prayers, with her hands folded together inside her muff. She did not see the devil anywhere, neither did she hear any company of devils rushing up out of the sea while she rode along the shore ; but she saw many stars above her, and light shining straight before her upon the mountain-peak. Up around Botolf's house all seemed dismally quiet ; but the old peasant woman came out at once, and carried Agnes indoors, took off her traveling dress, and let her warm herself at the fire. Meanwhile, the old woman told her she need not be anywise afraid of the sick man, but must just go in to him with good courage, and say the Lord's Prayer to him. Then, when Agnes had got warm, the old woman took her hand, and led her into the sickroom. Botolf lay there with long beard and hollow eyes, and he gazed at her intently ; but she did not think he looked dreadful, and she was not afraid.

"Do you forgive me ?" he whispered.

She supposed she ought to say "yes," and she said "yes," accordingly.

Then he smiled, and tried to raise himself in the bed, but his strength failed, and he remained lying.

She began at once to say the Lord's Prayer ; but he made a movement as though to bid her pause, and pointed to his breast. So she laid both her hands there ; for this was what she thought he intended her to do ; and he directly laid one of his clammy, ice-cold, bony hands upon her little warm ones, and then closed his eyes. When she found he did not say anything after she had finished the prayer, she did not venture to remove her hands, but just began to say it again.

When she had said it for the third time, the old woman came in, looked, and said :—

"You can leave off now, my dear, — he's gone !"

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

THERE was a little parish, Endregaardene by name, lying all alone, with lofty mountains, around. It was flat and fertile, but intersected by a broad stream, coming from the mountains, and widening into a lake, which bounded the place on one side, and gave it an outlook far away.

It was up this lake the man came who first settled in the valley. Endre was his name ; and the present inhabitants of the parish were his descendants. They were a gloomy race ; and some folks used to say this was because Endre had fled hither on account of having done some bloody deed ; others said the gloom was owing rather to the surrounding mountains, which shut out the sunshine at five o'clock in the afternoon, even in midsummer.

High above the place, upon a lofty mountain-top, there hung an eagle's nest. It could be seen by all when the mother-bird was sitting, but it could be reached by none. The father-bird used to go sailing over the valley, now swooping down upon a lamb, now upon a kid ; and once he even carried off a little bairn ; so the folks felt that their things could never be safe so long as the nest remained. There were traditions that once in old times there had been two brothers who had reached it, and pulled it down ; but nowadays nobody felt equal to the task.

Whenever two folks met in Endregaardene they used to talk of the eagle's nest, and to look up at it. Everybody knew when the old eagles returned in each new season, and where they had last been swooping down to make their raids, and who had last been trying to reach their mountain stronghold. All the young fellows, too, used from their childhood to practice climbing mountains and trees, and wrestling, in the hope that they might thus become able one day to follow the two brothers of the tradition.

At the time of our little sketch, the chief of the young fellows was one named Lejf, who did not belong to the family of Endre. He was a curly-haired lad, with little eyes ; and was skilled in all kinds of active games, and very warm-hearted

towards the women folks. He was wont while yet very young to declare that he would one day climb to the eagle's nest; but the old people said that he had better not talk quite so loudly about that.

This provoked him; and he had barely reached manhood before he determined to make this long-talked-of attempt. It was a bright Sunday morning early in the summer, at just the time when the eaglets were likely to be hatched. The folks were gathered together in a great crowd beneath the mountain to watch the daring fellow; the older ones trying to dissuade him, the younger urging him onward. But he listened to naught save his own wayward will; and after pausing only till the mother-bird had left the nest, he gave a spring, and caught hold on a branch of a tree growing upon the mountain-side several feet above the valley, and drew himself up by it. The tree was rooted in a deep rift, which he crossed, and then began to climb farther. Little pebbles loosened beneath his feet, and fell rolling down, followed by mould and dust; all else was still, save that a low, constant sighing came from the stream beyond. Soon the mountain-side projected further forwards; and for some moments he hung only by one hand, feeling with his feet after the footholds which he could no longer find with his eyes. Many of the folks, especially the women, turned away, and said he would never have attempted such a thing if he had had a father and mother alive. He found a hold, however, and then felt after another with his hand, next after yet another with his foot; that gave way, and he slipped but then again held fast. The folks below heard each other's breath.

Then a tall young girl rose from a great stone where she had been sitting all by herself. According to the parish talk, she had been betrothed to Lejf ever since she was a bairn, although he did not belong to the family of Endre. She stretched her arms upwards, and cried aloud:—

“Lefj, Lefj, how *can* you do so?”

All the folks turned towards her; and her father, who stood close by, looked at her sternly, but she no longer knew him.

“Come down, Lefj!” she cried again; “I—I love you so much—and there's no good in going up there!”

The folks marked him hesitate; but it was only a very few moments, and then he went on climbing. He had now good hold both for hands and feet, and so for a while he got along well; but soon he seemed beginning to grow weary, for he

often paused. A little stone which came rolling down seemed like a forerunner, and all the folks followed it with their eyes the whole way. Some could bear the thing no longer, and went home. But the girl still stood there, high upon the stone, all by herself, wringing her hands, and gazing upwards. Lejf again took a fresh hold with one hand ; it gave way ; he took a second hold with the other hand ; that gave way also.

"Lejf !" shrieked the girl, so that the mountain echoed, and all the folks joined in her cry.

"He's slipping !" they shrieked, men and women both, stretching up their hands towards him.

And slip he did, indeed, bringing with him sand, stones, and mould—slip, still slip, yet faster. The folks turned away ; and behind them they heard something fall down the mountain-side, and come heavily on the valley like a great mass of wet earth.

When, at last, they were able to look round again, they saw Lejf lying there, mangled beyond all recognition. The girl lay across the stone ; and her father carried her away.

The young folks who had so strongly urged Lejf to undertake his dangerous task dared not now even lay hold on him to give him help, for he had become frightful to see. So the older ones were obliged to come forward. The eldest of them said, as he laid hold on Lejf :—

"It was very wrong. But," he added, looking upwards, "it's all for the best, though, that some things hang so high they're not within reach of everybody."

TO-COMES.

By HENRIK IBSEN.

[1828- .]

(Translated by Edmund Gosse.)

IN THE sunny orchard closes,
While the warblers swing and sing,
Care not whether blustering autumn
Break the promises of spring ;
Rose and white the apple blossom
Hides you from the sultry sky ;
Let it flutter, blown and scattered,
On the meadows by and by.

Will you ask about the fruitage
 In the season of the flowers?
 Will you murmur, will you question,
 Count the run of weary hours?
 Will you let the scarecrow clapping
 Drown all merry sounds and words?
 Brothers, there is better music
 In the singing of the birds!

From your heavy-laden garden
 Will you hunt the mellow thrush?
 He will pay you for protection
 With his crown-songs' liquid rush!
 Oh! but you will win the bargain,
 Though your fruit be spare and late,
 For remember, Time is flying,
 And will shut your garden gate.

With my living, with my singing,
 I will tear the hedges down!
 Sweep the grass and heap the blossom,
 Let it shrivel, bare and brown!
 Swing the wicket! Sheep and cattle,
 Let them graze among the best!
 I broke off the flowers: what matter
 Who may revel with the rest!

"Next," that wretched word —

It makes the shareholders of pleasure bankrupt!
 If I were only Sultan for an hour,
 A running noose about its coward neck
 Should make it bid the joyous world good-bye! —
 "What is your quarrel with the hopeful word?" —
 This — that it darkens for us God's fair world!
 "In our next love" and "when we marry next,"
 At our "next mealtime" and in our "next life," —
 'Tis the anticipation in the word,
 'Tis that that beggars so the sons of Joy,
 That makes our modern life so hard and cold,
 That slays enjoyment in the living Present.
 You have no rest until your shallop strikes
 Against the shingle of the "next" design,
 And, that accomplished, there is still a "next,"
 And so in toil and hurry, toil and pain,
 The years slip by and you slip out of life, —
 God only knows if there is rest beyond.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY ALEXANDER KJELLAND.

[ALEXANDER LANGE KJELLAND, the leader of the younger Norwegian school, which seeks cosmopolite culture and realism in place of local life and patriotic impulse, was born at Stavanger in 1849. The son of a wealthy ship-owner and merchant, he studied for the law at the University of Christiania, but engaged in manufacturing till 1881. Spending much time in Paris and saturating himself with modern French literature, he has assimilated both its style, its clarity, and its pessimistic realism, as also its democratic spirit; his antagonism to conservative ideas caused the government to refuse the traveling stipend customarily given to a writer of talent. His chief works are "Garman and Worse," his first (1885), life in a small Norwegian port; "The Laboring Class" (1881), a Zolaish study of how the upper classes corrupt the lower; a notable Christmas story, "Else" (1881); "Skipper Worse" (1882); "Snow," "Jacob," etc.; dramatic dialogues, as "Betty's Guardian" (1887), "The Professor" (1888); and several volumes of short stories, some classic.]

ONCE there lay in a certain haven a large number of vessels. They had lain there very long, not exactly on account of storm, but rather because of a dead calm; and at last they had lain there until they no longer heeded the weather.

All the captains had gradually become good friends; they visited from ship to ship, and called one another "Cousin."

They were in no hurry to depart. Now and then a youthful steersman might chance to let fall a word about a good wind and a smooth sea. But such remarks were not tolerated; order had to be maintained on a ship. Those, therefore, who could not hold their tongues were set ashore.

Matters could not, however, go on thus forever. Men are not so good as they ought to be, and all do not thrive under law and order.

The crews at length began to murmur a little; they were weary of painting and polishing the cabins, and of rowing the captains to and from the toddy suppers. It was rumored that individual ships were getting ready for sailing. The sails of some were set one by one in all silence, the anchors were weighed without song, and the ships glided quietly out of the harbor; others sailed while their captains slept. Fighting and mutiny were also heard of; but then there came help from the neighbor captains, the malcontents were punished and put ashore, and all moorings were carefully examined and strengthened.

Nevertheless, all the ships, except one, at last left the harbor. They did not all sail with like fortune; one and another

even came in again for a time, damaged. Others were little heard of. The captain of one ship, it was said, was thrown overboard by his men; another sailed with half the crew in irons, none knew where. But yet they were all in motion, each striving after its own fashion, now in storm, now in calm, towards its goal.

As stated, only one ship remained in the harbor, and it lay safe and sound, with two anchors at the bottom and three great cables attached to the quay.

It was a strange little craft. The hull was old, but it had been newly repaired, and they had given it a smart little modern figure-head, which contrasted strangely with the smooth sides and the heavy stern. One could see that the rigging had originally belonged to a large vessel, but had been very hastily adapted to the smaller hull, and this still further increased the want of proportion in the brig's whole appearance. Then it was painted with large portholes for guns, like a man-of-war, and always carried its flag at the mainmast.

The skipper was no common man. He himself had painted the sketch of the brig that hung in the cabin, and, besides, he could sing — both psalms and songs. Indeed, there were those who maintained that he composed the songs himself; but this was most probably a lie. And it was certainly a lie that they whispered in the forecabin: that the skipper had not quite got his sea-legs. Young men always tell such stories to cabin-boys, in order to appear manly. And, besides, there was a steersman on the brig, who could, on a pinch, easily round the headlands alone.

He had sailed as steersman for many years of our Lord, ever since the time of the skipper's late father. He had become as if glued to the tiller, and many could scarcely imagine the old brig with a new steersman.

He had certainly never voyaged in distant waters; but as his trade had always been the same, and as he had invariably been in the company of others, the brig had sailed pretty fortunately, without special damage and without special merit.

Therefore, both he and the skipper had arrived at the conviction that none could sail better than they, and hence they cared little what the others did. They looked up at the sky and shook their heads.

The men felt quite comfortable, for they were not used to better things. Most of them could not understand why the

crews of the other ships were in such a hurry to be off ; the month went round all the same, whether one lay in port or sailed, and then it was better to avoid work. So long as the skipper made no sign of preparation for sailing, the men might keep their minds easy, for he must surely have the most interest in getting away. And besides, they all knew what sort of fellow the steersman was, and if such a capable and experienced man lay still, they might be quite sure that he had good and powerful reasons.

But a little party among the crew — some quite youthful persons — thought it was a shame to let themselves be thus left astern by everybody. They had, indeed, no special advantage or profit to expect from the voyage, but at last the inaction became intolerable, and they conceived the daring resolve of sending a youth aft to beg the captain to fix a date for sailing.

The more judicious among the crew crossed themselves, and humbly entreated the young man to keep quiet : but the latter was a rash greenhorn, who had sailed in foreign service, and therefore imagined himself to be a “ regular devil of a fellow.” He went right aft and down into the cabin, where the skipper and the steersman sat with their whisky before them, playing cards.

“ We would ask if the skipper would kindly set sail next week, for now we are all so weary of lying here,” said the young man, looking the skipper straight in the eyes without winking.

The latter’s face first turned pale blue, and then assumed a deep violet tint ; but he restrained himself, and said, as was his invariable custom : —

“ What think you, steersman ? ”

“ H’m,” replied the steersman slowly. More he never used to say at first, when he was questioned, for he did not like to answer promptly. But when he got an opportunity of speaking alone, without being interrupted, he could utter the longest sentences and the very hardest words. And then the skipper was especially proud of him.

However short the steersman’s reply might seem, the skipper at once understood its meaning. He turned towards the youth — gravely, but gracefully, for he was an exceedingly well-bred man.

“ You cursed young fool ! don’t you think I understand these things better than you ? I, who have thought of nothing but being a skipper since I was knee-high ! But I know well

enough what you and the like of you are thinking about. You don't care a d—— about the craft, and if you could only get the power from us old ones, you would run her on the first islet you came to, so that you might plunder her of the whisky. But there will be none of that, my young whelp! Here we shall lie, as long as I choose."

When this decision reached the fore-castle, it awoke great indignation among the young and immature, which, indeed, was only to be expected. But even the skipper's friends and admirers shook their heads, and opined that it was a nasty answer; after all, it was only a civil question, which ought not to compromise anybody.

There now arose a growing ill-humor — something quite unheard-of among these peaceable fellows. Even the skipper, who was not usually quick to understand or remark anything, thought he saw many sullen faces, and he was no longer so well pleased with the bearing of the crew when he stepped out upon deck with his genial "Good-morning, you rogues."

But the steersman had long scented something, for he had a fine nose and long ears. Therefore, a couple of evenings after the young man's unfortunate visit, it was remarked that something extraordinary was brewing aft.

The cabin-boy had to make three journeys with the toddy-kettle, and the report he gave in the fore-castle after his last trip was indeed disquieting.

The steersman seemed to have talked without intermission for two hours; before them on the table lay barometer, chronometer, sextant, journal, and half the ship's library. This consisted of Kingo's hymn-book and an old Dutch "Chart-Book"; for the skipper could do just as little with the new hymns as the steersman with the new charts.

The skipper now sat prodding the chart with a large pair of compasses, while the steersman talked, using all his longest and hardest words. There was one word in particular that was often repeated, and this the boy learned by heart. He said it over and over again to himself as he went up the cabin stairs and passed along the deck to the fore-castle, and the moment he opened the door he shouted: —

"Initiative! Mind that word, boys! Write it down — initiative!"

In-i-ti-a-tive was with much difficulty spelt out and written with chalk on the table. And during the boy's long statement

all these men sat staring, uneasily and with anxious expectancy, at this long, mystic word.

"And then," concluded the cabin-boy at last — "then says the steersman: 'But we ourselves shall take the —' what is written on the table."

All exclaimed simultaneously, "Initiative."

"Yes, that was it. And every time he said it, they both struck the table and looked at me as if they would eat me. I now think, therefore, that it is a new kind of revolver they intend to use upon us."

But none of the others thought so; it was surely not so bad as that. But something was impending, that was clear. And the relieved watchman went to his berth with gloomy forebodings, and the middle watch did not get a wink of sleep that night.

At seven o'clock next morning both skipper and steersman were up on deck. No man could remember ever having seen them before so early in the day. But there was no time to stand in amazement, for now followed, in quick succession, orders for sailing.

"Heave up the anchors! Let two men go ashore and slip the cables!"

There was gladness and bustle among the crew, and the preparations proceeded so rapidly that in less than an hour the brig was under canvas.

The skipper looked at the steersman and shook his head, muttering, "This is the devil's own haste."

After a few little turns in the spacious harbor, the brig passed the headland and stood out to sea. A fresh breeze was blowing, and the waves ran rather high.

The steersman, with a prodigious twist in his mouth, stood astride the tiller, for such a piece of devil's trumpery as a wheel should never come on board as long as *he* had anything to say in the matter.

The skipper stood on the cabin stairs, with his head above the companion. His face was of a somewhat greenish hue, and he frequently ran down into the cabin. The old boatswain believed that he went to look at the chart, the young man thought he drank whisky, but the cabin-boy swore that he went below to vomit.

The men were in excellent spirits; it was so refreshing to breathe the sea air, and to feel the ship once again moving

under their feet. Indeed, the old brig herself seemed to be in a good humor; she dived as deep down between the seas as she could, and raised much more foam than was necessary.

The young sailors looked out for heavy seas. "Here comes a whopper," they shouted; "if it would only hit us straight!" And it did.

It was a substantial sea, larger than the others. It approached deliberately, and seemed to lie down and take aim. It then rose suddenly, and gave the brig, which was chubby as a cherub, such a mighty slap on the port cheek that she quivered in every timber. And high over the railing, far in upon the deck, dashed the cold salt spray; the captain had scarcely time to duck his head below the companion.

Ah, how refreshing it was! It exhilarated both old and young; they had not had a taste of the cold sea-water for a long time, and with one voice the whole crew broke into a lusty "Hurrah!"

But at this moment the steersman's stentorian voice rang out: "Hard to leeward!" The brig luffed up close to the wind, the sails flapped so violently that the rigging shook, and now followed in rapid succession, even quicker than before, orders to anchor. "Let fall the port anchor! Let go the starboard one too!"

Plump—fell the one; plump—went the other. The old chains rattled out, and a little red cloud of rust rose upon either side of the bowsprit.

The men, accustomed to obey, worked rapidly without thinking why, and the brig soon rode pretty quietly at her two anchors.

But now, after the work was finished, no one could conceal his astonishment at this sudden anchoring, just off the coast, among islets and skerries. And still more extraordinary seemed the behavior of those in command. For they both stood right forward, with their backs to the weather, leaning over the railing and staring at the port bow. Some had even thought they had heard the captain cry, "To the pumps, men," but this point was never cleared up.

"What the devil can they be doing forward?" said the rash young man.

"They think she struck on a reef when we shipped the big sea," whispered the cabin-boy.

"Hold your jaw, boy!" said the boatswain.

All the same, the cabin-boy's words passed from mouth to mouth ; a little chuckle was heard here and there ; the men's faces became more and more ludicrously uneasy, and their suppressed laughter was on the point of bursting forth. Then the steersman was seen to nudge the skipper in the side.

"Yes ; but then you must whisper to me," said the latter.

The steersman nodded, and then the skipper turned to the crew and solemnly spoke as follows :—

"Yes, this time, fortunately, everything went well ; but now I hope that each of you will have learnt how dangerous it is to lend an ear to these juvenile agitators, who can never be quiet and let evolution, as the steersman says, pursue its natural course. I yielded to your wishes this time, it is true, but not because I approved of your insane rashness ; it was simply that I might convince you by — by the logic of events. And see—how did things go ? Certainly we have, as by a miracle, been spared the worst ; but now we lie here, outside our safe haven, our old anchorage, which we have forsaken to be tossed about on the turbulent waters of the unknown and the untried. But, believe me, henceforth you will find both our excellent steersman and your captain at our post, guarding against such crude, immature projects. And if things go badly with us in days to come, you must all remember that it is entirely your own fault ; we wash our hands of the matter."

Thereupon he strode through the men, who respectfully fell back to let him pass. The steersman, who had really whispered, dried his eyes and followed. They both disappeared in the cabin.

* * * * *

There was much strife in the forecastle that day, and it grew worse after. The brig's happy days were all over. Dissension and discontent, suspicion and obstinacy, converted the narrow limits of the forecastle into a veritable hell.

Only skipper and steersman seemed to thrive well under all this. The general dissatisfaction did not affect them ; for they, of course, were not to blame.

None thought of any change. The crew had done what they could, and the skipper, on his part, had also been accommodating. Now they might keep their minds at rest. The brig lay in a dangerous place, but now she would have to lie — and there she lies to this day.

UNCLE REUBEN.

By SELMA LAGERLÖF.

(Translated for this work from the Swedish, by Forrest Morgan.)

[SELMA LAGERLÖF, the foremost artist and most richly imaginative romancer among recent Swedish writers, was born about 1870. She rose to immediate fame by "Gösta Berling's Saga" (1894), a flood of Swedish peasant life and tradition poured out with prodigal fertility and set in the framework of a legendary tale; it has the faults of too much crowding of matter, almost to the point of being cluttered and rather formless, but this is redeemed by the largeness of her intellectual grasp, the depth of her sympathy, the abounding poetry of her descriptions, and the wealth and soar of her imagination. The next year she followed it with "The Invisible Chain," a collection of which the longest is "The Spirit of Fasting and Petter Nord," the deepest in thought is the seemingly light yet profound story below, and several others are worthy companions. In 1898 appeared "The Miracles of Antichrist," in which, by a marvel of sympathetic intuition, she does for the legends of Sicily clustering about Mount Etna, and its beliefs and feelings, what "Gösta Berling" did for rural Sweden.]

ONCE upon a time, nearly eighty years ago, there was a little boy who went out to the market-place and played top. This little boy was named Reuben. He was not more than three, but he swung his little whip as bravely as anybody, and made the top spin so there was a pleasure in it.

On that day, some eighty years since, it was very beautiful spring weather. The March month had come, and the town was divided into two worlds: one white and warm, where the sunshine prevailed, and one cold and dark, where the shadow lay. The whole market belonged to the sunshine except a narrow strip along one row of houses.

Now it chanced that the little boy, brave as he was, grew tired of spinning his top and looked about him for some resting-place. Such a thing was not hard to find. There were no benches or seats, but every house was furnished with stone doorsteps. Little Reuben could not bethink himself of anything more suitable.

He was a conscientious little chap. He had a dim notion that his mother would not wish him to sit on strange people's steps. His mother was poor, but for that very reason it must never look as if one would take anything from others. So he went and sat on their own doorsteps, for they too lived on the market-place.

The steps lay in the shadow, and it was very cold there. The little fellow rested his head against the railing, drew up his legs, and made himself as comfortable as ever in his life. For a little while yet he watched how the sunshine was dancing out in the market-place, how the boys ran and spun their tops — then he shut his eyes and went to sleep.

He certainly slept a full hour. When he woke he was not feeling so well as when he went to sleep; instead, everything felt so dreadfully uncomfortable. He went in to his mother and cried, and his mother saw that he was sick, and put him to bed. And in a couple of days the boy was dead.

But that does not bring his story to an end. For it happened that his mother came to mourn for him straight from the depths of her heart, with a sorrow that defied years and death. The mother had several other children, many troubles occupied her time and thoughts, but there was always a room in her heart where her son Reuben made his home entirely undisturbed. He was permanently alive for her. If she saw a group of children at play in the market-place, he was running about there too; and when she went bustling around the house, she believed fully and firmly that the child was still sitting and sleeping out on those perilous stone steps. Certainly none of the mother's living children were so steadily present in her thoughts as the dead one.

Some years after his death little Reuben had a sister, and when she grew old enough so she could run out in the market-place and play top, it chanced that she too sat down to rest on the stone steps. But the mother instantly felt as if some one were pulling her by the skirts. She came out at once and gave the little girl so hard a gripe, as she lifted her up, that the child remembered it as long as she lived.

And as little did she forget how strange was her mother's face, and how her voice quivered as she said: "Do you know that you once had a little brother named Reuben, and he died because he sat on those very stone steps and caught cold? You don't want to die and leave mother, do you, Berta?"

Brother Reuben soon became as living to his brothers and sisters as to his mother. She was such that they all saw with her eyes, and they were shortly as well able as herself to see him sitting out on the stone steps. And naturally it never occurred to any of them to sit there. Yes, whenever they saw any one sitting on a stone step, or a stone railing, or a stone

by the roadside, they always felt a twinge in their hearts and thought of Brother Reuben.

Moreover, it came about that Brother Reuben was always set highest of the entire brood when they talked among themselves. For all the children knew, of course, that they were a bothersome and wearing lot, who only gave their mother care and worry. They could not believe their mother would mourn much over losing any of them. But as their mother actually did mourn for Brother Reuben, why, it was certain that he must have been much better than they were.

It was not seldom that one of them had the thought, "Oh, if any of us could give mother as much pleasure as Brother Reuben!" And yet no one knew anything more of him than that he had played top and caught cold on the stone steps. But he must surely have been remarkable, since mother had such a fondness for him.

Remarkable he was, too: he gave his mother the most joy of all her children. She became a widow, and toiled in care and want; but the children had so stout a faith in their mother's sorrow over the child of three, that they were persuaded if he had only lived the mother would not have grieved at her misfortunes. And every time they saw their mother weeping they believed it was on account of Brother Reuben being dead, or else on account of themselves not being like Brother Reuben. Pretty soon they were cherishing inwardly a stronger and stronger desire to compete with the little dead one in their mother's affections. There was not a thing they would not have been willing to do for their mother, if she had only been willing to think as much of them as of him. And it was on account of that longing, I think, that Brother Reuben was the most useful of all his mother's children.

Just think, when the eldest brother earned his first coins by rowing a stranger across the river, and came and gave them to his mother without keeping back a penny! Then his mother looked so happy that he swelled with pride, and could not help betraying how inordinately ambitious he had been.

"Mother, now am I not as good as Brother Reuben?"

The mother looked scrutinizingly at him. It seemed as if she were comparing his fresh, glowing countenance with the pale mite out on the stone steps. And mother would of course have liked to answer yes, if she could; but mother could not.

"Mother thinks a great deal of you, Ivan, but you will never be what your brother Reuben was."

It was insurmountable; all the children perceived it, and yet they could not help trying.

They grew up into capable men and women, they pushed forward to wealth and consideration, while Brother Reuben sat still on his stone steps. But he still had the start; he was beyond catching up with.

And at every advance, every betterment, as by degrees they succeeded in offering their mother a good home and comfort, it had to be reward enough for them that their mother said, "Ah, if my little Reuben could have seen that!"

Brother Reuben followed his mother through her whole life, even to her death-bed. It was he who robbed the death pangs of their sting, because she knew that they were bearing her to him. Amid her worst sufferings the mother could smile at the thought that she was going to meet little Reuben.

And so died one whose faithful affection had exalted and deified a poor little child of three.

But neither did that bring little Reuben's history to an end. To all his brothers and sisters he remained a symbol of their hard-working home life, of their love for their mother, of all the touching memories from the years of struggle and hardship. Something warm and fine lay always in their voices when they spoke of him. There was feast and holiday around the little three-year-old.

Thus too he came to glide into the lives of his brothers' and sisters' children. His mother's love had raised him to greatness; and the great — they act and teach, influencing generation after generation.

Sister Berta had a son who came into close contact with Uncle Reuben.

He was four years old the day he sat down on the curbstone and gazed into the gutter. It was flooded with rain water. Sticks and straws were voyaging with adventurous whirls down the shallow channel. The little fellow sat and looked down with that tranquil pleasure that people enjoy in following others' adventurous careers, while themselves are in safety.

But his peaceful philosophizing was broken off by his mother, who, the moment she saw him, could not help thinking of the stone steps at home and of her brother.

"O my dear little boy," said she, "don't sit there! Do

you know your mamma had a little brother who was named Reuben, and was four years old as you are now? He died because he sat on just such a curbstone and caught cold."

The little youngster did not like being disturbed in his pleasant thoughts. He sat still and philosophized, while his yellow curly hair tumbled down into his eyes.

Sister Berta would not have done it for any one else, but for her dear brother's sake she shook her little boy quite sharply. And so he came to learn respect for Uncle Reuben.

On another occasion this fair-haired little man chanced to fall when out on the ice. He had been thrown down just for spite by a big naughty boy, and there he staid behind and cried just to show how ill used he was, all the more that his mother could not be far off.

But he had forgotten that his mother was nevertheless, first and last, Uncle Reuben's sister. When she saw Axel sitting on the ice, she came up, not at all with anything soothing or comforting, but only with that everlasting —

"Don't sit so, my little boy! Think of Uncle Reuben, who died when he was five years old, as you are now, because he sat down in a snowdrift."

The boy stood up at once when he heard Uncle Reuben spoken of, but he felt a chill clear into his heart. How could mamma talk of Uncle Reuben when her little boy was so afflicted! Axel had as lief he should sit and die where he pleased, but now it seemed as if this dead being wanted to take his own mamma from him, and Axel could not bear that. So he learned to hate Uncle Reuben.

High up the stairway in Axel's home was a stone balustrade which was dizzyingly glorious to sit on. Deep beneath lay the stone floor of the hall, and the one who sat astride up there could dream that he was borne along over abysses. Axel named the balustrade after the good steed Grane. On its back he sprang over blazing moats into enchanted castles. There he sat, proud and bold, with his heavy ringlets flying from the fierce onset, and fought St. George's fight with the dragon. And so far it had not occurred to Uncle Reuben to want to ride there.

But of course he came. Just as the dragon was writhing in his death pangs, and Axel sat there in exalted certainty of victory, he heard his nurse shout: "Little Axel, don't sit there! Think of your Uncle Reuben, who died when he was eight

years old, just as Axel is now, because he sat and rode on a stone railing. Axel must never sit there any more."

Such an envious old duffer, that Uncle Reuben! He could not bear it, of course, that Axel killed dragons and rescued princesses. If he didn't look out, Axel would show that he could win glory too. If he should jump down to the stone floor here below, and smash himself to death, he would feel himself quite overshadowed, that barefaced liar.

Poor Uncle Reuben! The poor little good boy who went and played top out in the sunshiny market-place! Now he was to learn what it was to be a great man. He had become a scarecrow, which his own time set up for those to come.

It was out in the country, at Uncle Ivan's. A good many of the cousins were gathered in the beautiful garden. Axel was there, brimful of his hatred for the great Uncle Reuben. He merely wanted to know if the latter pestered anybody except himself; but there was something that daunted him from asking. It seemed as if he would be committing a sacrilege.

Finally the children were by themselves. No big people were present. Then Axel asked if they had heard Uncle Reuben spoken of.

He saw that there was lightning in their eyes, and that many a small fist was clenched; but it seemed the small mouths had been taught respect for Uncle Reuben. "Hush, for all sakes!" said the entire throng.

"No," said Axel, "I want to know if there is anybody else he nags at, for I think he is the worst nuisance of all uncles."

That one daring word broke the dams that had held in the wrath of those hectored child-hearts. There was vast clamor and outcry. So must a crowd of Nihilists look when they revile an autocrat.

Now was drawn up the great man's register of sins. Uncle Reuben persecuted all his brothers' and sisters' children. Uncle Reuben did whatever he liked. Uncle Reuben was always the same age as the one whose peace he wanted to disturb.

And they had to keep up respect for him, though he was most evidently a liar. Hate him in their hearts' most silent depths they might; but slight him or show him irreverence, that would not do.

What an air the grown folks put on when they talked about him! Had he ever done anything so wonderful, then? To sit

down and die was no very remarkable thing. And whatever achievement he had performed, it was certain that now he was misusing his power. He set himself against the children in everything they wanted to do, the old scarecrow. He drove them from midday naps in the grass. He had found out their best hiding-places in the park and forbidden them to go there. Only just lately he had undertaken to ride horses bareback and drive on the hay-cart.

They were all sure the poor thing had never been more than three. And now he assailed big fourteen-year-olds and pretended he was their age. It was altogether provoking.

It was an incredible thing, what came to light about him. He had fished for bleak from the bridge piers; he had rowed in the little punts; he had clambered into the willows yonder, that hang out over the water, and are so nice to sit in; yes, he had even lain and slept on the powder firkins.

But they were all certain that there was no escape from his tyranny. It was a relief to have spoken out, but in no way a remedy. You could not raise a revolt against Uncle Reuben.

You would never have believed it, but when those children grew big and had children of their own, they at once began to make use of Uncle Reuben, the same as their parents had done before them.

And their children in turn—the youth, namely, who are now growing up—have learned their lesson so well, that it happened one summer out in the country that a lad of five came up and said to his old grandmother Berta, who was sitting on the landing of the steps while she waited for the carriage:—

“Grandma had a brother once that was named Reuben.”

“You are quite right, my little boy,” said grandmother, and stood up at once.

That, to all the younger ones, was such a sign as if they saw an old Jacobite bow before King Charles’s portrait. It gave them an intimation that Uncle Reuben must always remain great, however much he misbehaved, merely because he had been so greatly loved.

In these days, when all greatness is questioned so critically, he has to be used more moderately than of old. The limits for his age are lower; trees, boats, and powder firkins are safe from him, but nothing of stone that will do to sit on can escape him.

And children, the new-time children, behave toward him in quite a different way from their predecessors. They criticise him openly and undisguisedly. Their parents no longer understand the art of inspiring dull, frightened obedience. Small boarding-school girls discuss Uncle Reuben and wonder if he is anything but a myth. A youth of six proposes that some one by way of experiment shall prove that it is impossible to catch a fatal cold on a stone step.

But this is a mere passing mood. This generation in its innermost heart is as much convinced of Uncle Reuben's greatness as the one before it, and obeys him as that did.

The time will come when these scoffers will go down to the ancestral home, try to find the old stone steps, and raise a memorial there with a golden inscription.

They joke about Uncle Reuben now for a few years; but as soon as they are grown, and have their own children to bring up, they will become persuaded of the great man's use and need.

"Oh, my little child, don't sit on those stone steps! Your mother's mother had an uncle who was named Reuben. He died when he was your age, because he sat down to rest on such stone steps as those."

So will it be as long as the world lasts.

HE WAS TOO GOOD.

By AUGUST BLANCHE.

(Translated for this work from the Swedish, by Olga Flinch.)

LAST Monday I came across the following announcement in the death column :—

"Frederick Vilhelm Öfverström, pastor of Katarina parish, attorney to the state in the office of national debts, died quietly and peacefully in Stockholm, etc."

The shock which this gave me called up an almost fifty-year-old memory. It was not very long since I had seen him, and I did not even know he was ill. Ahead of me in years, as in much else, he preceded me into the grave.

One day he came after me on the street—it must be at least forty-five years ago—and asked:—

“May I come to-morrow morning early and study my lesson in your book?”

“Have you no books yourself, then?”

“No, I always go to some one of my classmates every morning to study.”

I had heard of so-called board days for poor school children and young students. I don't know if Öfverström had any such days, but he certainly needed them. I have never seen him bring a piece of bread for his school luncheon, but he got a little piece from everybody, and he ate it as readily as he absorbed his lesson. Meanwhile, without owning a book of his own, he learned both for himself and the rest of us. He was our dictionary, and was often blamed for it by the teachers, whose great favorite he was nevertheless. But it was of no use; he continued to prompt us during recitations.

“Öfverström is impossible—he is too good!” said the teachers.

He was no fighter, as were most of us. Even the bitterest insults he answered merely with a slight smile.

“Öfverström is impossible—he is too good!” said the boys.

I called on him once, and knocked for a long time on a dark hall door in the back of a house in Regeringsgatan. Finally the door was opened slightly. The smell of damp pressed cloth met me, and through the steam I saw a man sitting on a tailor's table,—that was Öfverström's father. Öfverström came out now, himself.

“I am not placed so that I can receive you,” he said, pushing me out into the hall in an embarrassed way.

“Not placed so that he can receive a boy nine years old,” I thought. “Can it be possible that I am a more important person than I imagined?” I continued in my thoughts, when I heard a woman's voice from the room:—

“Oh, I suppose it is a new ABC student he is going to stuff learning into. Vilhelm is always too good.”

I did not renew the call. When I entered the preparatory school, Öfverström was already head of the “uppers.” If I remember right, he had skipped a whole year in the lower division. At the graduation exercises, I heard Olaf Wallin, later Archbishop, pronounce these words:—

“Boys! If you want to get on in the world, and win the

respect of your fellow-men, take example of Öfverström; he is the personification of industry and high principles."

I don't know how many followed the advice, but I venture to say that those got farthest who followed least. A year later I met him again, tutor of the boys of a prominent state official. When I left, the father of the boys said to me:—

"I consider myself fortunate to have secured such a tutor for my children; but he is the most unpractical human being I have ever seen, where his own good is concerned. He is equally happy whether he has a coat to his back or has none. He is too good, and one does not get very far that way. He will remain about where he is now."

"Too good—there we are again," I thought. "Of course he will remain where he is now. The personification of industry and high principles will be left, like the wallflowers at our balls."

Öfverström would probably never have gone to the university if he had not been a necessity for others, of course. A dozen students clubbed together and kept him at Upsala, that they might rely on him for their "pro exercitio" and "pro gradu." It succeeded admirably. One of them got through with *non sine laude*, another with *cum laude*, a third with *laudatur*, and so on. But Öfverström himself! He was very near being expelled, because his real mission at the university was discovered.

"Has any one ever seen the like of it!" said a professor. "He only comes to Upsala to help out laggards—a nice one!"

It was at least a variation of the old theme.

Meanwhile he made the most of the opportunity, and in his spare time he prepared for his degrees in theology. They kept an eye on him at examinations on account of his goodness. He stood pale and bent as usual, but answered all questions right, with a few words. They would have liked to "pluck" him, but in that respect he was firm.

One day I went home with him to his lodgings in Upsala. He rented a room from a poor officer's widow, who took students for fourteen dollars a month. The food and particularly the price suited him. On the stairs we met the widow's daughter, a pretty girl. Öfverström blushed and looked like the incarnation of awkwardness. When a learned and clever man blushes and becomes awkward in the presence of a young girl, one may be very certain that he has fallen in love, fathoms

deep; but it is a love that dares nothing for itself. It lives on the hope of a yes, and fears at the same time the possibility of a no, and so the poor man hangs between heaven and earth, until he is burned to a crisp.

"How do you like Öfverström?" I asked the widow's daughter, a couple of days later.

"Who? Oh, you mean that modest man with the patched boots, who always thanks me for my 'toasted knights,' as if he thought I made them myself."

"Toasted knights" is the name of a dessert, made of sugared toast dipped in whortleberry jelly, a dessert which was only served Sunday in Upsala.

"He is a very intelligent man," I assured her, "and as good as gold."

"Yes, I dare say, and even a great deal too good; but too much or too little spoils everything," said the girl, not in the least impressed.

One may see from this that it may be an advantage to be of a more average goodness.

Öfverström served in the bishop's council in Stockholm, and was attorney in the spiritual court, under several administrations; for he never considered himself fit for other than subordinate positions. He sought and obtained a perpetual curacy in one of the poorest parishes of the town, on the principle that "birds of a feather flock together." By his great economy,—the necessity of the boy and the habit of the man,—and particularly by his faithful work under changing administrations, he laid by a neat little capital, from which he generally lent to poor theological students—he knew where the shoe pinched. Taking security? Oh, yes, of course! No, he was too good for that also. It was worth while making him attorney in cases of national debt, particularly when government loans had to be arranged with German bankers!

Finally Öfverström became the pastor of his parish. But it was not an easy matter to bring about, in spite of the fact that he was universally beloved.

"Of course he deserves it more than anybody else," it was said; "but he is too good."

But as he took the parish in the year of grace, he did not receive any salary, and never did; for very soon after he was even too good for this life.

MRS. FÖNSS.

By J. P. JACOBSEN.

(Translated for this work from the Danish, by Olga Flinch.)

[JENS PETER JACOBSEN, a prominent Danish novelist of the last generation, was born at Thisted in 1847, and died at Copenhagen in 1885. He began as a botanist, and was a strong supporter of the evolution theory; his literary activity was a later personal evolution. Among his best novels are "Mogens," "Niels Lyhne," and "Marie Grubbe." His short stories are also of much merit.]

IN the pretty park behind the old palace of the Popes, in Avignon, there is a bench which affords a view of the Rhone, of the flowery banks of Durance, of hills and fields and a portion of the town.

An afternoon in October two Danish ladies were sitting on this bench, Mrs. Fönss, a widow, and her daughter Ellinor.

Although they had been here for a couple of days, and knew the view before them well, they still sat here wondering that Provence looked like this.

That this was really Provence! A clayish river with stretches of wet, muddy sand, and wide, flat banks of stony-gray gravel; then pale brown fields without a green grass, pale brown slopes, pale brown hills and roads shining white with dust, and here and there by the white houses groups of black trees,—bushes and trees that looked altogether black. Over it all a whitish sky tremulous with a light that made everything look still paler, still drier, and more wearily light, not a trace of luxurious, well-nourished plant-life, all hungry sun-tortured colors, and not a sound, not a scythe cutting through the grass, not a wagon rattling over the roads; and the city there, on both sides, as if built of silence, with all the streets in the silence of an afternoon siesta, all the deaf and dumb houses with every shutter closed, every blind drawn, houses that could neither hear nor see.

Mrs. Fönss had only a resigned smile for this lack of life, but evidently it made Ellinor nervous; not excitedly nervous, but peevishly and weakly so, as one is made nervous by a never-ending day of rain, when all one's sad thoughts come raining down too, or by the stupidly soothing ticking of a clock when feeling desperately tired of oneself, or by the flowers in the wall

paper, when against one's will the same worn-out old dreams, repeating themselves in one's brain, are broken and knitted together again with the pattern, in the same distressing unending continuity. It fairly made her ill, this landscape, made her feel faint, in the way it had to-day interwoven itself with the memory of a hope that was destroyed, and of sweet dreams that now only seemed cloyingly sweet, dreams that it made her red with shame to remember, but which in spite of it she could never forget. And what had it all to do with this country? The blow had come to her far away from here, at home by the fresh Sound, under the light green beeches; and yet every pale brown hill spoke of it, and every green-shuttered house kept silent knowledge of it.

It was the old sorrow of young hearts that had come to her; she had loved a man and believed in his love for her, and then he had suddenly chosen another, — why? what had she done to him? had she changed? had she not always been the same? and all these eternal questions, over and over again. She had not said a word to her mother, but her mother had understood it all so wonderfully, and had shown her such care, — she could have screamed out at this care, that knew everything, and still ought not to know, and her mother had understood that too, and then they had gone away.

The whole trip was merely that she might forget.

Mrs. Fönss did not need to make her daughter feel conscious by looking at her; merely looking at the nervous little hand that lay beside her, stretching itself in such powerless despair over the wooden strips of the bench, changing position constantly like a fever patient tossing on a hot bed; merely looking at this hand, she knew how wearily the young eyes looked out over the landscape, how haunted and drawn the fine features looked, how pale she was, and how blue the veins looked in the delicate skin at the temples.

She was so sorry for her little girl; she lounged so to have her lying here against her heart and breathe down to her all the comforting words she could find; but she believed that there are sorrows which must die in silence, that must not find their way into words, not even between mother and daughter, lest some day, under new conditions, when everything tends to gladness and happiness again, these words may be in the way, like chains that bind and take away full liberty, because the one who has spoken them will hear them whisper in another's

mind, and feel them being turned and twisted in another's thoughts.

And then this too, — that she was afraid of harming her daughter by making confidence too easy; she would not give Ellinor cause to blush, she would not — never mind how much it might lighten the burden — help her over the humiliation it is to lay open one's innermost soul to another's eyes; no, although it made it so much harder for them both, she was glad to find her own reserve and aristocracy of soul, in a certain wholesome stiffness in her young daughter.

Once — it was many years ago, when she was eighteen herself — she had loved with all her soul, all her senses, with every hope, every thought; and it could not be, — he had only had his love and faithfulness to offer, to be tried in a long engagement, and there were conditions in her home that could not wait. So she had taken the man who was ready to master these conditions. They were married, the children came: Tage, the son who was with them in Avignon, and the daughter who sat here by her, and it had been much better than she had dared expect, — happier, easier. Eight years, then her husband died, and she mourned him sincerely; she had learned to like this man, of a delicate, thin-blooded temperament, who in a selfish, high-strung way, loved everything attached to him by family ties, and who cared for nothing in the great world outside, but his own opinion of it, — that, and nothing else. After his death, she lived for her children, but she had not shut herself up with them; she had taken part in the social world, as was natural for so young and well-to-do a widow, and now her son was twenty-one, and there were not many days left before her fortieth birthday.

But she was beautiful still; there was not a trace of gray in her heavy dark blond hair, not a wrinkle around the large, frank eyes, and she was straight and lithe, in full possession of her strong, well-rounded body. Her well-cut large features were brought into bolder relief by the deeper coloring she had gained with the years; but there was a sweet smile around the deep corners of her mouth, an almost promising youth in the liquid brilliancy of her soft brown eyes, which made it all mild and gentle. And again, the rounded line of her cheek was large and serious, and the chin had the firmness of the ripe woman.

"I think Tage is coming," said Mrs. Fönss to her daughter,

when she heard laughter and Danish words on the other side of the thick hedge.

Ellinor straightened up.

Yes, it was Tage. Tage and the Kastagers. Mr. Kastager from Copenhagen, with his sister and daughter ; Mrs. Kastager was ill in bed at the hotel.

Mrs. Fönss and Ellinor made room for the two ladies; the gentlemen tried for a moment to converse standing, and were then tempted by the low stone wall; and there they all sat talking only just enough, — the new-comers were tired after a little railroad trip out into the rose-flushed Provence.

"Hallo !" cried Tage, slapping the knee of his light trousers with his flat hand. "Look at that !"

They looked.

Out in the brown landscape they saw a dust cloud, in the middle of it a horse. "That is the Englishman of whom I spoke to you, the one who came the other day," said Tage to his mother. "Did you ever see any one ride like that?" he turned to Kastager ; "he reminds me of a Gaucho."

"Mazeppa ?" asked Kastager.

The rider disappeared.

They rose and went toward the hotel.

They had met the Kastagers at Belfort, and as they were all going on the same trip through the south of France along the Riviera, they had joined forces. Both families decided to stop in Avignon : Mrs. Kastager because she felt out of sorts, and the Fönsses because Ellinor evidently needed a rest.

Tage was delighted with this companionship ; day by day he fell more irretrievably in love with pretty Ida Kastager, but Mrs. Fönss was not quite so well pleased ; to be sure, Tage was wonderfully settled and sure of himself for his age, but she was in no haste to see them engaged, and then this Kastager ! Ida was a splendid little girl, the mother was a distinguished woman of excellent family. Kastager himself was both rich and good and able, but there was a certain atmosphere of the ridiculous about him, and people had a way of smiling, with their lips or with their eyes, whenever he was mentioned. He was so very excitable and so very enthusiastic, and was so in such a frank, confident, noisy way, and that was the trouble ; for of all things, to be enthusiastic demanded discretion and tact. And Mrs. Fönss did not like to think that any one should speak of Tage's father-in-law with a look and a smile,

so she was a little cool to the family, to the great grief of the young lover.

Next morning Tage and his mother had gone over to the little town museum. They found the entrance door open, but the inner doors closed, and ringing proved futile. As it was, they could go into the rather small courtyard, surrounded by a pretty loggia, the short white columns of which were joined by black iron bars.

They went about looking at the objects ranged along the inside wall, Roman tombstones, pieces of old sarcophagi, a headless draped figure, two vertebræ of a whale, and a number of architectural casts.

All these curiosities were more or less decorated with fresh splashes from a house painter's brush.

They were soon back again at their starting point.

Tage ran upstairs to see if he could not find some sort of a human being in the house, and Mrs. Fönss walked up and down in the loggia.

As she turned at the door, she saw at the end of the walk a tall, bearded man, much sunburnt. He had a traveller's guide in his hand, was listening to a sound behind him, and looked straight ahead at her.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, half questioningly, taking off his hat.

"I am a stranger," said Mrs. Fönss; "there does not seem to be anybody here, but my son has run up to —"

They were speaking French.

Just then Tage came up. "I have been all around," he said, "in the caretaker's apartment too, but there was not a cat."

"I hear," said the Englishman, this time in Danish, "that I have the pleasure of being with compatriots."

He lifted his hat, and retreated a step or two, as if to suggest that he had only said this in order that they might know he understood what they were saying; but suddenly he went straight up to them, and said with a new excitement and emotion in his face, "For it is not possible, I suppose, that we are old acquaintances, madam."

"Is it Emil Thorbrøgger?" cried Mrs. Fönss with outstretched hand.

He seized it, "Yes, it is," he said radiantly, "and it is *you*!"



He had almost tears in his eyes, as he stood looking at her. She presented Tage, her son.

Tage had never in his life heard of this Thorbrögger, but he did not think of that, only of the fact that the Gaucho had turned out to be a Dane; and as there was a pause, and somebody had to say something, he could not help saying, "And I who said yesterday that you made me think of a Gaucho!"

Thorbrögger replied that it was not so very far from the truth, as he had spent twenty-one years on the La Plata prairies, where he had been on horseback a great deal more than on foot.

And now he had returned to Europe?

Yes, he had sold his ranch and his sheep, and had come back to the old world, his home; but he was ashamed to confess that he was often bored, traveling in pursuit of pleasure.

Was he homesick for the prairies, perhaps?

No, he had never been homesick for places or countries; he thought he merely missed the daily work.

They chatted in this way for a while. Finally the caretaker came, hot and breathless, with heads of lettuce under his arm, and a bunch of blood-red tomatoes; and they were let into the small stuffy gallery, where they got the vaguest possible impression of old Vernet's yellow storm clouds and dark waters, while they became thoroughly acquainted with one another's life and fate during the many years since they had parted.

For this was the man she had loved before she was bound to another; in the days that followed, while they were much together, and the others, feeling that such old friends had much to say to each other, often left them alone, they soon found that in spite of all the changes of years, their hearts had forgotten nothing.

Perhaps he was the first to understand this; all the uncertainty, sentiments, and longings of youth took possession of him again, and he suffered under them; the ripened man resented this sudden loss of the peace and self-possession he had gained with the years, and he wished his love had been of another nature, — more dignified, more composed.

It did not seem to her that she felt younger, but it was as if a spring of dried-up tears had suddenly been opened again in her soul; it was such ease and joy to weep, and she felt so rich with these tears, as if she were worth more, and everything else were worth more to her, a feeling of youth at last.

One evening Mrs. Fönss was at home alone ; Ellinor had gone to bed early, and Tage had gone to the theater with the Kastagers. She had been sitting in the dull hotel room dreaming in the half light afforded by a couple of candles, until the dreams had stopped by dint of repetition, and she was tired, in the soft, smiling way in which one is tired, when happy thoughts are lulled half asleep in one's mind.

She could not sit here all evening looking out into space, with not even a book, and it might be more than an hour before the theater was over ; she began to walk up and down the floor and stopped at the mirror to arrange her hair.

She might go down to the reading-room and look at the illustrated papers. The room was always empty at this time.

She threw a large black lace veil over her head and went down.

Yes, it was empty.

The small room, full of furniture, was brilliantly lighted with half a dozen gas jets ; it was hot, and the air was dry.

She drew the veil down over her shoulders.

The white papers on the table, the maps with their great gold lettering, the empty velvet chairs, the regular squares of the carpet, and the straight folds of the curtains all looked so silent in this strong light.

She was still dreaming, and she stood there vaguely listening to the singing of the gas-jets.

This heat was enough to make one feel faint.

She stretched her hand up slowly toward a large heavy bronze vase, standing on a shelf against the wall, and took hold of the rough flowered border, as if to steady herself.

It was easy to stand so, and the bronze felt deliciously cool in her hand. But as she stood there, another sensation was added. She began to feel the plastically beautiful position in which she stood as a bodily enjoyment ; the consciousness of its being becoming to her, and of the beauty that was over her at this moment, the mere feeling of poise and harmony, — all united in a triumphal feeling that took possession of her like a festive joy.

She felt so strong ; life lay before her like a great sunlit day, no longer a day vanishing in the quiet melancholy hours of twilight, but a long, wide-awake stretch of time, with a quick pulse beating the seconds, with the joy of light, with action and motion, outwardly and inwardly. And she grew warm at the

thought of the fullness of life, and longed for it with the dizziness and ardor of strong longing.

She stood so for a long while, lost in thought, forgetting all about her. Then suddenly she heard the stillness, the long singing of the gaslight; she let her hand fall from the vase, and sat down at the table, turning the leaves of a map.

She heard steps that went past the door, heard them turn, and then saw Thorbrögger come in.

They exchanged a few words, but as she seemed taken up with her pictures, he began to look at the papers too. They did not seem to interest him much, however, for when he looked up, shortly after, she caught his eyes looking searchingly at her.

He looked as if he were about to speak, and there was a nervous determined expression around his mouth, which told her with such certainty what his words would be, that she blushed, and instinctively, as if to keep back these words, held out her paper across the table, and pointed at a drawing of Pampas riders lassoing wild bulls.

He was nearly tempted into a joke at the artist's naïve idea of the art of lassoing; it was so easy to speak of, compared with the matter he had on his mind; but then he pushed the paper aside resolutely, leaned slightly across the table, and said:—

"I have thought of you a great deal since we met; I have always thought a great deal of you, both in Denmark that time, and then over there. And I have always loved you, and if I think now, sometimes, that I have never loved you before our meeting again now, then it is not true, however great my love may be, for I have always loved you, I have loved you always. And if you could be mine now, you can't understand what it would be to me, if you, who have been taken away from me for so many years, — if you would come back to me."

He was silent a moment, then he rose and came nearer to her.

"Oh, do say a word; I stand here groping my way like a blind man, I must speak to you like an interpreter — like a mere stranger, who has to speak for me to the heart I am speaking to, I don't know — stand here, weighing my words — I don't know how far, or how near, I don't dare to give word to the love that fills me — or dare I?"

He sank down in a chair beside her.

"If I did dare, if I did not fear — is it true? oh, God bless you, Paula!"

"Nothing shall part us any more," she said with her hand in his, "never mind what happens. I have a right to be happy now, to live all my longings and dreams — to the full. I never did resign, just because happiness did not come to me; I never believed that life was all duty and barrenness, I knew there were happy people in the world."

He kissed her hand silently.

"I know," she said sadly, "those who will judge me most leniently will say that I deserve the happiness it is to me to know that you love me; but they will also say that that ought to be enough for me."

"But it would never be enough for me, and it could not be right for you to let me go so."

"No," she said, "no."

Shortly after she went up to Ellinor.

Ellinor was asleep.

Mrs. Fönss sat down by her bed and looked at the pale child, whose features were dimly outlined in the yellow sparse light of the night lamp.

For Ellinor's sake they must wait. In a few days they would part from Thorbrügger, go on to Nice and stay there, alone; she would spend the whole winter trying to get Ellinor well. But to-morrow she would tell the children what had happened, and what to expect. Never mind how they would take it, it was impossible for her to live with them every day, shut away from them by a secret like this. And they must have time to get accustomed to the thought; for it would mean a parting, greater or less as the children themselves might choose. They should choose themselves, what their lives should be in their relation to her and to him. She would demand nothing. It was their right to give, in this case.

She heard Tage's step in the sitting-room, and went in to him.

He was at once so radiant and so nervous that she immediately guessed that something had happened, and what it was.

But he, who was seeking a sort of introduction to what he had to say, sat and talked absent-mindedly about the theater; and it was not until his mother went up to him, laid her hand on his forehead, and made him look up at her, that he told her he had proposed to Ida Kastager and had her "yes."

They talked of this for a long while, but Mrs. Fönss felt all the time as if there were a certain coldness over everything she said, which she could not conquer because she was afraid of falling in too much with Tage's enthusiasm, on account of her own emotional excitement, and then also because she was on her guard, forcing herself, that there might be no relation between her affection to-night and what she had to say to-morrow.

Tage did not feel any coolness.

Mrs. Fönss did not get much sleep that night ; there were too many thoughts to keep her awake. She thought of how strange it was that they should meet again, and that, meeting, they should love each other, as in the old days.

And it was old days, especially for her ; she was not, she could not be young any more. And he would find that too ; he would have to bear with her, become accustomed to the fact that she was no longer eighteen. But she felt young ; she was young in so many ways, and yet she was conscious of her years, she knew it so well ; in a thousand movements, in look and gesture, in the way in which she would come when she was called, the way in which she smiled at an answer, — ten times a day she made herself old in these things, because she lacked the courage to be as young as she felt.

The thoughts came and went, and through them all broke the question : what would her children say ?

It was late the next morning that she challenged their answer.

They were in their sitting-room.

She said she had something of importance to say to them, something that would change much for all of them, something that would be unexpected. She begged them to hear her as quietly as they could, and not be tempted to rash words by their first impression ; for this thing was settled, and nothing they might say could make her change her mind.

"I am going to marry again," she said, and she told them how she had loved Thorbrögger before she knew their father, how she had been parted from him, and how they had now found each other.

Ellinor wept, but Tage had risen completely bewildered ; he went up to her now, knelt before her, took her hand, and pressed it to his cheek with the greatest tenderness, half sobbing, half choked with emotion, with an expression of being absolutely at a loss to understand.

"Oh, but mother, dearest mother ! what have we done to you ; have we not always loved you, have we not, both when we were with you, and when we were far away from you, and longed for you as for the best thing we had in this world ? We really did not know father but through you, you taught us to love him, and that Ellinor and I are so fond of each other, isn't that because you have showed us every day how much we had to love in one another, and has it not always been so with everybody we have loved — it was all through you ! We have everything from you, and we worship you, mother, if you only knew — oh, you don't know how our love for you has often longed to break all bonds, has reached out for you, up to you, and it is you again who has taught us to hold it within limits, and we have never dared to come as near to you as we would like to. And now you say you are going to take yourself entirely away from us, push us aside ! But it is impossible ; why, our worst enemy could do nothing to us that would be as terrible as that, and you are our very best friend — how is it possible ! Tell us, do tell us quickly, 'It was not true, it was not true, Tage ! it was not true, Ellinor !' "

"Tage, Tage ! compose yourself, and don't make it so hard both for yourself and for us."

Tage rose.

"Hard !" he said, "hard, hard, oh, I wish it were only hard, but it is dreadful — unnatural ; it is enough to make one lose one's mind. And do you really know what you have given me to think of ? My mother in a strange man's arms, my mother caressing and caressed, oh, — these are thoughts for a son ! thoughts worse than the worst insult, — but it is impossible, it must be impossible, it *must* ; is there not as much power as that in a son's prayers ! Ellinor, don't sit there crying, come and help me ask mother to have pity on us !"

Mrs. Fönss made a movement of denial with her hand, and said, "Let Ellinor be, she is worn out enough as it is, and I tell you that this cannot be changed."

"I wish I were dead," said Ellinor, "but it is all true, all that Tage has said, mother, and it can never be right of you to give us a stepfather now — at our age."

"Stepfather !" cried Tage, "I hope he won't for a moment dare — You must be crazy ! When he comes, we go ; there is not the power on the earth that shall make me endure the presence of that man. Mother must choose — him or us ! If

they go to Denmark, we stay out of the country, if they stay here, we do not."

"Do you mean that, Tage?" asked Mrs. Fönss.

"I don't *think* you can doubt it. Think of that family life: Ida and I sitting out on the terrace on a moonlight night, and there are voices in the garden, and Ida asks, 'Who is that whispering in the moonlight?' and I must answer, 'It is my mother and her new husband.' No, no, I ought not to have said that; but you see what effect it has on me; you see what harm it is doing me, and it will not help to make Ellinor better, either."

Mrs. Fönss let the children go, and remained there alone with her thoughts.

No, Tage was right, it had not made them better; how they had drifted away from her, already, in this one short hour! How they looked at her, not as her children, but as their father's, and how ready they were to let her go, as soon as they felt that her every feeling did not belong to them! But she was not only Tage's and Ellinor's mother,—she was after all a human being, with her own life and her own hope, even apart from theirs. Perhaps she was not quite as young as she had thought she was. She had felt it in this talk with her children. Had she not been sitting there, afraid in spite of her own words, and feeling as if she had robbed youth of its rights, and were not the self-confident demands of youth and its tyrannical selfishness in every word they had spoken? "It is our right to love, life is for us, and your life is to live for us."

She began to understand that it might be a satisfaction to be altogether old; not that she wished for it, but it beckoned her gently as a far-off peace, now after all the emotions she had lately gone through, now that the prospect of so many misunderstandings was so near at hand. For she did not believe that her children would change their minds, and yet she felt she must speak to them of it again and again before she gave up all hope. It was fortunate that Thorbrögger was going away at once; when he was not there the children would be less irritable, and she would have a chance to show them how eager she was to consider them in everything; the first bitterness would have time to die down, and everything,—no, she did not believe that everything would be well.

They arranged it so that Thorbrögger consented to go to Denmark to have all business matters settled. He was to stay

there for the time being. But nothing seemed to be gained by this : the children avoided her, Tage was always with Ida or her father, and Ellinor was always looking after Mrs. Kastager, who was still sick. And when finally they were alone together, where was the old confidence and feeling of care and comfort, where were all the thousand small subjects of conversation, where was all the interest and life of it ? They sat there keeping up the conversation, like people who have for a space of time enjoyed each other's company, and who are now about to part, and those who are going away are thinking only of the journey's aim, and those who are to be left think only of how they are to fall back again into their daily life and daily customs, when the strangers have gone.

There was no union in their life ; all the feeling of belonging to each other was gone. They could speak of what they intended to do next week, next month, even two months hence, but it did not interest them as a question of days that were part of their life, only as a time of waiting to be got through in this way or that ; all three asked themselves in their own minds : And what then ? because they had no feeling of surety, they had no ground to build on, before that was settled which separated them.

And every day that passed the children forgot more and more what their mother had been to them ; as children, when they think they are suffering a wrong, will forget a thousand kind deeds in the single wrong.

Tage was the softest of the two, but the one who had been most deeply wounded, because he had loved the most. He had wept in the long nights over the mother he could not keep just as he wanted her, and there were times when the memory of her love for him was ready to kill every other feeling. One day he had gone to her and had begged her to remain theirs, and only theirs, nobody else's, and he had got a "No !" And this No had made him hard, and cold also, a coldness of which he was at first almost afraid, because it brought with it a feeling of such emptiness.

It was different with Ellinor : she had in a strange way felt it like a wrong committed against her dead father ; and she began a hero worship of this father whom she remembered but dimly, and made him real and alive to herself by reviving in her memory all she had heard about him, talking of him with Kastager and with Tage, kissing morning and evening a por-

trait of him which she carried in a locket, and longing, a little hysterically, for his letters at home and for the things that had belonged to him.

While the father thus rose the mother sank. The fact that she had fallen in love with a man made her smaller in her daughter's eyes; she was no longer the mother, faultless, wisest, most beautiful, she was merely a woman like other women, — not perhaps altogether so, — and precisely because she was better, the very one to be criticised, and judged, and found full of faults and mistakes. Ellinor was glad she had not confided her unhappy love story to her mother; she did not know how much her mother had purposely done to prevent her from doing it.

The days passed, one by one; this life became more and more intolerable; and they felt, all three of them, that it was useless, and that instead of uniting them, it separated them.

Mrs. Kastager, who was now well, and who, in spite of having been out of all that had happened, knew more about it in all its aspects than any of them, because it had all been told her. Mrs. Kastager had a long talk with Mrs. Fönss, who was glad to have some one able to listen quietly to her plans for the future—Mrs. Kastager proposed that the children go to Nice with her, that Thorbrögger return to Avignon, and that they be married then. Kastager could remain as witness.

Mrs. Fönss hesitated for some time, because it was impossible for her to find out how the children looked at this; they received the intelligence in superior silence, and when she pressed them for an opinion, they said that of course they would have to act according to her wishes in this matter.

So it was arranged as Mrs. Kastager suggested it: she said good-bye to the children; they left; Thorbrögger came, and they were married.

They made Spain their home; Thorbrögger chose it on account of sheep-raising.

Neither wished to return to Denmark.

And so they lived happily in Spain.

She wrote to her children a couple of times, but in their first impetuous anger at her having left them, they returned the letters. Later they regretted this, but they could not bring themselves to acknowledge it and write to her, and thus all communication stopped between them. But once in a while, they heard of each other in roundabout ways.

Thorbrögger and his wife lived happily for five years, then she was suddenly taken ill. It was a quick, destroying disease that would inevitably end in death. Her strength decreased with every hour, and one day, when the grave was not far distant, she wrote to her children.

"Dear children!" she wrote, "I know that you will read this letter, for it will not reach you before I am dead. Do not fear, there will be no reproach hidden in these lines, could I only make them hold love enough!"

"Where people love, Tage and Ellinor, little Ellinor, the one who loves the most must always humble himself, and so I come to you once more, as I shall come to you in my thoughts every hour of the day as long as I am able to. The one who is about to die, dear children, is so poor; I am so poor, the whole of this beautiful world, that has been my rich, blessed home, for so many years, is about to be taken from me; my chair will stand empty, the door is to be closed after me, and never again am I to put my foot here. Therefore I look at everything with the prayer in my eyes, that it love me; therefore I come to you and beg you love me with all the love you once gave me; for recollect that to be remembered is the only part of human life that may still be mine. Only to be remembered, nothing more.

"I have never doubted your love; I knew so well that your great love caused your great anger; had you loved me less you had let me go easier. And therefore I want to say this to you: if some day it should happen that a sorrowing man come to your door to speak to you of me, because it may be a comfort to him to speak of me, you must remember that nobody has loved me as he has loved me, and that all the happiness that can radiate from a human heart he has given me. And soon, in the last great hour, he will hold my hand, when the darkness falls over me, and his words will be the last I shall hear. . . .

"Good-bye; I say it here, but it is not the last good-bye I send you, I shall say that as late as I dare say it, and all my love shall be in it, and the longings of so many, many years, and memories of the time when you were little, and a thousand wishes and a thousand thanks. Good-bye, Tage, Good-bye, Ellinor! Good-bye, until the last Good-bye.

"YOUR MOTHER."

SONNETS OF OLD ROME.

BY JOSÉ M. DE HEREDIA.

(Translated for this work.)

[JOSÉ MARIA DE HEREDIA, the second great Cuban poet of the name, was born near Santiago in 1842, but early went to France, and studied at Senlis; returning, studied at the University of Havana, then at Paris. He became a fertile magazinist, and edited Bernal Diaz with erudite notes; but made his great reputation by volumes of poems, "Les Trophées" (sonnets) and "Les Conquerants," and in 1894 was admitted to the Academy.]

TO A TRIUMPHATOR.

CARVE on thine arch, great Captain, turn by turn,
 Files of barbarian warriors, chieftains hoar
 Beneath the yoke, and ships and arms a store;
 And captive fleet and gorgeous prow and stern.
 Be thou of Ancus sprung, or rustic kern,
 Thy names and quarterings, honors, titles, all
 Many or few, engrave on frieze and wall
 Deep, lest thy work the future mock and spurn.

Even now Time lifts his fatal arm. Canst hope
 Thy merit with Oblivion's power may cope?
 Base ivy rends all trophies, creeping lithe;
 And sole where marble fragments tell thy deeds,
 Thy ruined glories choked by grass and weeds,
 Some Samnite mower may but dull his scythe.

THE TREBIA.

Dawn grays the hills with evil-omened light.
 Its thirst the quick Numidian squadron slakes
 Where brawls the river, as the camp awakes.
 The trumpets' reveille sounds left and right.
 For spite of Scipio and false augurs, spite
 Of flooded Trebia and the wind and rain,
 Sempronius Consul, of new glory vain,
 Bids raise the lictors' ax to march and fight.

With dolorous fires that flush heaven's somber frame,
 Along its edge Insubrian hamlets flame;
 Far off, an elephant trumpets in the camp.

Beneath the bridge, against the archway leant,
Exultant, musing, Hannibal intent
 Lists to his long battalions' heavy tramp.

THE CYDNUS.

Beneath triumphal blue and burning ray
 The silver barge flecks white the sable flood;
 Wide on its wake the censered perfumes brood,
And sound of flute and silken rustlings gay.
On the rich prow where hawk-wings spread away,
 Bent from her dais, rapt in wanton dreams,
 In twilight splendor Cleopatra seems
A golden bird far stooping on its prey.

Disarmed, at Tarsus see the warrior wait;
 While the dusk Lagid in the charmed breath
 Opes amber arms flushed rose by purples' gleam;
And her eyes see not, presage of her fate,
 Close by, the Twins divine, Desire and Death,
 Cast the dead roses on the sullen stream.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

The twain were gazing from their terraced hold
 On Egypt slumberous 'neath a blinding glare,
 The enriching Stream that rived the Delta fair,
And on to Saïs or Bubastis rolled.
The Roman feels beneath his armor cold,
 As captive soldier lulls a babe to rest,
 Grow faint and sink upon his victor breast
The form voluptuous that his arms enfold.

With pale face turned, amid her locks of jet,
 Toward him whose sense by perfumes lay entranced,
 She tendered lucent eyes and crimson lips;
And, o'er her leaned, his warrior glances met,
 In the great orbs with golden stars that danced,
 A mighty ocean flecked with flying ships.

NIHILIST CIRCLES IN RUSSIA.¹

BY GEORG BRANDES.

(From "Impressions of Russia": translated by Samuel C. Eastman.)

[GEORG BRANDES is one of the most eminent of Scandinavian critics. He was born of Jewish parentage in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4, 1842, and after graduating at the university in that city, traveled and lectured in all parts of Europe. In 1883 he returned to Denmark, his fellow-countrymen having guaranteed him an income of four thousand crowns for ten years, with the single stipulation that he should deliver public lectures on literature. The most important of his publications, over thirty in number, are: "Æsthetic Studies," "Criticisms and Portraits," "Principal Tendencies in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," "Danish Poets," "Impressions of Russia," "Benjamin D'Israeli," and "William Shakespeare."]

Two thousand women annually, of their own accord, accompany the exiles to Siberia, frequently to hard labor. In this way a lady of high rank, Baroness Rehbinder, some years ago went with the celebrated physician, Dr. Weimar, who was implicated in the trials for the attempts at assassination.

It can generally be said of those who "go out among the people," that when the home life is oppression or obstruction, they seek emancipation from it at any cost. It was in this view that what at the time was called *sham marriage* was invented, though it has nearly gone out of use. The young girl found a comrade of the same views of life as herself, who consented to marry her *pro forma*, but who neither had nor claimed any control over her, and by whose aid she escaped from the surveillance of her family. Sometimes it happens that the two (as in Mrs. Gyllembourg's "Light Nights"), after having become better acquainted, actually marry; in other cases the man is said to have abused the rights formally conferred upon him and a separation is the result. Generally the newly married couple have separated from each other immediately after the wedding, each being free and independent. As is well known, in "Virgin Soil" Turgenief has described a kindred case, the relation of brother and sister in the case of Nezhdanof and Marianne, after he carried away the young girl.

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However much these young women feel themselves drawn towards the common people, it very seldom happens that they fall in love or marry out of their own rank; and, if it does happen, it usually brings its own punishment. The following is an instance from my own circle of acquaintance: A young girl loved a man of her own, the higher, classes. They were both exiled by the administrative process, but were sent to the opposite ends of Siberia and could never learn the least thing about each other. In the country town where the young girl was, after the lapse of a few years, she became acquainted with a young workman exiled for the same political reasons she was. She met him daily. He fell passionately in love with her; they had a child. Other exiles, on the way home, came to the town. Among them was a young man of the same class in society as the young girl, who knew something about her lover. She was never wearied of asking him questions, and sat and talked with him through the whole night. At daybreak, as she was sitting with the child at her breast, the workman killed her in a fit of jealous frenzy. He thought that in her face he read regret for having stooped down to him. Two years after, the child was brought to St. Petersburg, to her parents.

Very significant and instructive is an unprinted and prohibited novel of Korolenko, the title of which is "Strange," and the plot as follows:—

A woman has been sent in exile to a distant province. One of the gendarmes who has accompanied the young lady is the narrator. She has not been able in advance to find out where she is to be sent to, and is thus, by two gendarmes, taken almost through the whole of Siberia. One of the gendarmes, an uncultivated but fine fellow, feels so deeply affected by her youth and charms that he actually falls in love with her, and cannot obey his orders. He tells her the name of the town which is selected for her abode. "Good!" she says; "there are several of *ours* there." Immediately on her arrival, she goes to a young man, whose name she knows, but whom she has never seen, and takes lodgings in his house. She falls ill of a lung disease.

A month later the gendarme comes again through the town, seeks her out, and finds the young man by her bedside, and with astonishment hears them still using the formal "you" to each other. It is impossible for him to understand what kind of

bond it is which unites them; it is clear that it is not love; but the companionship of ideas is foreign to his scope of comprehension. He makes known to the young girl his attachment for her, but she drives him away with the greatest abhorrence. She does not dislike him personally; but solely because he is a gendarme, from principle, from love for the cause to which she has devoted her life; he is for her not a human being, only an instrument in the hand of an evil power. The poor gendarme cannot possibly understand this any more than what has been stated above.

An author, who has a European reputation, gave me the following account of his connection with this circle: "About ten years ago, while I was living in Berlin, I frequently received letters from discontented Russians, of both sexes, some of them asking me to write for them some pamphlets, which they could translate and distribute among the peasants; and others, in relation to a monograph I had written about a celebrated revolutionary individual, — a book to which I am chiefly indebted for my popularity in certain social circles in Russia. A juvenile naïveté shone through the style of some of the letters; but the tone of warm juvenile enthusiasm, united to an energy of style, — which is uncommon even in men of ability, — in one letter, where the Christian name of the writer was only indicated by an initial, awakened great surprise in me. As I remarked, in my answer, that it was not new to me to find enthusiasm and energy among the young men in Russia, I received, to my amazement, the following reply: 'It is very possible that you have been accustomed to find these qualities among our young men; but it does not apply to my case, for I have for some years already been a grandmother.' An extended correspondence was the result of this letter. But, after the lapse of some time, this, and other correspondence of a similar nature, had to be suspended, on account of the innumerable precautions my correspondents were obliged to take. As several of my books had at that time just been forbidden in Russia, they did not dare to write my name on the envelopes. They changed the name, so that I was obliged to inform the letter carriers of it. At the time of the attempts at assassination, all correspondence of this kind was suspended."

Not infrequently they are very young children who embark upon the peculiarly Russian plans for the improvement of the world. For, even if the old sometimes possess a youthful

enthusiasm, yet in Russia, as elsewhere, it is the rule that years and experience bring both men and women to regard the existing state of things as stronger than it is, and the prospect of being able to overthrow it, as much less promising than it appeared to them in their youth. The observation has also long since been made that, in the numerous political trials of the last twenty years, hardly any one has been convicted who was over thirty years old; even those who were twenty-five years old were uncommon, the ages of the majority varying from seventeen to twenty-three.

In the spring of 1887, a young girl of sixteen was arrested in St. Petersburg, whose parents were well known everywhere in good society. Out of regard to the high standing of her father, she was set at liberty; but yet with such conditions that she now remains under the surveillance of the police. A group of young students had a weekly meeting in her mother's house,—to read Shakespeare aloud in Russian, as it was said. The fact of these six or seven students meeting together so regularly aroused suspicion; and the police sent a warning, received an explanation, and answered: "It would be better to abandon these readings."

They apparently complied. Then the young students were arrested. A manuscript translation of a little socialistic tract, written by a man by the name of Thun, was found in the rooms of one of them; and a card of invitation was found, in the same handwriting, signed with the young girl's name. It was of no avail that she denied all knowledge of the tract contained in the manuscript.

She was very peculiar: homely, with beautiful eyes; difficult to become acquainted with, for a little thing would silence her. In the presence of a dashing woman of the world or a beautiful coquette, she opened not her mouth. She contended that it was impossible to say a word in the presence of that kind of woman. She had the whole severity of youth; forbearance was a virtue she knew only by name. And she had youth's naïve faith in the efficacy of every kind of propaganda. Her mother, a lady of thirty-five years of age, was high-spirited and passionate, with all the luxurious vital powers of the Russian blood. The whole emotional life of the daughter had been absorbed by the intellectual; she managed her mother as if the latter had been her own grown-up child.

Still more rare than this type, there is among these women

the patient, light-hearted, on whom no opposition makes any impression. A letter from a young married woman, who had been exiled to a town in Siberia, but without being confined in prison, was somewhat to this effect: "Dear Friends, — I can imagine that you are somewhat uneasy about me. But never in my life have I been happier. It is quite pleasant to be separated for a while from my beloved husband, who was beginning to tire me. But that is truly one of the most unimportant things. I have been received here not as a criminal, but as a queen. The whole town is made up of exiles, descendants of exiles, friends of exiles. They actually vie with each other in showing me kindness — nay, homage. Every other evening, I am at a ball, and never off the floor. This place is a true ball paradise," etc.

More frequent than this arrogance is a humility, a profound, boundless modesty, which is genuinely Slavic. In a small house with a garden, in a remote quarter of Moscow, lived an extremely finely endowed young girl, who for many years had been severely ill; and, as a result, from time to time, especially when excited, lost the power of speech. She lived a purely intellectual life, wholly absorbed in intellectual pursuits; and, on account of her poor health and weakness, was hardly a woman. But a purer and stronger intellectual enthusiasm, and more arduous exertions in that direction, are not often seen. She translated a great deal from foreign languages, and also wrote, herself. There was a combination of energy and the most profound humility, which struck the stranger who conversed with her. Her father had been a well-known professor of mathematics. She and her two sisters, bright and healthy girls, supported themselves respectably, orphans as they were, without aid. The worship of the gifted invalid by the two sisters, especially by the younger, was very touching.

One evening, in a company, a distinguished foreigner, who had spent some time in St. Petersburg, described another young girl of the same turn of mind and of the same plane of culture, only seventeen years old, and of far bolder temperament. "I have," he continued, "met her for a short time in society, but we were almost immediately separated. I merely noticed that she had beautiful, clear eyes, and cordial but very decided manners. The day before my departure, I received a long letter from her, which seemed to me to be very interesting, because

it gave me the impression of being characteristic of a whole family. She wrote : —

“ ‘Permit me to express to you in writing what I had not any opportunity to say otherwise. I do not speak in my own name alone, but in behalf of a large part of the young people of Russia, with whom you have not had time to become adequately acquainted. I should have said it to you day before yesterday, at the D——s’, but could not in the few moments we talked together. You regretted having known, comparatively, so few of the young people. That is partly because the time of your visit was very unfortunately chosen, so far as the Russian youth are concerned. It is just the time of examination in all of the public institutions of education. But, entirely apart from that, the Russian youth could not make themselves known to you. Life deprives us of its highest good, — freedom, and all the happiness which is inseparable from it ; but do not believe us insensible to that which alone gives meaning and value to human life. Quite the contrary. If fate has sent us so few blessings, we love those we do receive all the more dearly, and prize them the more highly. We prize above everything the science which emancipates. It is not allowed to the Russian youth to express in writing what they feel ; but it would pain me, as a patriot, if you should get an unjust impression of them. You once called Rudin the typical representative of the Russian weakness of character. “Weakness !” I exclaimed to myself when I heard it. Oh, no ! Do not forget that the Russian literature is only an incomplete reflex of the life and character of the Russian people. Do not forget that they would make us deaf and dumb, and that we are still too few in number not to be compelled to be so. But we are really not like Rudin. Rudin is intelligent, and has a certain quality of intellectual perception, but has no depth of soul ; he loves no one and no thing. He is allured by the beauty of ideas ; he is not drawn on by true and earnest love for the human race. It is on this account that he is a failure in his relation to Nathalie, and especially in life, even if he does not succeed as a hero. But, great God ! — do not believe about us that we are a failure in the wearisome battle of life, which we are in, day in and day out. How unjust ! my strong and living faith is that Russia will some day come forth cured of its political disease, and disclose itself liberally and manfully. I believe not only in the Russian people, but

I believe in our intelligent youth, in their receptiveness of everything which is true and therefore beautiful. It betrays itself in the profound respect for the men who understand how to find out and unveil the meaning of things, and to open for us wider horizons.'"

There is, perhaps, nothing in this letter indicative of uncommon abilities, and the seventeen-year-old child is visible behind it; nevertheless, there is a personality in it which may be typically Russian, and which it would be impossible to find in a Scandinavian girl of that age,—and a will gleams out through the words, flashing like a steel blade, a will which is full of promise.

One can form a vivid conception of this progressive youth of both sexes, as they enter upon life, face to face with the common people, whose elevation is the object of their aspirations.

* These young people represent the highest culture of the age; among the peasants there is an ignorance which renders it almost impossible to begin the communication of information. An exiled mathematician, who had returned from Siberia, a very practical young man, told me that in the country town he was regarded as a man with a supernatural insight, simply on account of his large library; and after he had taught some peasants there, in the spring, how to graft fruit trees, they came to him the next day from the whole neighborhood with sick children and sick cattle, and besought him to undertake a general cure: "Make them well, little father! make them well!" When he assured them that he had not the power to do it, there was not one of them who would believe him. They begged, cried, asked him what they had done to him that he would not help them: "You know very well you can, if you will!"

In Benjamin Constant's old work on "Religion," it is related that at the beginning of this century, when a Russian general in full uniform rode out into a country town in a part of Siberia but little frequented, he was regarded by the natives as God himself, and that the memory of his appearance got such a firm hold among the people that when ten years later a Russian colonel came to the same place he was greeted as the "Son of God."

That would hardly be possible now. Still, the following happened last year. A cultured Russian passed through a town inhabited by Cossacks of Little Russia. He was asked the

question ; " Will you be so good as to tell us if you have been in the other world ? " He was offended, since he supposed that the inhabitants meant to indicate to him that they did not believe what he had said. But the fact was that one of the inhabitants of the town had returned from a pilgrimage and had told them that he came from the other world, and those recently deceased in the town had requested him to bring greetings to their relatives. He had gone away again, loaded with rustic presents, to the departed relatives of the credulous Cossacks. Now they wanted to find out from the Russian gentleman whether these gifts had reached their proper destination.

In the presence of such ignorance and naïveté, mutual understanding is difficult, — most difficult, perhaps, because the peasant does not like to be treated as children are by their teachers. As a matter of course, he does not like to have morals preached to him. When an attempt was lately made on an estate to give a new drama of Tolstoï, aimed against intoxicating liquors, and in which the devil personally appears as the maker and distributor of spirits, the peasants expressed their disgust at it. It was, they said, a tale for children.

But the same peasants would readily believe that, if the harvest was poor this year, it was because the priests were now on a fixed salary. Heretofore the latter said the mass earnestly, to get a good harvest and rich tithe : this year it was all the same to them ; therefore they prayed negligently and without real heartiness. Drought followed. And the same peasants explained the last Russian-Turkish war by saying that in the country of the Turks there lies in the ground a huge beast, of great age, and under the claw of his left hind leg an immense treasure of gold is buried, which the Tsar wanted to wrest from the Turk.

It must not be forgotten that by the last returns seventy-six out of one hundred of the soldiers could neither read nor write.

On the other hand, let us examine the moral idea which underlies the whole struggle of the intelligent people of Russia : The wish to be useful, to see those about them happy in freedom. This idea crops out in many different guises, now in the costume of the utilitarianism of Bentham and Mill, now in the garb of Tchernuishevski's phalanstery, now in Dostoyevski's strait-jacket, but it is the basis of the philosophy of the enlightened reformers of the fatherland and their friends of reform.

In speaking of the relations of the two sexes, attention has been called to the equality between the man and woman, and to the greatest possible sum of human freedom as the right of both. On this point we can compare the manner of thought and action prevailing among the peasants. External considerations are almost wholly excluded from the marriage question in this class. Nowhere else in Europe does the heart play so small a rôle in affairs of this kind. That early marriages do not indeed of themselves bestow the happiness of love is shown here ; for as a rule the age at which they marry is eighteen for the men and sixteen for the women. A result of the extreme youth of these marriages is that the "old man," the head of the family, is often a man less than forty years old and who uses to the full extent his power and the respect which must be shown to him. For a long time past he has sent his sons into the fields and been at home alone with the son's wives. For centuries he has gone about among all the young women in the house, like a Turkish sultan, and none of them has dared to defy him. A whole range of Russian national songs treat of the cane of the father-in-law. The result is that the Russian peasant never has treated woman as man's equal helpmate. The proverbs run : "Love your wife as your own soul and beat her like your fur !" — "If you cannot thrash your wife, whom can you thrash ?" — "It is my wife — my thing." — Even in the seventeenth century the father, on giving his daughter in marriage, bought a new whip to give her the last domestic discipline coming from him, and then gave it solemnly to the son-in-law, with the direction to use it early and unsparingly. On entering the bridal chamber, the ceremonial custom was for the bridegroom to give his bride one or two lashes over the shoulders, with the words : "Now forget your father's will and suit yourself to mine." The national song, nevertheless, directs him to take a "silken whip."

What a stride it is from this to the conceptions of the youngest generation about the right of women freely to give themselves away and freely recede, and their ideas of the common work of the sexes for the freedom and happiness of the masses !

And yet, if the distance is enormous between these alert and sprightly young people and those for whom and among whom they would labor, the contrast between an *intelligentia* with its system of morals and the official world of Russia, which holds

in its hands the whole administration and all the material means of the country, is not less immense.

Here is an intelligent *élite*, for whom the rule of ethics is not the official patent morality, — nay, even not the legal — for the motto, “Nothing unlawful,” is, for many who belong to it, the stamp of the Philistine, — but for whom above all ethics stands that which they call *the divine spark*, — this spark which Dostoyevski traces out and finds even in criminals and the partially insane, and for whom morality is what they call “the unconscious condition,” — that is, that in which the individual does what is right without exertion, without self-conquest, because it agrees with his nature.

Imagine an *intelligentia* with these rules of ethics, as a spiritual guiding power in a state which is ruled and governed as Russia, — where the most ignorant bigotry, in the darkest of the Christian creeds, is the law and fashion, which from the court is diffused downwards, and where a single man’s will, even if he has none, is the supreme controlling law.

These two underlying powers are drawing away from each other on every side. What does it lead to? Can any mortal draught the parallelogram of these forces, the resulting tendency and its course?

We are reminded, in considering it, of the passage in Gogol’s “Dead Souls,” where Tchitchikof’s *kibitka* is lost in the distance, driven with mad haste : —

“And dost not thou, Russia, drive away, like a *troïka*, not to be overtaken! The road smokes behind thee, the bridges creak. Thou leavest all behind thee. The beholders, amazed, stop and say, — ‘Was it a flash of lightning? what means this blood-curdling course? what is the secret power in these horses? What kind of horses are you? have you whirlwinds in your withers? have you recognized tones from above, and do you now force your iron limbs, without touching the earth with your hoofs, to fly hence through the air, as if inspired by a God? Russia, answer whither thou art driving!’ There comes no answer. We can hear the little bells on the horses tinkling strangely; there is a groaning in the air, increasing like a storm; and the Russian land continues its wild flight, and the other nations and kingdoms of the earth step timorously aside, without checking its career.”

VARVARA AFANASIEVNA.

BY VISCOUNT MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.

(From "Russian Hearts"; translated for this work.)

[VISCOUNT EUGÈNE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ, the precursor and leader of the conservative religious reaction in France in recent years, was born at Nice in 1848. He fought in the Franco-Prussian War, was taken prisoner, and afterward became attaché to the French embassy at Constantinople; among the ruins of the Orient he was penetrated with a sense of the continuity and the ideal meaning of history, and wrote letters upon it published in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. Among other results of his Eastern experiences were "Syria, Palestine, and Mount Athos" (1876), and "Oriental Histories" (1879). He thence went to St. Petersburg, making fine literary use of several years' stay, in "The Son of Peter the Great" (1884), "The Russian Romance" (1886), "Souvenirs and Visions" (1887), and "Russian Hearts" (1894). Since 1881 he has abandoned diplomatic life for literary production, and he has been a passionate preacher against the materialism, sensualism, and art unfecundated by social purpose, so prominent in French letters.]

As we continued talking on the condition of the peasants, I spoke to my host of certain individuals of that class whom I had seen figure in political trials; I told him how little they resembled the ideal type he had just evoked.

"From the moralist's point of view you are a thousand times right," replied Mikhaïl Dmitrich; "but from the psychologist's point of view the difference is only apparent,—it is the same motives which, well or ill directed, produce such diverse action. I have tried to show you a glimpse of one phase of the Russian soul, what is called the ancient. That is the more easily explainable, to be sure, and we have not the gift of unconscious heroism; your middle ages were acquainted with races like what ours is to-day; you will find there again a thousand traits like those I have just recalled. Any given French or German crusader of the thirteenth century hardly differed from my Fedia or my Petrushka [types of self-sacrificing heroism].

"What disconcerts you is the new phase, the unexpected aspect under which that soul presents itself, when an accident precipitates it from its thirteenth century into the nineteenth. You saw this morning, my dear sir, and were kind enough to admire in order to flatter my vanity as owner, the sole fruit of my greenhouse, the wild cherry of the steppes on which I had grafted plums; you believed me on my word when I told you

that this coarse stock, covered with thorns and bitter berries, had thrown out last year a miraculous branch loaded with Queen Claudes as large as eggs. That tree is the image of my country; I do not know a more exact one. On the young wild trunk we have grafted here and there your Western ideas: for a long time still the tree continues to bear its natural fruits; but a few branches, constrained to yield to the experiment, bear new fruit; nourished by too violent a sap, the fruit appears transformed, perhaps monstrous. Most people who view it comprehend nothing of this hybrid vegetation; many, too hurried to examine the phenomenon thoroughly, see only one side, and they argue: 'It is a wild cherry,' cry a part; 'It is a plum,' reply the others. This brings us back to the famous question of nihilism, on which so much nonsense has been talked.

"Nihilism is that and nothing but that: the product of modern ideas hastily grafted on the Russian trunk. A chance of education, of fortune, abruptly draws Fedia or Petrushka from his natural surroundings, from his indolence of thought, infusing into him at a stroke the new learning, the pride of reason with its need of liberty or revolt — take whichever word you will, I do not prejudice it. My peasant's mind is changed, but not his soul and his instincts, which resist longer. In the brain where you have lodged your bold speculations, the vigorous blood of the primitive being continues to beat with eager pulsations. With you, evolution has operated slowly on the entire being; these audacities of thought are no longer made use of, with rare exceptions, by a formidable temperament, by a soul still burning with faith: with my man the temperament is entire, the faith instinctive, so that in default of better he will arrive at this laughable compromise, faith in nonentity; and will drive at it with lowered horns. In these unhappy beings there is a conflict of natures, and so to speak a conflict of centuries; more than any one else he has a right to apply to himself the words of Job, 'Pains struggle in me.'

"What will come out of this conflict, the Devil only knows; a thousand follies, a thousand forms of despair. — But don't let us wander into metaphysics. Do you wish to see one of these premature grafts and the fruit they bear? It concerns a woman: in our people, the woman is apter than the man at these subtle transformations, and it is in her that the phenomenon is most curious.

“My mother had harbored in this village a little girl whose lively intelligence promised much. This child shared the first lessons given to my sister, and read at random all our old library treasures. Later, my sister was sent to an academy at Moscow; her companion declared that she wished to perfect her studies and prepare for a liberal profession. Great embarrassment, as always, at such an occurrence. When the Creator gave wings to the birds, he took care to give them space to fly in; we, in our imprudent solicitude, give them wings and no space. My mother consented to send her protégée to Moscow.

“Varvara Afanasievna — thus she was termed — took it into her head to study medicine. That was the trend at the moment; hundreds of girls in Russia, seeing there a possible career for themselves, besieged the medical faculties, and urgently claimed admission to the lessons first, then to diplomas and the free exercise of that art. Nothing was organized to satisfy their prayers; some of them were admitted by grace of special courses, opened at a Moscow hospital. Varvara passed her days there from dawn to night, leaning over dissecting tables, feeling neither cold nor hunger, studying with a wholly feminine passion.

“At the end of a year, the state of our affairs obliged my mother to remove to the country with her children; she wished to recall the little village girl to the family roof, — being very little edified, moreover, by an occupation which she hardly understood, and which promised no future to a peasant girl without a copper of her own. This time, Varvara rebelled outright, and refused to follow her protectress. This was in 1872; the minister of war inaugurated at Petersburg, under the name of an experiment, the famous courses of medicine for women at the Medico-Surgical Academy; all those words are a little astonished to meet each other, but you are not a beginner in Russia, and you are no longer astonished at anything, I hope. Varvara, who was not twenty, put a few clothes and a few rubles into a handkerchief, took the train for Petersburg, and plunged into the capital, more alone than Robinson on his island.

“Now we have come to the point, I stop my recital and let the heroine speak for herself: it will be wholly to our profit. My mother continuing to send some help to her, Varvara made it a duty to write to her benefactress now and then. Here are the letters: I keep them as a curious document for the moral history of our time.”

M. P—— got a packet of papers from a cupboard in his study and read them to me. I asked his permission to transcribe some extracts from this correspondence; they would teach nothing to any one in Russia, where not a month passes without the newspapers registering histories like these.

Varvara Afanasievna to Madame P——

PETERSBURG, November 1, 1872.

MY MUCH-HONORED BENEFACTRESS: Well! the Academy opened its doors to us to-day, the lectures were inaugurated, and I have the happiness to be among the chosen. It was not without trouble and disquiet. What frights have I and many others passed through in these three months! Every sort of contradictory rumor ran through our little world. Sometimes there was talk of refusal of the supreme authorization, sometimes we were threatened with the opposition of one or another professor. Nobody knew just what the programme of the entrance examination was, but all agreed in predicting that this examination would be of an extreme severity, to discourage our premature aspirations. There were, we were assured, more than four hundred applications, and the admissions were limited to sixty-six. Nevertheless we prepared ourselves at our best on all subjects.

Toward the middle of the last month, the examinations began: what a disappointment for us! They put us a few general questions on physics, chemistry, mathematics, the Latin and French languages; baby questions, jokes! The examiner asked me about the common properties of bodies; he did not condescend to question me on geometry, which I have spent so much time over. We perfectly understood the secret reason of this indulgence; it was to humiliate us. We were given to understand that they were investigating our development rather than our acquired knowledge. Our enemies hoped thus to belittle the work we were establishing, by refusing to take it seriously. But we will make it live in spite of everything, this sacred work!

Despite the ridiculous easiness of the examination, some candidates were turned down. The unfortunates wept hot tears and plead with the professors, speaking of their lost life. Before these tragic despairs, they consented to exceed the set figure of sixty-six woman students; eighty-six have been

admitted, who presented themselves this morning for the opening lecture.

You cannot imagine what a varied public it was, of every class, of every age, of every region. There are widows, married women, young girls; one is only seventeen. Some of my companions have come from the farthest parts of the empire, from the Caucasus, from Siberia. All classes were represented, but unequally: the daughters of minor state officials sent the strongest contingent; next were the daughters of small traders; there are only four girls from the nobility, one peasant's daughter like me, and one soldier's daughter.

When the door of honor of the Academy of Medicine — that door at which our sisters knocked vainly for ten years — opened before us for the first time, we cleared it with a sense of triumphant pride. We felt ourselves the advance guard of all the Russian women, called at last to the free employment of their talents and of their social activity. Not to compromise the institution, still so precarious, of which we expect everything, we yield to the sacrifices and the humiliations which they do not spare us. Thus on our entrance into the amphitheatre, an inspectrix delegated to keep watch of us ranged us in rows like boarding-school girls, as if we were not women emancipated by knowledge.

I write with emotion the date of this day, which will mark later an era in the national history, like the date of the emancipation of the serfs. It has overthrown the barriers erected against women. The field of the future is open to us. We come here to seek, first, a practical means of living independently, and usefully to others; next and above all, the secret of knowledge, of the knowledge we love with a religious passion, which alone can furnish a remedy for all the present evils, a solution to all doubts, an ideal of life. . . .

PETERSBURG, February, 1873.

We are out of the hesitations and the uncertainties of the beginning. Thanks to the protection of the ministry of war, thanks to the generous legacy of a donatrix and to public subscriptions, the course of medicine for women, which had no budget, is assured of a subsistence. Its duration will be four years. And afterwards? —

Afterward, the future is still obscure: we do not know yet whether our diplomas will confer rights on us equal to those

of masculine physicians, and without those rights, how struggle, how find a situation that can afford us a livelihood? But sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. At present we have only to think how to arm for the conflict, to prove our aptitude for the rights we claim, to impose our superiority. Besides, we are all happiness over being able at last to work freely. One should hear our elders telling of their long despairs, when of old they were admitted to the amphitheatre on the sly, by the side doors and for a few minutes, like thieves. To-day we have an amphitheatre to ourselves, and the privilege of working there from morning to night; we have our hours reserved in the dissecting room; in a word, we can learn anatomy on actual corpses! You may guess if we profit by it. Many of my companions study with such fever that they fall sick from it.

At the beginning, the professors' lessons were a little superficial; they persisted in treating us as children, in not taking us seriously. Now, the most of them do us justice; they give us the same lessons as the students, they tell us the last word of science. It is the professor of histology who has understood us and conquered our sympathies most; he is to examine us in a few days; I await that examination with anguish, for I should wish above everything to make our master feel how the subject he is treating impassions me, with what love for histology he has been able to inspire me.

We live on good enough terms with the inspectrix, despite the irritation this pretense of leading us around like boarders always causes us. What was the object of weighting this poor lecture budget with this sinecure? If it is imagined that it will establish maternal relations between her and us, they are mistaken. The regulations compel us to inform her of everything *extraordinary* that may occur to us. What is the meaning of that? That we shall tell her our dreams when we have a fever? Well, here is the regulation, as it is printed on our residential permits.

"The attendants at the lectures"—they will not call us students, the only qualification we really have—"are strictly obliged to inform the inspectrix of everything extraordinary that may happen to them. They must fulfill their religious duties and present the testimonials thereto of ecclesiastical persons. They must observe a rigorous order during the lessons, and not trouble them by manifestations of any sort. They may not leave the city without the authorization of the inspec-

trix. They must wear the uniform, and in general conform in their toilette to the rules of the most severe decency."

It is needless to add that every one of these points remains a dead letter.

As to the toilette, it is a subject of perpetual quarrels with the inspectrix. The uniform in question is a chestnut-colored gown, with a pinafore and a black apron. Nobody will have this costume; we dress in our own way, with no search beyond: a black dress, a paletot, an astrakhan cap, and short hair. A compromise has been entered into between the inspectrix and us: in solemn ceremonials, when a high personage honors the academy with his visits, we present ourselves in uniform and with a net, those who have one; as for the rest, the inspectrix has taken care to have a stock of nets on hand, which serve to disguise our short hair in these exceptional cases. The high personage departed, the inspectrix puts away the nets in her drawer for the next occasion. We take our parts in this masquerade laughingly. Our duenna is willing to shut her eyes to another infraction of the rules, and not to perceive that we smoke cigarettes in the corridors during the intervals of the lessons.

I feel quite sure this worthy lady was especially invented to watch over our occasional relations with the male students, when they mingle with us in leaving the lectures. What is the good? the students are very polite; we neither seek nor shun them, and we have no incivility to complain of on their part.

PETERSBURG, December, 1873.

You wished to be informed as to my means of existence. I have not spoken to you about my difficulties, which have been great, so as not to be a burden to you; now these difficulties are less, and I find them supportable when I think of the embarrassments of my companions still less favored.

Truly I do not know how we managed to live during these first weeks, before anything was organized for mutual aid among ourselves. A small number of us had some personal resources, twenty-five or thirty rubles [\$20] a month; the majority were very far from that ideal fortune, and many had nothing in the world but head, feet, and hands. Held at the academy from morning to night, without relatives in this city, we could not seek the only work that suits us, private lessons.

It is with great difficulty and at ridiculous prices that we have found a few of them. The place is everywhere filled by the male students; there are hundreds of them, as poor as we, on the alert for every demand for lessons; they go everywhere, hustle around, and we have not the same facilities. Often we do not possess even the small advance payments necessary to have our offers of service inserted in the papers. Lastly, our position as students frightened the families; the prejudice against us is so strong that many of my comrades have seen the private lessons withdrawn which they were giving in the city before their entrance into the academy.

This dread that we inspire renders everything difficult for us. In many houses they refuse to lodge us when we exhibit the terrible residential permit, with the notice, "Attendants at the medical lectures," which seems an official advertisement of our having been distrusted. We are grouped in a few miserable rooms of the suburb, around the academy. At the outset I shared one of those rooms half and half with a comrade: for eight rubles a month we had six square meters [say 7 by 9], a bed, a table, and a chair. There was a common kitchen in the court, which furnished us dinners at twenty-five kopecks [ten or eleven cents]; every other day we took one of these dinners for the two of us; the leavings did us for the next day.

As this was too luxurious for our means, we applied to the charity bureau, established near the school for the students; the soup there was so nauseous that we could not endure it, and my companion was taken sick. We ended by doing like most of the others, contenting ourselves with a cup of tea and a morsel of cheese in the evening; of course you have some qualms when you must work on an empty stomach in the amphitheatre all day, but pshaw! with youth to help, you come out of it. And when nature cries out too hard, you absorb yourself in study with still more zeal. I assure you the brain achieves the suppression of the stomach: it suppresses so many other things with us! We shall think of these miseries with pleasure one day, when we have captured the golden key of knowledge, which gives possession of the world.

Our condition is a little ameliorated since we have united in groups of five or six, to diminish our expenses of food and lodging. Public subscriptions, and concerts given for the benefit of the women students, have furnished us with some help. Nevertheless, the life of many among us is a miracle

still. From time to time, when a female student does not appear at the school for a few days, they go to look for her ; they find her in bed, at the end of her strength, nothing to eat since the night before last ; the richer ones assess themselves to come to her aid, and there she is with a new lease of life.

PETERSBURG, May, 1874.

Our work progresses and grows strong ; we, the elders, are approaching the goal, and here already behind us are more numerous recruits for the first year's course. They have come with the same faith, the same abnegation ; we must continue to give them the same example of labor, without faltering. . . .

The hardest thing in our existence is its monotony and its isolation. Nothing outside our studies ; the whole day is passed at the lectures ; you go home, you talk of the professor's lesson, you plunge into your books till the minute of the hour. Always fibers and cells, to know nothing but that in the world, to have your brain haunted by it — perhaps it is too much ; at moments, by force of the tension of mind on the same subject, terrors seize me, it seems to me I am about to go mad ! We have no means of procuring a newspaper for ourselves, no time to visit the public libraries ; sometimes we go down into the streets to catch the conversations of the passers-by, and so find out what is going on in this good Russia we are totally ignorant of.

Our dream, difficult to realize, is an evening at the theater now and then ; for that the male students have to be willing to accompany us and charge themselves with securing our seats. We know a few of them, those who live in the same houses we do ; they sometimes come to our gatherings, bring a paper which we devour like shipwrecked persons, and tell us the news. They are good fellows, but we have maintained a great reserve in our relations with them, for society, which accuses us of boldness, misconstrues the nature of these entirely fraternal intimacies ; it is impossible to make it admit that the habitual preoccupations of our sex disappear or change their character with women enlightened by knowledge. Despite the inveterate opinions of the sorry world that pursues us with its hate, I have not seen anywhere around me, I assure you, what the world calls disorder. Certain of my companions, it is true, have thought it their duty to associate their lives with

those of honest workers like themselves ; the greater part have done so with the ceremonial commonly used ; some have dispensed with that ceremonial, without doubt for serious reasons which I do not judge. All have acted in such cases with a calm and unshakable determination, with loyalty and dignity ; giving no more importance than is proper to these personal arrangements, in an existence devoted to the general interest.

— But it is too soon to undertake the reform of the vulgar judgment on these questions, to dissuade it from attaching a moral signification to phenomena that are the simplest of organic life — too soon !

PETERSBURG, January, 1876.

Forgive me if I write you rarely ; the uniform sequence of our days can offer you nothing interesting. For three years each of those days begun and ended like those which have preceded it. It is but yesterday, it seems to me, that I entered this school for the first time. And yet during these three years what information acquired, what new points of view in my mind, what a moral transformation !

On the one hand, I see the definite horizon of knowledge recede before me, I despair of ever reaching its boundaries. Our professors expound contradictory theories to us ; the results of their researches are full of obscurity ; where is the truth ? The universe appears to me an impenetrable enigma ; does it represent anything real ? Perhaps for each of us it is only a dream of insanity.

On the other hand, I have better learned to know society and its injustice. Oh, how ill this society is made ! Everything is to change there ; but how petty we are to accomplish this gigantic task ! and with what laughably inadequate forces ! Nothing comes to us but afflicting news : our country retrogrades instead of advancing ; men of good will are discouraged, or if they act, their efforts turn against themselves their blind contemporaries misunderstand them ; nothing is heard of but gloomy things, repressions, prisons, Siberia. — Our generation is sacrificed ; perhaps it is not destined to build anything, and its paltry ideal must be to limit itself to destroying that which is. —

This poor people, of which I am, and for which I work, is slumbering in brutishness ; it swells the chorus with our persecutors, and translates grossly into its fashion the reprobation

that pursues us. The other day I was riding with some of my companions on the Perspective, in the public sledge; the workmen recognized us, surrounded us, and followed us with their shouts: "Yah! the empresses of the Viborg suburb! room for the empresses! Ha, ha!" —

No matter. No discouragement, above all no sentimental whimperings, unworthy of a girl who knows each of her nerves by its name, unworthy of a Russian will. We must march forward, against the stupid world, as marched the apostles of the ancient faith.

PETERSBURG, March, 1877.

It has come, that moment we have called on in every prayer! The last year of the lectures is ended, we have gone through the commencement examinations, we possess our diplomas. I hesitate to rejoice at what I have so much desired. What shall we do with these diplomas? They do not confer on us the legal rights of true physicians; we are only a sort of medical second choice, under suspicion in advance. In these conditions, how can we obtain State places and a clientage, things already so difficult to find without that?

Nevertheless, we have paid dear enough for the rights they sell us. Entering the academy eighty-six, we come out seventy-four. During these four years, twelve of us have succumbed, seven from consumption. That is a nice proportion, isn't it? it witnesses strongly enough of our sufferings, our privations, our excess of work. Despite the resources of our youth, there have been twelve victims who were not able to bear up under fireless rooms, the wretched food of charity kitchens, laborious nights which burnt their blood. And the others, those who have reached the port, perhaps secretly envy their companions fallen on the road, but freed, and sure of rest.

What does society offer us for so much labor and constancy? Nothing. An empty title, and no hope of gaining daily bread with that depreciated title. Our only chance lies in appeal to the zemstvos, the provincial administrations, which lack physicians especially. We turn to all quarters to solicit the vacant places, whether in the most remote districts of the empire, in Asia, or among the frontier tribes! They do not answer us; they prefer surgeons and veterinarians. One of our comrades, a Lutheran, has been engaged for the German colonies of the steppes. We rejoiced over her good fortune, — that is to say,

the right she acquired of burying forever in a desert her youth, her activity, and her talents. It is the savage law of the struggle for existence which weighs on us. I have been taught that this law governs the universe ; I perceive it plainly.

P.S. — I learn sad news. You know in our course there was a soldier's daughter, Sophia Moltakova ; she was the most deserving among us : risen from nothing, she had conquered all obstacles by force of courage. After the commencement examinations she was allowed a glimmer of hope of a hospital position in Finland. We took up a collection to facilitate her journey, and sent her off on the railroad. On her arrival at Helsingfors, she was found lying in her compartment, poisoned with prussic acid. The poor girl had been seized with discouragement, or had she said to herself that the end to be attained was not worth what it cost? Courage had never failed her : it is probable that she had coldly reasoned out the folly of living. But does one ever know why a Russian girl kills herself? — That makes thirteen.

PETERSBURG, April, 1877.

The war of liberation is declared ! At last here is a solution of our uncertainties, a field of activity worthy of us. Appeal is made for every kind of medical assistance ; they are very willing to know us now: we are to set out in a body for the Danube. Sophia killed herself too soon. What finer employment for our learning? We are going to concur in the deliverance of our brother Slavs, to take our large part in that grand movement which is carrying Russia toward new destinies, which must purify her and regenerate her by the counter-action. The hates and lacerations of the past are foundering in oblivion ; all hearts, all intellects, unite in one same fraternal bound forward. Up, all ye overthrown and oppressed ! it is the dawn that is breaking before us ! It is justice ! it is love !

I write in haste — I am about to leave.

SISTOVO, July, 1877.

I belong to the great Sistovo ambulance, in the quality of assistant physician. I exercise my art under desperate conditions : we lack many things, and our real resources often remain useless, in consequence of the disorder that reigns here. I forbear to depict for you the sadness and the depression that have replaced in my spirit the confidence of the first hours.

Oh, the horrible and stupid thing that war is! From afar, it appears a magnificent holocaust; close by, I see it as it is in reality, an inept butchery. War unchains the savage beast that is in us; egotism and ferocity joyfully give themselves way. I had figured that here at least, the social injustice was attenuated by the common abnegation: nowhere does it wound the eyes more; the small cynically sacrificed to the ambition of the great, to jealous rivalries, to unconfessed intrigues. These Bulgarians we are come to deliver seem much happier than our own people: they receive us coldly, and see us die with indifference. We have changed our minds on their score. Our soldiers are admirable for heroism, but nothing is more revolting to the reason than this fruitless heroism.

I experience the sensation of moral and physical horror that one would feel in seeing a madman cut the throats, without motive, of the sane people around him. No one succeeds in comprehending the march and the goal of operations; their sole evident result is that long file of carts which every evening pours out its wounded into the ambulance. I live in the midst of groans, tortures, and death. I see nothing but burning wounds, visages convulsed by fever, heaps of mutilated corpses, and hearts in distress. — And why all this? why? —

PLEVNA, December, 1877.

Months and months has this nightmare lasted: nothing announces that it is near its end. Our progress is insensible, there is advance, retreat, change of generals — the work undertaken has failed. This prodigious effort has aborted, useless for our fatherland; she will have lost the purest of her blood, the heroisms which ought to have wrought for her renovation, without having realized her dreams for others. Fool that I was to believe that reason and science could do anything for the world! More than ever, the world is to be delivered over to the brutal play of force: the tyrannical chances which govern it seem to have but one goal, the crushing of the meeker, the better. It sometimes occurs to me to compare my mind to these fields of battle, covered with corpses, which I have under my eyes; thus lie in me all my hopes, dead.

We await events in this charnel of Plevna. All is desolation around us. Winter has come to add its cruelties to those of men. I could not have imagined that nature could be so ingenious in varying its sufferings. They envelop me like a

sensible element, a poisoned atmosphere. In the earliest days my nerves upheld me with their frightful tension; now they are tired and sated, and I fulfill my mechanical task with intervals of deep dejection, nauseas of moral disgust. The combatants, at least, are stimulated by the sentiment of danger, by the necessities of the struggle; and then you can electrify these poor people with the sign of the cross, with a few sonorous words. The spectator has not the resource of action; and one who thinks cannot put hollow phrases in the balance with physical torments. Each morning, when the cry of a wounded man wakes me with a start, I feel life towering over me again like an iron wheel, and make in my bed an instinctive gesture to drive it away.

If this must finish by madness, it would be better to forestall the moment. Moreover, the spectacle at which I have assisted for a month has taught me the trivial worth of existence. In the ordinary course of things, when death is met at rare intervals, it seems an extraordinary phenomenon, a repulsive one; but when every day you see men's lives flow away like the merest water, you sometimes have the temptation to join the torrent, poor little insignificant drop that you are.

Finally, I talked with a young physician on this subject. We agreed in recognizing that, past a certain degree of despair and revolt, man naturally feels the need of destroying, of exterminating a part, however little it be, of that universe which overwhelms his heart and outrages his reason. It is the supreme resource of his impotence, to annihilate something. Only we differed on one point: I maintained that the first movement is to destroy one's self, that every individual has been ready to do it at some given moment of his life. He claimed that the instinct of self-preservation renders this act extremely difficult, and that it is much easier to kill some one else; he alleged in proof of it the number of murders, much greater than those of suicides, and the example of soldiers who kill gayly. — It is possible; there is a difference of temperament there in all cases. As for me, I think if I were a soldier and placed in that monstrous alternative, I should turn my weapon against myself. . . .

Since then, this young physician has been carried off by typhus; he was a brave and resolute spirit, the only one who was in communion of ideas with me, the sole friend I had found

in this medley of barbarian egoisms. I regret him. — Sentimental silliness, for he drew the good lot like Sophia Moltakova. . . .

Decidedly, Sophia was right, when I think of it, and I think of it a great deal. — Another wounded man calling me! the iron wheel that towers up again. — No longer to see suffering, no longer to think — delightful nothingness. . . .

The Superior of the Sisters of Mercy to Madame P. —

PLEVNA, December, 1877.

MADAME, — Knowing that you took an interest in one of the attendants of my ambulance, Varvara Afanasievna, I write to inform you of the sad end of that unfortunate. For some time we had remarked the symptoms of melancholia in her, something gloomy and absorbed. I made vain efforts to penetrate this wild nature, which must have hidden an irritable sensibility under a surface hardness; my amicable attempts were futile against her pride, her silent indifference. In consequence of the recent battles, we have had in these days a renewal of wounded and of work for the ambulance. Varvara Afanasievna acquitted herself of her service as she was wont, with a punctual zeal; but day before yesterday morning, when we looked for her to help the surgeon in an operation, one of our sisters came all in tears to call me; she led me, without power to speak, to the attendant's room: I found nothing but a lifeless corpse. Varvara had hanged herself, with the sheet of her cot, to a beam of the roof.

We are lost in conjectures over the motives of the hapless girl. I think they must be sought in the desolating doctrines these poor women feed on. This one passed her rare hours of leisure over a work of the philosopher Schopenhauer. I venture to think our sisters are better inspired when, in the intervals of their painful duties, they content themselves with reading the Gospel once more.

How could this troubled soul not have been comforted and sustained by the admirable examples of heroism, devotion, and resignation amid which we live? These lofty manifestations of human nature ought to have reconciled her with life, if she had to complain of it. A woman they said was so learned and of so manly a spirit! I judge by my pious group, which gives us so much edification in these days of trials, and I conclude

that to be able to suffer, the humble can be counted on more than the wise.

I join, madame, my prayers to yours, that the Lord may gather in that strayed one and give her place in his rest.

Your servant,

N——.

“Poor girl!” I cried, returning the letters to M. P——, “some secret wound gave the final stroke, no doubt a first heart disappointment!”

“Ah!” said my host, “I was waiting for that! What a true Frenchman you are! You must have a little romance directly, mustn’t you? an unprosperous love with its sequence of tragedy. Good heavens! that is to be found with us as everywhere; but nineteen times out of twenty, it is useless for explaining the epidemic of suicide that so sharply assails our youth. To make love intervene when there are children of fifteen, of twelve, who kill themselves in our schools! We are so used to them there that the announcement of those two suicides, at the end of the first medical course, passed unnoticed as a normal fact, when it appeared in the papers of the time.

“No, my dear sir, our girls, striking against life, commit suicide just as a shell bursts, simply because there is powder in it. Reason — the famous modern Reason — has come to inflate the pride of these wild souls; cast by knowledge into a new world, they make for themselves a wild ideal of life, outside all the old forms of the ideal. But the ideal, whatever it be, is like the eel, it always slides through your hands at any given moment; then our heroines, preferring to confess themselves vanquished rather than deceived, too proud to go back and essay the old ideal of the plain people, leap into annihilation. And the same, though more rarely, with men of feminine organization, such as are found so often with us. Some, as Varvara wrote, conceive their revenge otherwise: they kill those around them. Fortunately, this is the smaller number: the greater part execute justice for their deception only on themselves.

“Call this nihilism, if you will, but on condition of seeing in this curious moral phenomenon more than a political conspiracy. It is a condition of the soul; from the time we cease to be ignorant brutes, we all suffer more or less from it, from the frenzied who kill others or themselves, to the drowsy dreamers who philosophize in their easy-chairs, like me.

“And the remedy? you will ask me. I don’t know any. Close our schools, suppress our contacts with civilization, forcibly keep in the lower levels of the populace every individual who seeks to escape from them? You know very well that is impossible. Ah! there are still your worthy friends of the West, who are very amusing. They arrive, examine the patient, and prescribe in a doctor-like tone, to cure him, the applying of a good constitution according to formula. It always reminds me of the fellows who sell medicine in the streets to make an end of all diseases in twenty-four hours: you know what they are called.

“And look here: it is a curious thing that man, who manages to perceive certain truths relating to his bodily regimen, refuses to admit the same truths in their application to his soul. Every sensible and instructed person, to whom a doctor should promise the cure in twenty-four hours of a physical malady by the sole virtue of a prescription, would treat the physician as a quack: he knows that the faculty is not given a diploma to work miracles, and he accords his confidence only to the practitioner sober enough to tell him, “With a long, very long treatment, I hope to ameliorate your condition somewhat.” But when it concerns the soul, and the soul of a people, for whom years are counted by centuries, the wisest believe in the virtue of a piece of paper, and will not surrender themselves to the hard truth that time is the only healer. It is very hard, I know, for a man to wait for his solace from time, the only thing over which he has no control; but every other hope is a decoy, especially when it is a question, as in our case, of remedying precisely a too rapid belief. The best thing we could do would perhaps be to sleep for a hundred years, like the Beauty in the fairy tale; but some profess that Russia has already acquitted herself too well under that precept.

“Meantime, let us do like her, my dear guest: our players must have had their fill of tea and whist, and to-morrow we have to take our revenge against the wolves. Good-night!”

APOLOGUES BY COUNT TOLSTOI.

(Translated for this work.)

[COUNT LYOFF NIKOLAIEVICH TOLSTOI, the most famous Russian of the century, a descendant of a trusted intimate of Peter the Great, was born in 1828 at Yasná Polyana in the government of Tula. After study at the University of Kazan he entered the army, serving in the Caucasus, and in the Crimean War as division commander. He was in Sebastopol at its storming. At the close of the war he resigned. Since 1861 he has lived on his estates near Moscow, dividing his time between literary work and the care of his property; he has gradually drifted into the extremest communistic Christian socialism, giving up the use of his revenues and the enjoyments of superior station as far as the legal rights of his family allow, laboring, dressing, and eating as a common workman; and advocating entire non-resistance. His literary work has for a generation transformed the entire outlook and method of a large part of the most powerful novelists of the world, by its intense social bearing and minute descriptive realism; it sometimes descends to the most pessimistic gloom and horror, sometimes has passages of unabashed frankness, but never prurience or anti-social libertinism, which he detests, and chastises in other writers. His notable work has stretched over half a century. His first book, three in one, "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth," was issued in 1852; of the great number since then, the chief are "Sebastopol" (1855), "The Cossacks," "War and Peace" (1865-68), of the Napoleonic times, "Anna Karenina" (1875-78), "The Death of Ivan Ilyich" (1886), "The Kreutzer Sonata" (1888), "War" (1892), "Master and Man" (1895), and several works detailing his religion and social tenets.]

THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

A HERMIT lived in the forest, with no fear of wild beasts. The hermit and the wild animals conversed together and comprehended each other.

One day the hermit was stretched out under a tree; there also were gathered, to pass the night, a crow, a pigeon, a deer, and a serpent. These animals began to discuss the origin of evil in the world.

The crow said:—

"It is from hunger that evil arises. When you appease your hunger, perched on a branch and croaking, everything seems smiling, good, and joyful to you; but remain fasting only two days, and you will no longer have any heart for looking at nature; you feel agitated, you cannot stay still in one place, you have not a moment's rest; let a piece of meat be presented to your view, and it is worse yet, you toss it one side

without a thought. No use giving you blows with a stick, or throwing stones at you ; dogs and wolves snap at you in vain, you do not fly away. How many of us are killed by hunger thus ! All evil comes from hunger."

The pigeon said : —

"To me, it is not from hunger that evil arises ; all evil springs from love. If we lived solitary, we should not have so much to suffer ; at least we should be alone in suffering : while in fact we always live in couples ; and you love your mate so much that you have no rest, you are thinking of nothing but her : 'Has she eaten ? Is she warm enough ?' And when she leaves her mate for a while, then you feel lost altogether ; you are haunted by the thought that a hawk has carried her off, or that she has been captured by men. And you set out on the quest for her, and fall into trouble yourself, perhaps into the talons of a hawk, perhaps into the threads of a snare. And if your mate is lost, you eat no more, you drink no more, you do nothing but hunt for her and weep ! How many of us die in this way ! All evil springs, not from hunger, but from love."

The serpent said : —

"No, evil does not spring from hunger nor from love, but from spite. If we lived in peace, if we did not pick quarrels with each other, then everything would go well : while in fact, if anything happens against your grain, you fall into a passion and everything offends you ; you think of nothing but of venting your spleen on some one ; and then, like an insane person, you do nothing but hiss and squirm and try to bite somebody. And you have no more pity for any one ; you will bite father and mother ; you will eat your very self ; and your anger ends by destroying you. All evil arises from spite."

The deer said : —

"No, it is neither from spite nor love nor hunger that all evil springs, but from fear. If we need have no fear, all would go well. Our feet are light in the race, and we are vigorous. From a small animal we can defend ourselves by blows of our antlers ; a large one we can flee : but we cannot escape having fear. Let a branch crackle in the forest, let a leaf stir, and you tremble all over with fright ; your heart begins to beat, as if it were about to leap from your breast ; and you dart off like an arrow. At other times it is a hare that passes, a bird that flaps its wings, or a twig that falls ; you see yourself already pursued by a wild beast, and it is toward danger that you run."

Sometimes, to escape a dog, you stumble on a hunter ; sometimes, seized by fear, you fly without knowing where, and dash over a precipice where you find death. You sleep with one eye open, always on the alert, always in terror. No peace — all evil has its source in fear.”

Then the hermit said : —

“ It is neither from hunger, nor love, nor spite, nor fear that all these misfortunes arise : it is from our own nature that evil springs ; for it is that which engenders hunger, and love, and spite, and fear.”

THE MUJIK PAKHOM.

“ Does it take much earth for a man ? ”

I.

The elder sister has come from town to visit her younger sister in the country. The elder is married to a town merchant, and the younger to a country mujik. The elder begins to boast of her town life ; she recounts how plentiful a life she has there, how nicely she is fitted out, how well she dresses her children, what good things she eats and drinks, and how she goes to the promenades and the theaters.

The younger is vexed at it, and falls to belittling the life of a merchant, and extolling her own, that of a countrywoman.

“ I would not change,” she said, “ my condition for yours ; however dull *our* life may be, we know no fear. You live more nicely than we, but sometimes you gain much, sometimes you lose everything. And the proverb says, ‘ Loss is the big sister of profit.’ There is a chance that one day you are rich, and the next you are asking alms. Our mujik life is surer. With the mujik the belly is lean but long ; we shall never be rich, but we shall always have something to eat.”

The elder took up the word : —

“ Yes, but living with pigs and calves ! No refined manners, no comfort, in spite of all your husband’s work. As you live in the dung, you will die there too, and the same lot awaits your children.”

“ Well,” said the younger, “ it is the business that compels that. But for that very reason our life is solid, when we have lands. We don’t bow before anybody ; we are not afraid of anybody. And you in the town are exposed to temptation.

To-day it is all right; but to-morrow comes the devil and tempts your husband, either by cards, or by wine, or by mistresses, and it will all go to the bad. May not that happen in spite of everything?"

Pakhom, the husband, seated on the stove, was listening to the wives' chatter.

"That is the honest truth," said he. "While we folks turn over the earth that feeds us, from childhood up, we hardly dream of foolish performances. The only misfortune is to have too little land. But if I had all the land I wanted, I wouldn't be afraid of anybody, not even the devil."

The wives, after taking tea, kept talking clothes, put away the dishes, and then went to bed.

And the devil was seated behind the stove, listening to it all. He rejoiced that the peasant's wife had led her husband to defy him. Had he not boasted that if he had the land, the devil himself could not catch him?

"That's all right," he said, "for both of us! I'll give you plenty of land. It is by the land I will catch you."

II.

Beside the mujik dwelt a little *barinia* [landed proprietress]. She had 120 deciatines [326 acres] of land. She was on good terms with the mujiks and was doing no harm to anybody, when she took for overseer a retired soldier, who began to heap fines on the mujiks.

In spite of all Pakhom's precautions, now it was his horse that made an incursion into the oats, now his cow that penetrated into the garden, or his calves that ran away into the meadow; in short, a fine for everything.

Pakhom paid and swore, and beat his family. And he had much to suffer from the overseer during that summer. It was with pleasure that he saw the time return to house his cattle, even though he regretted having to feed them: at least he was no longer afraid: he was more tranquil.

During the winter the report spread that the *barinia* was selling the land, and that the *dvornik* [portier] on the highway wanted to buy it.

The mujiks were greatly troubled by this.

"Oh dear!" they said, "if the land goes to the *dvornik*, he will load us with fines worse than the *barinia*."

The mujiks — the entire *mir* [village community] — flocked to the barinia to beg her not to sell to the *dvornik*, but to them. They promised to give her a higher price. The barinia consented. Then the mujiks put their heads together to have the land bought by the *mir*. They met once, twice, but the business made little progress. The devil sowed dissension; they could not come to an agreement. Finally they decided each to buy his share, according to their means. The barinia consented to that.

Pakhom learned that his neighbor had bought twenty deciatines of the barinia, and that she had allowed him the privilege of paying half the price in yearly installments. Pakhom was jealous of him.

"All the land will be bought up," he thought, "and I shall be left with nothing."

He consulted with his wife.

"The people are buying; we must," he said, "buy ten deciatines or so, too; else we can't live,—that overseer has ruined us with his fines."

He meditated over the means of making the purchase.

He had a hundred rubles of savings. By selling the colt and half his bees, and hiring out his son as a farm boy, he could get together half the sum.

Pakhom scraped the money together, selected fifteen deciatines of land with a little grove, and went to the barinia to transact the business. He bargained for the fifteen deciatines, they came to an agreement, and he left a note. They proceeded to the town to draw up the act of sale; he gave half the sum in cash; as for the rest, he engaged to pay it in two years. And Pakhom returned master of the land.

He borrowed more money of his brother-in-law to buy grain. He sowed the land he had just acquired, and all came up well. In a single year he paid his debt to the barinia and his brother-in-law. And thus he became—he, Pakhom—a true *pomeshchik* [freeholder]. It was his own land he labored on and sowed, it was on his own land he cut the hay, on his own land he raised the cattle; the fence stakes off his own land that he chopped.

When Pakhom begins to work on his own land, when he comes to see his wheat and his meadows grow green, he is transported with joy. And the grass seems quite different to him, and the flowers bloom quite otherwise. It used to seem

to him, when he walked on that soil, that it was just what a soil ought to be ; and at present it seems to him quite different.

III.

Thus Pakhom lived in happiness. All went well. But now the mujiks began to make frequent irruptions into Pakhom's wheat and meadows. He begged them to stop, they kept on. Now the cowherds let their cattle get into his meadows, now it was the horses that strayed into his wheat. And Pakhom drove them out and pardoned them, and would not call in the aid of justice.

Then he grew angry, and laid in a complaint at the district court. He knew very well that the mujiks acted thus, not from bad intentions, but because they were pinched, and he thought to himself : —

“But I ought not to pardon them forever, or they will eat me up. An example must be made.”

He made a first example ; he made a second example, by turning another mujik over to justice. The neighboring mujiks were angry at Pakhom. This time they began, purposely to set their cattle grazing on his land. One night somebody went into the grove and cut ten or a dozen lindens to make bark fiber. As he was passing through the forest, Pakhom saw something white, approached, and perceived on the ground the peeled trunks. Nothing remained in the earth but the stumps. If he had felled only the trees along the edges, if he had spared at least one ! But the robber had cut them all !

Pakhom was wroth. “Ah !” he thought, “if I knew who had done that, I would revenge myself !”

He searches and he searches for some one to lay the blame on : it can be no one but Siomka [diminutive of Semen]. He goes to look in Semen's yard, but he finds nothing. He quarrels with Semen, and is still more persuaded that it is he who has done the cutting. He summons him to justice, and the case is called before the court. They hear it and hear it, and the mujik is acquitted in default of proof.

Pakhom was only the more irritated ; he wrangled with the *starshina* [headman] and with the judge : —

“You,” he said, “you uphold thieves. If you did your duty, you would not let thieves off.”

So Pakhom grew angry with his neighbors. It ended in his being threatened with the *red cock* [incendiarism]. Pakhom could now live handsomely upon his land, but being in evil odor with the mujiks, he felt himself cramped in the mir.

And the rumor was current just now that people were emigrating.

"Ah! as for me," thought Pakhom, "I have no need of quitting my farm; but if some of us went, we should have more room. I would take their land myself, I would add it to my land, and I should live better, for I always feel myself too cramped here."

One day when Pakhom is at home, a passer-by, a mujik, comes into his house. They let him pass the night there, give him food, and then ask him whither God is conducting him. The mujik answers that he comes from below, from the Volga; has been working there. One word leading to another, the mujik tells how the people have emigrated there. His own people have established themselves there and been registered in the village community, and ten deciatines [27 acres] a head have been allotted to them.

"And the soil there is such that when you have sowed rye, the ears stand so high and so thick together you can't see the horses. Five handfuls of ears and you have a sheaf. A mujik, poor as poverty, come there with his bare hands, works fifty deciatines of wheat now. Last year he sold his wheat alone for five thousand rubles."

And Pakhom thought, his heart fired within him: —

"Then why stay here pinched, when you can live comfortably elsewhere? I'll sell land and house, and with the money I will build down there and settle; while to stay here, hard up, is a sin. Only I mustn't go and tell anybody."

Toward summer he got ready and set out. As far as Samara, he descended the Volga by steamboat; then he did four hundred versts [verst = $\frac{2}{3}$ mile] on foot. He arrived at his destination. It was indeed so.

The mujiks are living in comfort. The community most hospitably gives each soul ten deciatines. And one who comes there with money is able, over and above the land granted for a period, to buy land in fee simple for three rubles a deciatine [about 85 cents an acre], and the best soil at that. One can buy as much as he likes of it.

Pakhom inquired into all this, returned home toward

autumn, and set about selling off all his property. He sold his land to advantage, he sold his house, he sold his cattle, had his name taken off the village register, waited till spring, and departed with his family to the new region.

IV.

Pakhom arrived in the new country with his family, and is registered in a large village. He has treated the elders, and is dressed in good style. Pakhom has been received, and has been conceded, for five souls, fifty deciatines of land in different fields, without counting pasturage. Pakhom builds his house and buys cattle. He now possesses, merely in granted lands, twice what he had before. And his soil is fertile. His life is ten times more delightful than what he formerly led; arable and pasture land, he has as much as he cares for.

At first, while he was building and was installing himself, all seemed fine to him; but when he had lived there some time, it seemed cramped to him. Pakhom, like the rest, wanted to sow white wheat, the Turkish. And of the wheat land there was little in his grants. You sow the wheat in the virgin soil, where the wild feather-weed grows, or else in fallow ground. You cultivate it one or two years, then you leave it alone once more, till the feather-weed have come up again. Of mellow soil as much as you like, only on this land you can sow nothing but rye, and wheat must have heavy soil. And for heavy soil there are plenty of competitors; there is not enough for everybody, and it is a subject of quarrels. The richer wish to work it themselves, and the poorer, to pay their contributions, sell it to the merchants.

The first year, Pakhom sowed old wheat on his grant, and it did well; but he wished to sow a great deal of wheat, and he had little land. And what he had was not good for that; he wanted to have better. He went to the merchant's to rent land for a year. He sowed more, and it all came up well, but it was a long way from the village. There were fifteen versts to go before reaching it.

Pakhom perceived that in this country of merchants, mujiks had country houses, and were growing rich.

"That is how I should be," he said, "if I could have bought land outright, and built country houses. I should have all that in my own hand."

And he thought over means of getting land in perpetuity.

Pakhom lived thus five years. He rented land and sowed wheat. They were good years, the wheat grew well, and he made money. He had only to go on living: but he was tired of renting his land every year; it was too much anxiety: wherever there is good soil, the mujik hurries and takes it. If he did not get there in time, he had no longer anywhere to sow. Or as at another time, he arranged with the merchants to rent a field in the mujiks' land; he had already done the work on it, when the mujiks reclaimed it through the courts, and all his labor was lost. If he had the land for his own he would not bow before anybody, and all would be well.

So Pakhom made inquiries where he could buy land in fee. And he found a mujik; the mujik has five hundred deciatines, has failed, and will sell at a bargain. Pakhom has an interview with him, haggles and haggles, and they agree for fifteen hundred rubles [25 cents an acre], of which half is payable down, half at a date. They had already come to an entire agreement, when one day a passer-by, a merchant, stopped at Pakhom's to fodder his horses. They took tea, they chatted, and the merchant told how he had come from among the Bashkirs.¹ There, he said, he had bought five thousand deciatines of land, and he had paid only a thousand rubles.

Pakhom questioned him, and the merchant answered.

"For that," he said, "I only had to wheedle the old men. I made them a present of clothes, rugs for so many rubles, and a chest of tea, and I offered drinks to everybody that wanted them. And I bought at twenty kopecks a deciatine" [less than six cents an acre].

He showed the deed of sale.

"The land," he went on, "is situated near a little river, and the feather-weed grows everywhere."

Pakhom thought it best not to ask the whys and the hows.

"A country," said the merchant, "that you couldn't make the circuit of in a year's walk. It all belongs to the Bashkirs, and those people are simple as sheep; you could have it for nothing, even."

"Ah!" thought Pakhom, "what is the use of buying five hundred deciatines for my thousand rubles, and still have a debt on my shoulders, when for a thousand rubles I can have God knows how much?"

¹ Asiatic nomads, encamped in the steppe beyond the Ural.

V.

Pakhom informed himself of the road to take, and as soon as he had seen the merchant off, he prepared to take his own departure also. He left the house in care of his wife, and set off with his servant. They betook themselves first to the village, to buy a chest of tea, presents, wine, all that the merchant had told him.

They went and they went. They had already made five hundred versts. The seventh day they arrived at a camp of Bashkirs. Everything was just as the merchant said. They all live in the steppe, near the little river, in woolen *kibitki* [tents]. They cultivate nothing, and do not eat bread, but pasture their horses and cattle in the steppe.

Behind the kibitki the colts are tethered; their mothers are taken to them twice a day; the people milk the mares, and make *kumiss* of their milk. The wives churn the kumiss and make cheese of it. The mujiks know nothing but to drink kumiss and tea, eat mutton, and play the flute. All are shining with grease, jolly and making holiday the whole summer; this people are utterly ignorant, and do not understand Russian, but are very civil.

At sight of Pakhom, the Bashkirs come out of their kibitki and surround the stranger. They had an interpreter among them, and Pakhom informed them that he had come to get some land. The Bashkirs made a feast for him, and took him to a fine kibitka. They installed him on the rugs, spread feather cushions over him, and invited him to drink tea and kumiss. They killed a sheep and gave it to him to eat.

Pakhom took out the presents in his *tarantass* [traveling wagon], and distributed them among the Bashkirs. He gave them the presents and partook of their tea. The Bashkirs rejoiced over it. They jabbered and jabbered among themselves; then they ordered the interpreter to translate.

"They have told me to say," began the interpreter, "that they have taken a great liking to you, and that it is our custom to treat a guest to the best we have, and return gifts for gifts. You have made us presents: now tell us what pleases you, we will give it to you in exchange."

"It is your land," replied Pakhom, "that pleases me above everything. With us we are stinted for land, and the land is worn out, while with you there is plenty of land and good land. I have never seen anything equal to it."

The interpreter translates. The Bashkirs talk and talk together. Pakhom does not understand what they are saying; he sees that they are merry, that they shout something and laugh. Then they quiet down and gaze at Pakhom, and the interpreter says : —

“They have ordered me to tell you that for your generosity they are glad to give you as much land as you wish. Just point out with your finger what shall be yours.”

They began to talk again, and argue among themselves. And Pakhom asks, “What are they talking about?” And the interpreter answers : —

“Some of them are saying that it will have to be referred to the starshina, for the thing is not possible without him, and the others say we can do without him.”

VI.

While the Bashkirs were arguing, suddenly a man appeared in a foxskin cap. All hushed and rose.

“It is the starshina,” said the interpreter.

Pakhom at once took his finest robe and presented it to the starshina, as well as five pounds of tea. The starshina accepted it, and took his place at the head. The Bashkirs straightway laid the business before him. The starshina listened and listened. He smiled, and began to speak in Russian.

“Well,” he said, “all right! There is plenty of land : choose where you like.”

“And how can I get as much as I like?” thought Pakhom. “It must be in regular form, or else they will say ‘It is yours,’ and afterwards take it back.”

And he said to the starshina : —

“I thank you for your kind words. You have plenty of land, and as for me, I do not need much. The question is simply of knowing which land will be mine. It must be marked off in some way or other, and the grant made regular. For we are all mortal. You are good people and you give it, but it might happen that your children would take it back.”

The starshina began to laugh.

“All right,” said he. “We will do it in such a way that nothing can be more regular.”

And Pakhom said : —

“On my part, I have heard that a merchant has come among

you. You have given him land too, you have made out a deed, — well, you must give me one also.”

The starshina understood.

“So be it!” said he; “we have a *pissar* [scribe]. We will go to the town to draw up the deed and put the necessary seals on it.”

“And what will the price be?” said Pakhom.

“Our price is unique: a thousand rubles for one day.”

Pakhom did not understand this fashion of counting days.

“But how much,” he said, “will that be in deciatines?”

“We cannot tell exactly. But we will sell a day of land. All that you can make the circuit of in walking for one day shall be yours. And the price of the day is a thousand rubles.”

Pakhom is astonished.

“But,” he said, “in a day one can make the circuit of so much land!”

The starshina began to laugh.

“It shall all be yours, but on one condition. If you do not come back in one day to your point of departure, your money is forfeited.”

“And how,” said Pakhom, “will you keep track of everywhere I go?”

“We will put ourselves in any place you like; you shall choose. We will stay there; and you go ahead and make the round. Our lads will follow you on horseback, and put down stakes wherever you order. Then, from one stake to the other we will mark a furrow with the plow. You can make as large a circuit as you wish. Only be back at your point of departure before sunset. All you encircle shall be yours.”

Pakhom consented. It was decided to set out the next day at dawn. They talked a little longer, drank kumiss, ate mutton, and took some more tea. They made Pakhom lie down on a feather mattress; then the Bashkirs went to bed, after having promised to meet again on the morrow at break of day, and appear at the place before sunrise.

VII.

Pakhom betakes himself to his feather mattress, but he cannot sleep. He still has land on his brain.

“What things I have done here!” he thought. “I am going to carve out a great Palestine for myself. In one day I

can make fully fifty versts ; the day at this season is as long as a year. Fifty versts, that will be ten thousand deciatines or so. I shall not have to bow before anybody again. I will buy myself oxen for two plows. I will hire house servants. I will cultivate the part that pleases me, and on the rest I will pasture cattle."

Pakhom could not sleep that night. Only just before dawn he drowzes off a little. Hardly fallen into a doze, he has a dream.

He sees himself abed in the same kibitka ; he hears some one laugh outside and slap himself. Wishing to know who is laughing so, he rises and goes out of the kibitka ; and he sees the same starshina of the Bashkirs seated before the kibitka, holding his stomach with both hands and laughing with all his might. He approaches and asks, "What are you laughing at?" And he sees that it is no longer the Bashkir starshina, but the merchant who came to him that time to speak of the land. He immediately asks the merchant if he has been here long ; and already it is no longer the merchant, but the same mujik who has come to see him. And Pakhom perceives that it is no longer the mujik, but the devil himself, with his horns and his cloven feet, slapping himself and looking at something. And Pakhom thinks : "What is he looking at ? Why is he laughing?" He goes over there to see, and he sees that a man is laid out barefoot, in shirt and drawers, face upward, and white as a sheet. And he, Pakhom, looks more sharply to see who the man is, and sees that it is himself.

Pakhom says, "Ah !" and awakes.

He wakes, and thinks, "There are so many dreams !" He turns over, and sees that it is already light.

"I must wake the others and start !" he thought.

And Pakhom rose, waked his servant in the tarantass, ordered him to harness up, and went to waken the Bashkirs.

The Bashkirs rose, assembled, and the starshina came too. They fell to drinking kumiss.

They offered Pakhom tea, but he would not wait.

"As we've got to go, let's go," he said ; "it is time."

The Bashkirs came together, mounted this one on horseback and that on a tarantass, and set out. Pakhom seated himself with his servant in his tarantass. They reached the steppe. The dawn was breaking, and they climbed a little hill—in Bashkir, *shikhan*. The Bashkirs leave their tarantasses and

collect in a single group. The starshina approached Pakhom, and showing him the country with his hand : —

“There,” said he ; “it is all ours, all that your eye takes in. Choose the part that pleases you best.”

Pakhom’s eyes sparkled. All the earth was covered with feather-weed, solid as the palm of your hand, black as poppy seeds ; and in the ravines there was grass of different sorts, grass breast high.

The starshina took off his foxskin cap, and placed himself on the summit of the hill.

“Here,” he said, “is the guide point. Your servant will remain here. Lay down your money. Leave here and come back here. What you make the circuit of will belong to you.”

Pakhom counted out the money, put it in the cap, took off his caftan, and retained only his *podliovka* [light under-b blouse]. He buckled his girdle tighter, took a little bag of bread, tied a small bottle of water to his girdle, pulled up his boot tops, and made ready to set off. He reflected, uncertain of the direction to take ; but everywhere it was good. And he thought : —

“It is good everywhere : I will go in the direction of the sunrise.”

He turned toward the sun’s quarter, and waited for it to rise. And he thought : —

“I must not lose any time : with the coolness the walk is easier.”

The Bashkirs on horseback held themselves in readiness likewise to leave the shikhan in Pakhom’s wake. As soon as the edge of the sun peeped out, Pakhom set off and went out into the steppe. The horsemen followed.

Pakhom marched with an even step, neither slow nor fast. He made one verst, and ordered them to put down a stake. He kept on his road. When well warmed up to it, he accelerated his pace. After having done a good piece, he directed them to put down another stake. Pakhom turned around : the shikhan and the people on it were clearly visible, illuminated by the sun.

Pakhom estimated that he had already made five versts. As he was heated, he took off his *poddiovka*, then buckled his girdle once more and resumed his course. He made another five versts. It was growing hot ; he looked at the sun : it was time for breakfast.

"Here's a quarter of the day gone already," he thought, "and there are four of them in the day: it isn't time to turn around yet. I'll only take off my boots."

He sat down, bared his feet, and pursued his way. He felt agile, and said to himself:—

"I'll make another five versts, and then I'll turn to the left. This place is ever so good. The further I go, the better it is."

He continued to walk straight ahead. He turned around, and scarcely saw the hill. And the people seemed like little black insects.

"Well!" thought Pakhom, "I must turn off from this quarter now. I have taken in enough now."

And he already felt himself sweating, and he was thirsty. Pakhom lifted his bottle and drank as he walked. He ordered them to put down another stake, and turned to the left. He walked and walked; the grass was tall and the day was hot. Pakhom began to be tired. He looked at the sun, and saw that it was just time for dinner.

"Oh dear," thinks he, "I must take a rest."

Pakhom halts; he eats a little bread, but he does not sit down.

"When you sit down," he thinks, "you lie down, and then you go to sleep."

He remains a moment on the spot, takes breath, and wends his way.

He walked at first with a brisker pace, the dinner having revived his strength. But it was very hot, and the sun was gaining. Pakhom felt himself wearied.

"But," he thought, "an hour of suffering and an age of comfort."

Pakhom still walked in that direction for ten versts or so; he was about turning to the left, when he perceived a blooming ravine.

"It is too bad," he thought, "to leave that outside: good flax will grow here."

And he continued to go straight on. He included the ravine also, planted a stake there, and made a second turn. He turned back toward the shikhan. The people were hardly distinguishable; he must have left it fifteen versts behind.

"But," thought he, "I have gone too far in the first two directions: this one must be shorter."

He hastened his walk as he trod along the third line. He looked at the sun ; it was already near its decline. Pakhom had made only two versts on the third side, and the goal was still fifteen versts off.

"My domain will not be regular in shape," he thought, "but I must go straight to the end. There is enough ground like this already."

And Pakhom went straight toward the shikhan.

VIII.

Pakhom tramps straight toward the shikhan, and feels very tired. He tramps, and his feet are aching. He has hurt them cruelly, and feels them giving way. He would like to rest, but he must not. He cannot reach the goal before sunset. The sun does not wait. It seems to fall as if some one were pushing it.

"Alas !" thought Pakhom, "perhaps I have made a mistake ; I have included too much : what will become of me if I do not reach the goal in time ? How far off it is still, and how tired I am ! If only I have not lost my money and my trouble for nothing. I must make it impossible."

Pakhom sets out on a trot. His feet are flayed till the blood starts, but he keeps on running ; he runs and he runs, but he is still far away. He throws away his poddiówka, his boots, his bottle, his cap.

"Ah !" thought he, "I have been too greedy. I have lost my undertaking. I can never get there before sunset."

And his breath fails him out of fear. Pakhom runs ; the sweat makes his shirt and drawers stick to him ; his mouth is dry. His chest heaves like a forge bellows : his heart beats like a hammer, and he no longer feels his feet. He is afraid he shall die, but he cannot stop.

"I have run so far already," he thought, "if I stop now they will think I am a fool."

He hears the Bashkirs whistle and yell ; at these cries his heart is still more inflamed.

Pakhom puts his last strength into running, and the sun seems to plunge forward on purpose. And the goal is not far away now. Pakhom already sees the group on the hill : they are beckoning him to hurry. He sees also the cap on the ground with the money, he sees the starshina seated on the

ground and holding his stomach with both hands ; and Pakhom recalls his dream.

"There is lots of ground," he thinks ; "will God let me live on it ? Oh, I have ruined myself !"

And he continues to run. He looks at the sun ; the sun is red, enlarged, it is approaching the earth ; its edge is already hidden. As Pakhom arrived at the hill on a run, the sun set.

Pakhom gives an "Ah !" He thinks that all is lost ; but he recollects that even if he, below, can no longer see the sun, the planet is not yet out of sight for those at the top of the hill. He climbs rapidly, he sees the cap. Pakhom makes a false step, he falls, and his hand grasps the cap.

"Ah ! bravo, my fine fellow," cries the starshina, "you have won a great deal of land."

Pakhom's servant runs and tries to raise him ; but he sees that the blood is running from his mouth : he is dead. And the starshina, squatting, slaps himself and holds his stomach with both hands.

The starshina rises, lifts a mattock from the ground, and throws it to the servant.

"Here, bury him."

All the Bashkirs rose and retired.

The servant remained alone. He dug for Pakhom a trench just his length from head to foot, six feet ; —and he buried him.

A FIRE ONCE LIT NEVER GOES OUT.

There dwelt in the country a peasant named Ivan Shcherbakof. He lived happily. He still had all his vigor, and he was the foremost worker of the village. He possessed, likewise, three sons who helped him, one married, the second engaged, and a third a boy who was already beginning to do field work.

Ivan's "old woman" was a clever helpmeet and a good housewife, and his daughter-in-law proved to be as gentle as she was industrious. There was not a useless mouth in the dwelling except the sick father (he was asthmatic, and rarely stirred from the stove).¹

¹ Russian stoves are square brick structures, never hot, and the favorite places in that severe climate for sitting or sleeping.

Abundance reigned with Ivan. You could see there three horses with a colt, a cow and its calf, and fifteen sheep. The wives worked in their room, and themselves sewed the mujiks' shoes and garments. The bin contained more bread than was needed till the next baking. His oats sufficed to pay all the taxes, and provide for all the needs of the household.

Ivan Shcherbakof had only to go on living thus with his children. Unluckily, near his house was that of his neighbor, the lame Gavriilo, son of Gordeï Ivanof : hate had sprung up between them.

While old Gordeï was still living, and Ivan's father guided his household, the mujiks kept up relations of neighborly kindness. If the wives needed a sieve or a tub, or the men a spare wheel, they sent from one house to the other for it, and rendered mutual service to each other, as good neighbors. If a little calf ran over the threshing-floor, they contented themselves with driving it off, saying : —

"Don't let it come into our place, for our shéaves are not stacked yet."

As to hiding it or impounding it in the barn or the shed, that had never happened.

It was thus that it went on in the time of the elders. But when the juniors succeeded them in the conduct of the household, their relations became quite different.

A trifle was the cause of everything.

Ivan's daughter-in-law's hen began to lay early ; the young wife collected the eggs for Holy Week. She found an egg every day in the shed basement in a cart body. It chanced that the fowl, doubtless frightened by the children, flew over the hedge into the neighbor's, and laid there.

The young woman heard her hen cackle, and thought : —

"I have not time just this minute ; I have to get the cottage ready for the festival. I'll go pretty soon and get the egg."

In the evening she went into the shed basement, and to the cart body : no egg. She asked her mother-in-law and her brother-in-law if they had not taken it.

"No," they said, "we have not taken it."

And Taraska, the younger brother, told her : —

"Your hen has laid in the neighbors' yard ; she cackled there, and she came back from there."

The young wife looked at her hen, and saw it beside its cock, its eyes half closed, on the point of going to sleep. She

would have liked to ask it where it had laid, only the fowl would not have answered.

And the young woman went to her neighbors'. The old mother came to meet her.

"What is it you want, my daughter?"

"Why, see here, grandma," she said, "my hen flew into your place to-day. Mightn't she have laid an egg with you?"

"We haven't seen any. We have our own hen; thank God, she has been laying this long while. We have gathered our own eggs; other people's we have nothing to do with. We here, my child, don't go into neighbors' yards to pick up their eggs."

The young wife felt affronted. She said a word too much, the neighbor two, and the two wives fell at each other. But Ivan's wife, who had come out to go for water, mixed in the wrangle. Then Gavriilo's wife came out too, and began to load her neighbor with hard words, throwing at her head both what had happened and what had not happened. And the quarrel flamed up still more hotly. All screamed at the same time, and tried hard to speak two words at once; and there were as many insults as words.

"And you are this — And you are that — And you are a thief — And you are a street-walker — And that old man, your father-in-law, you starve him, and you let him go naked —

"And you are a sneak-thief, you are — You've taken my sieve and sold it — You've kept my *palanche*¹ in your house: give it back to me."

They clutch the *palanche*, spill the water, make the caps fly, and pull each other's back hair.

Gavriilo, who was returning from the field, took up the defense of his wife. Seeing this, Ivan came out with his sons and threw himself into the fray. Ivan was a sturdy fellow. He hustled them all about, and tore out a handful of Gavriilo's beard. A crowd gathered, and with great difficulty separated the combatants.

This was what the feud sprung from.

Gavriilo picked up the hairs of his beard, put them in a paper, and went to demand justice before the district court.

"I," said he, "have not grown my beard to have that rascal of an Ivan come and pull it out."

¹ A slightly curved shoulder-piece, to each end of which a pail of water is hooked for carrying it.

And his wife told whoever would listen that they were going to try Ivan, and send him to Siberia. And their hate grew more and more envenomed.

From the first the old man had urged conciliation; but the young people would hardly listen to him.

"It is a silly thing," he said to them, "it is a silly thing you are doing here! You are making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Consider a moment: all this row over an egg! Have the children picked up an egg?—Much good may it do them! There is no great value in an egg: God has them for everybody. And then the old woman gave bad tongue?—Correct her, and teach her to use better language. You have pounded each other?—Who hasn't that happened to? Come, make peace, and let it be all past. If you are going to get it into your heads to do each other harm, it is you that will suffer."

But the young folks did not listen to the old man. "What he has been saying," thought they, "is not wisdom, but old-folks' gabble."

Ivan refused to make peace.

"As for me," he said, "I didn't pull out his beard. It was he that tore it out himself, hair by hair; and his son tore my shirt to pieces; look at it."

And he went off to appear in court.

In the course of the suit, the cart-pin disappeared from Gavriilo's. In connection with it, his wife named Ivan's son.

"We saw him," she said, "pass by the window in the night and go up to the cart; and my neighbor told me he went to the tavern to offer the pin to the innkeeper."

They went to law again, and from house to house every day there were disputes and battles. The children repeated their elders' insults; and the wives, meeting at the brookside, worked their beaters less than their tongues, and always with harsh words.

At first the two mujiks limited themselves to slandering each other. Finally they came to laying hands on everything they saw lying around loose, and egged on their wives and children to act in the same way. And everything went from bad to worse.

Ivan Shcherbakof and the lame Gavriilo demanded justice at the *shkodki* [village assemblies], at the district court, and from the justice of the peace. They had soon wearied all the judges. Now it was Gavriilo who tried to have Ivan fined,

now Ivan who had wished to have Gavriilo shut up in jail. And the more they injured each other, the more they hated each other. Just as with two dogs who engage, the more they fight the more furious they grow; strike one of the two from behind, he thinks the other has bitten him and his rage increases; so with these two mujiks. They go into court; they are punished, turn about, by fine or imprisonment: and each time their wrath against one another mounts up. "Just wait, you'll pay me for this!"

Things dragged on in this way for six years.

The old man was still the only one who, from his stove, repeating his song, talked reason.

"What are you doing, children? Let these old stories be: you understand nothing of your interests. Don't be so rancorous against your neighbor: you will be none the better off for it. The more furious you get, the more you will suffer."

But nobody would lend ear to the old man's discourse.

The sixth year a new quarrel took its rise. One day, at a marriage, Ivan's daughter-in-law began to pour shame on Gavriilo before everybody, screaming at him that he had been met with horses that were not his own.

Gavriilo was drunk, and could not restrain himself: he struck the woman. He struck her so hard that for a week she had to keep her bed. And she was pregnant at the time.

Ivan rejoiced. He went with a petition to the magistrate.

"Now, here," thought he, "I am rid of my neighbor: he will surely go to Siberia."

But he was deceived afresh. The magistrate would not entertain his petition: they had sent to examine the woman, and she was up; no mark on her.

Ivan then hurried to the justice of the peace, who sent him before the district court. There he bestirred himself so well, giving a gallon of mild vodka to the clerk and the starshina, that he succeeded in having Gavriilo sentenced to the whipping-post.

The clerk read the judgment to Gavriilo, "The court directs that the peasant, Gavriilo Gordeïef, shall be punished with twenty blows of a rod on the back."

Ivan listened, too. He looked at Gavriilo: what would he do now?

Gavriilo lent ear; after hearing the reading, he became white as a sheet and went out into the ante-room. Ivan fol

lowed him: as he was making his way toward his horses, he heard Gavriilo say: —

“All right, you’ll lash my back, and my back will get hot; but take care something worse doesn’t get hot for you!”

On hearing these words, Ivan returned immediately to the judge.

“Just judge,” he said, “he is threatening me with setting fires: listen to what he has said before witnesses.”

Gavriilo was called.

“Is it true that you said that?”

“I haven’t said anything. Thrash me, since you have sentenced me. I see that I alone am to suffer for the truth, while he — everything is permitted to him.”

Gavriilo would have continued; but his lips and his face began to tremble, and he turned toward the wall.

The judge himself grew afraid at the sight of him. “Suppose,” thought he, “he is meditating mischief to his neighbor or himself!” And the little old judge said to the two of them: —

“See here, my brothers. Make up, that would be better. You, brother Gavriilo, are you not ashamed to have struck a pregnant woman? It is well that God has preserved her, but otherwise what a sin you would have loaded your conscience with! Is that right? Come, is that right? Acknowledge your fault before him, salute him, and he will pardon you. And we will revise our sentence.”

The clerk, hearing this, broke in.

“That cannot be done, for the conciliation to the well-disposed, provided for by Article 117, is not produced: there is an adjudged case now, and the judgment is executory.”

But the judge would not listen to him.

“You have let your tongue run enough,” he said. “The first article, brother, is this: God must be obeyed before everything, and God has commanded us to be reconciled.”

And he began anew to talk reason to the mujiks, but he lost his trouble there: Gavriilo proved intractable.

“For my part,” he said, “I am already a half-century old, less a year. I have a son married, and I have never struck anybody, and here to-day this scoundrel of an Ivan gets me condemned to the whipping-post: and it must be I who ask pardon of him! — Well! that is enough. Ivan shall remember me.”

His voice trembled once more, he could not speak further. He turned around and went out.

From the court to the cottage, the distance was ten versts : it was late when Ivan reached home. The wives had already gone to look up the cattle.

He unharnessed his horse and entered the *isba* [living room in a peasant's lodge] : nobody. The sons had not returned from the fields ; the wives were still out after the cattle.

Ivan seated himself on the bench and began to ponder. He recalled Gavriilo's paleness at the reading of the judgment ; how he had turned toward the wall. His heart shrank. He turned his thoughts inward. If it were he, Ivan, that had been sentenced to the whipping-post ! And he felt pity for Gavriilo.

All at once he heard the old man cough and stir about, and then, letting his feet drop, descend from the stove.

The old man descended and dragged himself to the bench, where he sat down.

This effort fatigued him. After more coughing, he leaned his arms on the table, and said : —

“ Well ! has judgment been rendered ? ”

And Ivan answered : —

“ They have sentenced him to receive twenty blows of a rod.”

The old man wagged his head.

“ It is a bad thing,” he said, “ that you are doing here. Oh, how bad it is ! It is not he, it is you, who have done the mischief. So they are going to lash him on the back ? You'll be the better for that, will you, hey ? ”

“ He won't do it any more,” answered Ivan.

“ What is it he won't do any more ? In what has he acted worse than you ? ”

Ivan flew into a passion.

“ Indeed ! What has he done ? ” said he. “ Why, he nearly killed the wife, and just now he has threatened to set fires. Must I bow before him still ? ”

The old man sighed and said : —

“ Because you move out in the great world, Ivan, and I have stayed here any number of years now crouched on the stove, do you imagine you see everything and I nothing ? No, my son, it is you who see nothing. Anger blinds you. Others' sins are before you, but your own are behind you. What did

you say? He does mischief? But if he were alone in doing mischief, there wouldn't be any mischief. Does mischief ever come from one alone? No; it is always from two that it comes. You see his misdeeds, and you don't see your own. If there was no one wicked but him, and you acted rightly, there wouldn't be any mischief. Who was it tore out his beard, then? The mill-stone, who carried that off? And who has dragged him to court after court? You charge him with everything, without living yourself any better than he, and that is where the harm comes in. That isn't the way, my son, that I lived; that isn't what I taught you. Did *we* live so — his father and I? How did we live? As good neighbors. Was he out of flour? The wife came over. 'Uncle Frol, I need flour.' 'Go to the shed basement, daughter, and take what you need.' Was there nobody to leave the horses with? 'Here, Ivan, take charge of these horses!' If I was in want of something, I went to his house. 'Uncle Gordeï, I need this or that.' 'Take it, Uncle Frol!' That was the way we used to do among ourselves; and we found it well for us. But to-day, what is going on? A soldier was lately telling us of Plevna. Isn't this war of yours worse than Plevna? Is this a life to lead, then? And what sin! You, mujik, are the head of the establishment; it is you who are answerable for everything. Now, what do you teach your women and your children? To live like dogs. Wasn't Taraska, that little urchin, insulting his Aunt Arina yesterday? Doesn't he laugh at his mother? Is that good? Come, is that good? You will be the first to suffer from it. Then think of your soul a little. Is that the way to act? You utter an insult to me; I utter two to you. You give me a blow in the face; I give you two. No, my dear, our Lord, when he came down on the earth, did not teach us that — us poor fools of men. Whoever says an ugly word to you, don't answer him, and he will blush himself. Such are our Lord's teachings. If some one gives you a blow, hold out the other cheek — 'Strike me if I deserve it' — and he will be ashamed; he will repent, and come over to your opinion. That is what he has ordered us, and not to be haughty. Well, why do you keep silence? Isn't it the truth?"

Ivan was silent, listening.

The old man was seized with so violent a fit of coughing that he had hard work to recover. Then he resumed: —

"Do you think that Jesus Christ came to teach us evil? No, it is always for us—for us to do rightly. Look what a life yours is! Do you feel better or worse since this 'Plevna'? Reckon up a moment how much you have spent in law costs, in journeys, in supplies! You have sons, true eaglets. You have only to 'live and let live,' always growing richer, while in fact your property is beginning to decrease, and why? Always from the same cause—your pride. You would need to go into the fields with your children; sow wheat; and here you are obliged to rush either to a judge or to a business agent. And you don't work at the right times. You don't sow at the useful time. She gives us nothing for nothing, our bountiful mother. Why haven't the oats come up? When did you sow them? Only on your return from the town. And what have you gained? One anxiety more on your shoulders. Ah, my dear, don't busy yourself except with your own affairs. Stir the earth with your children, and stay at home. If any one affronts you, pardon him. Then you will have all the time to attend to your tasks, and you will feel your soul lighter also."

Ivan still remained silent.

"That is what I had to tell you, Ivan. Take an old man's word. Go on, then, harness your horse, return to the court by the same road, withdraw all your complaints; then go to-morrow to Gavrilov's, make peace with him, and ask him to your house. To-morrow is just the day, a holy day [it was the eve of the Nativity of the Virgin]. Prepare your samovar, buy vodka. Put an end to all these sins, so that there may never be any more question of them. Give your orders to the women and the children."

Ivan heaved a sigh. "It is true," he thought, "what the old man says." And he felt himself shaken. Only he did not know how to set about making peace.

As if he had divined his son's thoughts, the old man, resuming his speech, said to him:—

"Go on, Ivan, don't delay, put out the fire at its start; once lighted, you will never be master of it again."

The old man had something still to say; but he could not finish, for the wives came into the isba and began to chatter like magpies. They already knew of Gavrilov's condemnation, and his threats of incendiarism. They had even found time to scuffle in the fields with Gavrilov's women.

They told how the latter had threatened them with a member of the court, a judge who, it appeared, was protecting Gavrilov. He was going now to change the aspect of the suit, and the schoolmaster had already drawn up a petition to the Tsar in person. In that petition everything was set down in detail, both the pin and a certain bed of vegetables, and the rest. Half Ivan's property would come back to Gavrilov.

Ivan listened to them, and his heart grew icy again : he no longer wished to make peace.

With a mujik when at leisure, there is always something to do. Without stopping to chatter with the women, he rose, went out of the isba, and betook himself to the threshing-floor and the shed basement. While he was doing his work, the sun had had time to set, and the children had also returned from the fields, where they had plowed and harrowed the earth to sow it with winter wheat.

Ivan came up to them, questioned them about their work, and helped them to arrange everything. He laid aside, to repair it, a broken harness ; he meant even to put in the poles, but it was beginning to be night. So he left the poles there till the next morning, foddered the animals, and opened the carriage gate for the passage of Taraska, who was going away for the night with the horses.

"Nothing more remains but to eat supper and go to bed," thought Ivan. He took the broken harness and directed his steps toward the isba. He had forgotten both Gavrilov and what his father had said. He had already grasped the ring and entered the vestibule, when he heard behind the hedge his neighbor, who was abusing some one with his hoarse voice.

"Damn him!" cried Gavrilov ; "he deserved to be killed !"

Ivan halted, thrust his ear forward, wagged his head, and reëntered the isba.

He reëntered the isba. The fire was already lighted ; the young woman was in the corner at her wheel, the old woman was getting the meal ready, the eldest son was making *lapti* [slippers of plaited cord], the second held a book in his hand, and Taraska was preparing to go out for the night.

"All would be fine and well in the isba, if it wasn't for that beggarly neighbor."

Ivan was in a bad temper. He drove the cat off the bench, and scolded the women because the tub was not in its place. Listless and sulky, he sat down and began to mend the harness.

Gavrilo's words had not gone out of his head, — his threats at the court, and also the words he had lately heard him utter, — "He deserved to be killed !"

The old woman prepared Taraska's supper, who ate, put on his little *shuba* [sheepskin coat] and his caftan [outer blouse], buckled on his belt, took a piece of bread, and went out into the road to find the horses again. His elder brother started to accompany him ; but Ivan himself rose and went out on the steps.

The darkness outside was now entire. Clouds covered the sky ; the wind began to blow. Ivan descended the steps, helped his son bestride one of the horses, roused the foals, halted, looked, and listened ; Taraska set off at a gallop, rejoined the other mujiks of his age, and all went out of the village.

Ivan remained thus for some time beside the carriage gate, and he could not keep from harping on Gavril's words : —

"Take care that something worse doesn't get hot for you !"

"He is a man to stick at nothing," thought he. "It is so dry now, and here's the wind mixing in. He can slip along somewhere to a hiding-place, set the fire in the rear, and then you may hunt for him. He will light it, the brigand, and I can't convict him. Ah ! if I caught him in the act, he would not get out of it like this."

And this fear clung so tenaciously to his mind, that in place of returning to the steps, he passed through the carriage gate, gained the street, and turned the corner of his house.

"I am going to go this way as far as my yard : who knows ? Nothing ought to be neglected."

And Ivan walked with a regular step, skirting the wall. Turning the corner, he looked along the hedge, and it seemed to him that at the other corner something stirred, something appeared for a moment behind the wall.

Ivan stops and holds his breath. He listens, he looks : everything is quiet ; nothing but the wind that agitates the little leaves of the willows, and whistles through the thatch. It is so dark that it renders the eyes useless ; but the vision at last grows wonted to the dimness, and Ivan distinguishes the entire corner with the plow there, and the front thatch of the *isba*. He remains thus for some moments, gazes, and sees nobody.

"My eyes deceived me," says Ivan to himself ; "but all the same I will make the round."

And he advances, groping his way and skirting the exterior of the shed. He walks without making any noise with his lapti; he hardly hears his own footsteps. He walks and walks; suddenly he sees at the other corner something sparkle near the plow, then disappear.

It was like a stab in his heart. He stopped, and then at the same place something sparkled with a more vivid brightness; and a man with a cap was distinctly visible, squatted down lighting a bundle of straw.

Ivan's heart leapt in his breast like a bird. He collected his strength, and began to cover with long strides the distance that separated him from the man. He did not feel the earth under his feet.

"Good!" he said; "I shall take him in the act."

He had gone barely a few steps when a great blaze shot forth, but not now in the place where the sparkles had glittered: it was the straw of the front thatch that was on fire, and the flames were beating back against the roof.

Gavrilo was there: he could be seen in full. Like a kite that pounces on a lark, Ivan flung himself on the lame man.

"I'll tie him up," he said to himself; "he shan't get away again."

But the lame man doubtless heard his steps: he turned around and—where did he get such agility?—began to leap like a hare along the side of the shed.

"You shan't get away from me," shouted Ivan, darting in pursuit.

He had already seized him by the collar; but Gavrilo slipped through his hands, and caught Ivan by the skirt of his coat. The skirt tore, and Ivan fell.

Ivan quickly sprang up, and set up the cry:—

"Help! Help! Stop him!"

And he continued his pursuit.

While he was regaining his feet, Gavrilo had nearly reached his own yard. But Ivan caught up with him, and was at last on the point of grasping him, when suddenly something stunned him as if a stone had struck his head. It was Gavrilo, who, near his house, had lifted an oaken bar, and at the moment his adversary dashed up to him, dealt him a perfectly random blow on the head.

The blow felled him. He saw thirty-six candles; then everything grew dark, and he tottered and dropped.

When he came to himself, Gavril was no longer there. It was bright as in broad day, and in the direction of his yard something crackled and melted like a piece of fireworks. Ivan turned around; his rear shed was all in flames, the side shed had caught fire also, and on the isba, amid the smoke, were falling fiery flakes and blazing straws.

"Ho, brothers, what are you doing?" cried Ivan.

He raised his hands and let them fall on his thighs.

"But I only have to pull the bundle of straw off the front thatch and put it out," thought he.

He tried to shout, but his breath failed him, and he could not utter a word. He tried to run, but his legs, hooking over each other, refused to obey him. He dragged himself slowly along, made two steps, reeled, and his breath gave out once more. He halted, recovered his senses, and began to go forward again. Before he could circle the end shed and approach the heart of the fire, the side shed was entirely kindled in its turn. One corner of the house was burning too, also the carriage gate; and the isba was sending up jets of flame. It was impossible to enter the yard any longer.

A crowd gathered; but it was impossible to fight the fire. The neighbors removed their furniture and led off the cattle.

From Ivan's yard the fire gained Gavril's. The wind redoubled, the flame leapt the street. Half the village was swept away as with a broom.

From Ivan's isba they took out only the old man. His family escaped with what they had on. Aside from the horses, gone out for the night, everything had to be abandoned: the cattle were burned up, the fowls were ablaze in the hennery; the carts, the plows, the harrow, the women's chests, the wheat in the shed basements, all was consumed.

At Gavril's, they succeeded in removing the cattle and saving a part of his belongings.

The fire lasted all night.

"Why, how is this, brothers? There was nothing to do but pull off the straw and put it out."

But when the floor of the isba crumbled in, he rushed into the thickest of the flames, seized a blazing beam, and drew it out. The wives, perceiving this, called to him with loud cries. But he drew out his beam and went in again to look for another.

He staggered and fell into the fire. His son plunged in to rescue him and drew him out of the furnace. Ivan had his

beard, his hair, his hands, and his garments burned ; but he was not conscious of it.

"Grief is driving him mad," was said in the throng.

The fire was beginning to die down while Ivan was still in the same place, ever repeating : —

"Brothers, why, how is this? There was nothing to do but pull off the straw."

Toward morning, the starosta sent his son to look for Ivan.

"Uncle Ivan, your father is dying, and he is asking for you."

Ivan had forgotten his father, and he did not understand what they were saying to him.

"What father? Who are they asking for?" said he.

"He is asking for you; he is dying in our isba: come, Uncle Ivan."

With great difficulty Ivan succeeded in comprehending, and followed the son of the starosta. While they were drawing the old man out, some blazing straw had fallen on him, and he had received serious burns. He had been carried away to the starosta's in a suburb some way off which the conflagration had spared.

When Ivan arrived, he found in the isba only the aged wife of the starosta, with her children seated on the stove. All the rest had run to the fire. The old man was stretched on a bench, a candle in his hand, his eyes turned toward the door.

When Ivan entered, his father made a movement. The old woman came near and informed him that his son was there.

"Tell him to come nearer me," said the old man.

And when he had placed himself beside him, he said to him : —

"Well, Ivan, what did I tell you? Now who set fire to the village?"

"It is he, little father!" answered Ivan. "It is he, I caught him in the act. It was under my eyes that he set fire to the thatch — I only needed to pull off the burning straw and put it out with my feet: nothing would have happened."

"Ivan," said the old man, "I am dying, and you will die too. Who has sinned?"

Ivan looked at his father and kept silence. He could not say a single word.

"Tell it before God: who has sinned? What did I tell you?"

Then only did Ivan come to himself. He understood. His

breath grew hurried, he fell on his knees before his father, burst into tears, and said : —

“It is I who have sinned, little father. Forgive me ! I am guilty before you and before God !”

The old man’s hands quivered ; he took the candle in his left hand, raised his right to Ivan’s forehead, and tried to make the sign of the cross, but he could not accomplish it.

“God be praised ! God be praised !” he said, gazing at his son once more. “Ivan ! eh ! Ivan !”

“What is it, little father ?”

“What is to become of us now ?”

Ivan was still weeping : —

“I don’t know, little father, how we are to live now.”

The old man closed his eyes and moved his lips. Then, collecting his dying strength, he opened his eyes and murmured : —

“You will live if you are just : you will live.”

The old man stopped. Then he smiled and resumed : —

“Listen, Ivan, don’t reveal who started the fire. Hide another’s sin, and God will remit two of yours.”

And the old man, taking the candle in both hands, joined them over his heart, let a sigh escape him, grew stiff and died.

Ivan did not denounce Gavril, and no one knew how the fire started.

And Ivan’s heart was no longer bitter against Gavril, and Gavril was astonished that Ivan did not denounce him. He was in fear at first, then he grew assured. The mujiks quarreled no more, nor their families more. While the houses were rebuilding, the two families lived side by side in the same yard. And Ivan with Gavril once more found themselves neighbors in the same nest. And they both lived as good neighbors, just as their elders had done.

And Ivan Shcherbakof recalled, he recalled without ceasing the last words of the old man, and that teaching of God, that a fire must be extinguished at its outset. And if any one does you evil, do not take vengeance for it, but try to arrange matters ; and if any one speaks a harsh word to you, do not answer by a worse one, but on the contrary, abstain from harsh words, and teach your wives and children to abstain from them also.

And Ivan Shcherbakof found it well for him to follow these precepts, and lived better than heretofore.

THE SISTER.

BY A. TCHECHOV.

(Translated for this work, from the Russian.)

KLIMOV, non-commissioned officer, was traveling by train from Petersburg to Moscow. He was in a smoking carriage, and facing him sat a middle-aged man with a clean-shaven face, who looked like a skipper, and was evidently a well-to-do Finn or Swede, who kept sucking his pipe and repeating in broken Russian, — “Ah, you are an officer! My brother is an officer too, but he is in the navy. He is at Kronstadt. Why are you going to Moscow?”

“I serve there.”

“Ah! Are you married?”

“No, I live with my aunt and sister.”

“My brother is an officer too, but he is married and has three children. Ah!”

The Finn had a perpetually wondering look; a broad stupid smile lighted his face when he exclaimed “Ah,” and now and then he blew at his ill-smelling pipe to clear it.

Klimov, who did not feel quite well, and who answered his questions with an effort, hated him cordially. He thought how nice it would be to snatch away his tiresome wheezing pipe, throw it under the seat, and drive the man himself into another carriage.

“A horrid people, these Finns and — Greeks,” he thought. “A superfluous, good-for-nothing, horrid people. They only take up room in the world. Why do they exist?”

Merely to think of the Finns and Greeks made him sick. By way of comparison, he tried to think of the French and Italians, but these nations somehow suggested to him only organ-grinders, naked women, and some foreign oil engravings hung on a wall at home over his aunt's chest of drawers. Altogether he felt that he was in an abnormal state. Though he had the whole seat to himself, he could not settle his hands and feet comfortably. His mouth was dry and sticky; his brain was befogged; and his thoughts seemed to wander, not there, but somewhere beyond, among the seats and the people wrapped in the darkness of the night. Through his misty consciousness, as if in sleep, passed the sound of voices, the noise of rolling

wheels, the banging of doors. Bells, the guard's whistle, the running of passengers on platforms, were almost incessant. Time passed rapidly, unnoticed, and thus it seemed as if the train stopped at stations every minute, and harsh voices were heard.

"Mail ready?"

"Ready!"

It seemed that the man who attended to the heating apparatus came in too often to look at the thermometer; and that the noise of a train coming in the opposite direction, and the terrific uproar of wheels crossing a bridge, were continual. The noise, the whistling, the Finn, the tobacco smoke, — all these, together with the threatening aspect of dim images whose shape and character would have no effect on normal people, weighed upon Klimov like an unbearable nightmare. In agony he raised his heavy head, glanced at the lamp, and saw shadows and misty spots turning round in its rays. He wanted some water, but he could hardly move his dry tongue, and it was only with a great effort that he answered the Finn. He tried to lie down comfortably, and to sleep, but he could not. Meanwhile the Finn dropped off several times, awoke, smoked his pipe, uttered his "ah!" and fell asleep again; but the non-commissioned officer did not once succeed in putting up his feet comfortably, and the threatening images still remained before his eyes. At Spirovo station he went into the refreshment room to get some water, and he noticed passengers sitting at a table eating hurriedly — "How can they eat!" he thought, endeavoring not to breathe, for the air smelt of roast beef; and not to see the moving jaws, for both seemed to him horrible, sickening. A good-looking lady was speaking in a loud voice to a military man in a red cap, and as she smiled she revealed beautiful white teeth. The smile, the teeth, and the lady herself impressed Klimov as badly as the beef and the grilled chops. He wondered why this military man was not afraid to sit next her and gaze into her healthy, smiling face. When, after drinking some water, he returned to his carriage, the Finn was still sitting there smoking, his pipe making a sound like a torn golosh on a wet day.

"Ah!" he said, with his wondering look, "what station is this?"

"I don't know," replied Klimov, lying down, and he covered his mouth to avoid inhaling the strong tobacco smoke.

"When do we get to Iver?"

"I don't know. Excuse me, I—I can't talk. I am ill. I took cold to-day."

The Finn knocked his pipe on the window sill and began talking about his brother in the navy. Klimov no longer listened, and thought with anguish of his soft, comfortable bed, of the decanter of cold water, of his sister Katia, who so well understood how to put you to bed, to make you comfortable, and to give you water to drink. He even smiled when there flashed into his imagination his orderly, Paul, taking off his master's heavy boots, and placing a bottle of cold water on the table. He imagined that as soon as he should go to bed and drink a glass of water, the nightmare would give place to sound, healthy sleep.

"Mail ready?" a hoarse voice was heard in the distance.

"Ready!" replied a bass voice close to the window.

Already Spirovo was two or three stations behind. Time passed in leaps and bounds; and the bells, whistlings, and stoppages seemed endless. In despair Klimov thrust his face into the corner of the seat, clasped his head with his hands, and again began thinking of his sister Katia and of his orderly, Paul. But his sister and Paul got entangled with misty figures, turned round, and disappeared. His hot breathing, returning from the back of the seat, burned his face, his feet were cramped, he felt a draught from the window on his back. Still, painful as it was, he did not care to change his position. A nightmarish heaviness seized him and numbed his limbs.

When he ventured to lift his head, it was daylight in the train. The passengers were putting on their fur coats and moving about. The train stopped. Porters, in white aprons, with numbers on their badges, were hustling round the passengers, taking up their luggage. Klimov put on his coat; mechanically following the crowd, he left the train, and he fancied that it was not he that was walking, but some one else in his stead, a stranger; and at the same time he felt that the heat, thirst, and those threatening figures which had prevented his sleeping all night had left the train with him. Mechanically he received his luggage and took a cab. The driver asked half a crown to take him to the Povarskaya; but he did not bargain, and quietly, submissively, sat down in the sledge. He could still distinguish differences in numbers, but money had already lost its values for him.

Napoleon

From the painting by Steuben



Klimov was met at home by his aunt and his sister Katia, a girl of eighteen. As she came out to greet him, Katia held in her hands an exercise book and a pencil, and he remembered that she was now preparing to pass a teacher's exam. He returned no answer to questions or greetings, merely gasped from the heat, and aimlessly walked through the house. When he reached his bed, he fell on his pillows. The Finn, the red cap, the lady with the white teeth, the smell of the roast beef, the trembling shadows, filled his brain. He had already forgotten where he was, and did not hear the anxious voices around him.

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself in bed, undressed; he beheld the decanter of water, and his orderly, Paul, but for all this he felt no cooler or more comfortable. His hands and feet were as awkwardly placed as before, his tongue stuck to his palate, and he heard the wheezing of the Finn's pipe; near the bed, the thick-set, black-bearded doctor was bustling about, pushing Paul by his broad shoulders.

"It's nothing, nothing, young man!" he mumbled. "Excellent, excellent . . . that's it!"

The doctor called Klimov "young man," and he pronounced some of his words oddly.

"Yes, yes, yes," he talked on. "That's it, that's it. It's all perfect, young man. One must not lose heart!"

The doctor's rapid, careless speech, his complacent appearance, and condescending "young man" irritated Klimov.

"Why do you call me 'young man'?" he groaned. "Why such familiarity? Devil take you!"

He was frightened at the sound of his own voice. It was so dry, weak, and drawling that he could not recognize it.

"Very good, very good," murmured the doctor, not in the least disconcerted. "Don't be offended, — yes, yes, yes."

At home, just as in the train, time passed with marvelous rapidity. Daylight in the bedroom was very soon replaced by twilight. It seemed as if the doctor were constantly by the bed, and every minute his "yes, yes, yes," resounded in the room, through which an uninterrupted line of faces stretched away before him. Here they were: Paul, the Finn, Captain Yaroshevitch, the Sergeant Maximenko, the red military cap, the lady with the white teeth, the doctor. They were all talking, waving their hands, smoking, and eating. Once even by daylight Klimov saw his regimental chaplain, Father Alex-

andre, who in his stole, and mass-book in hand, stood by the bedside and mumbled something with a serious expression that he had never noticed in him before. The officer remembered that Father Alexandre called all the Roman Catholic officers "liachi" [Poles], but in a good-natured way; and wishing to amuse him, he shouted, "Father Alexandre, liach Yaroshevitch joined the insurrectionary bands in the wood." But Father Alexandre, a good-humored man, very easily moved to laughter, did not laugh, but became more serious and crossed Klimov.

At night two shadows came in and out. The shadow of his sister kneeled and prayed; she bowed before the sacred images, and her gray shadow on the wall also bowed, so that two shadows prayed to God. The whole time Klimov smelt roast beef and the Finn's pipe, but once he distinguished the strong odor of incense. He felt sick, tossed about, and shouted: "Incense! Take away the incense!" There was no answer. He heard the priest singing softly somewhere, and somebody rushing up and down the stairs.

When Klimov again became conscious, no one was in his bedroom. The morning sunshine was streaming through the window curtain, and a trembling ray, thin and graceful like a blade, was playing on the decanter. He heard the noise of wheels; it meant that the snow was gone.

The officer gazed at the ray of light, at the familiar furniture, at the door, and suddenly he laughed. His chest and whole body trembled with sweet, tickling laughter. A sensation of everlasting happiness and the joy of life filled his being from head to foot, a sensation which was probably felt by the first-born man, when he for the first time beheld the world. Klimov longed for movement, for people, for speech. His body lay motionless, his hands alone moved, but he scarcely noticed that, and concentrated his attention on trifles. He was delighted with his breathing, his laughter, he was glad in knowing that the decanter, the roof, the ray of light, and the curtain ribbon existed. Even in this little corner of a bedroom, the world seemed to him beautiful, varied, great. When the doctor came in, the officer thought what a splendid thing medicine was, how charming and kind the doctor was, and how nice and interesting people are in general.

"Yes, yes, yes," talked on the doctor. "Excellent, excellent. — Now we are quite well . . . yes, yes. . . ."

The officer listened and laughed heartily. He remembered

the Finn, the lady with the white teeth, the roast beef, and he felt a desire to smoke, to eat.

"Doctor," he said, "tell them to give me a crust of rye bread with salt, and — and a few sardine-."

The doctor refused; Paul did not pay any attention, and did not bring him any bread. The officer couldn't bear it, and cried like a naughty child.

"Baby!" laughed the doctor. "Mammy, ha, ha, ha!"

Klimov laughed too, and when the doctor went, he fell into a sound sleep. He awoke with the same sensation of happiness, the same joy. At his bedside was his aunt.

"Ah, auntie!" he exclaimed joyfully. "What was the matter with me?"

"Typhoid."

"That's it. And now I am all right, quite all right! Where's Katia?"

"She's out. Very likely she called on some one after her exam." As the old lady said this, she bent over her work, her lips trembled, she turned away and suddenly sobbed. In her despair she forgot the doctor's injunction, and said:—

"Ah, Katia, Katia! Our angel is no more! No!"

She dropped her knitting, and, while bending to pick it up, her cap slipped off. Klimov looked at her gray head, and not understanding, he felt uneasy about his sister, and asked:—

"But where is she, auntie?"

The old lady, absorbed in her sorrow, and not thinking of Klimov, said:—

"She took the fever from you — and died. She was buried the day before yesterday."

This terrible and unexpected news went straight home to Klimov; but terrible and appalling though it was, it could not subdue the animal joy pervading the convalescent officer. He cried, he laughed, and soon became angry again because they gave him nothing to eat.

But a week later, when, in his dressing-gown and supported by Paul, he approached the window, gazed at the gray spring sky, and heard the grating sound of old iron being carted by, his heart contracted with pain; he wept, and pressed his forehead to the window sash.

"How unhappy I am!" he murmured. "Ah, how unhappy I am!"

And the feeling of joy was replaced by the usual dullness and the feeling of an irreparable loss

NAPOLEON.

By VICTOR HUGO.

[1802-1885.]

“Tu domines notre âge : ange ou démon, qu'importe !”

ANGEL or demon! thou — whether of light

The minister, or darkness — still dost sway

This age of ours; thine eagle's soaring flight

Bears us, all breathless, after it away.

The eye that from thy presence fain would stray,

Shuns thee in vain; thy mighty shadow thrown

Rests on all pictures of the living day,

And on the threshold of our time alone,

Dazzling, yet somber, stands thy form, Napoleon!

Thus, when the admiring stranger's steps explore

The subject lands that 'neath Vesuvius be,

Whether he wind along the enchanting shore

To Portici from far Parthenope,

Or, lingering long in dreamy reverie,

O'er loveliest Ischia's odorous isle he stray,

Wooded by whose breath the soft and amorous sea

Seems like some languishing sultana's lay,

A voice for very sweets that scarce can win its way:

Him whether Pæstum's solemn fane detain,

Shrouding his soul with meditation's power;

Or at Pozzuoli, to the sprightly strain

Of tarantella danced 'neath Tuscan tower,

Listening, he while away the evening hour;

Or wake the echoes, mournful, lone, and deep,

Of that sad city, in its dreaning bower

By the volcano seized, where mansions keep

The likeness which they wore at that last fatal sleep;

Or be his bark at Posilippo laid,

While as the swarthy boatman at his side

Chants Tasso's lays to Virgil's pleased shade, —

Ever he sees throughout that circuit wide,

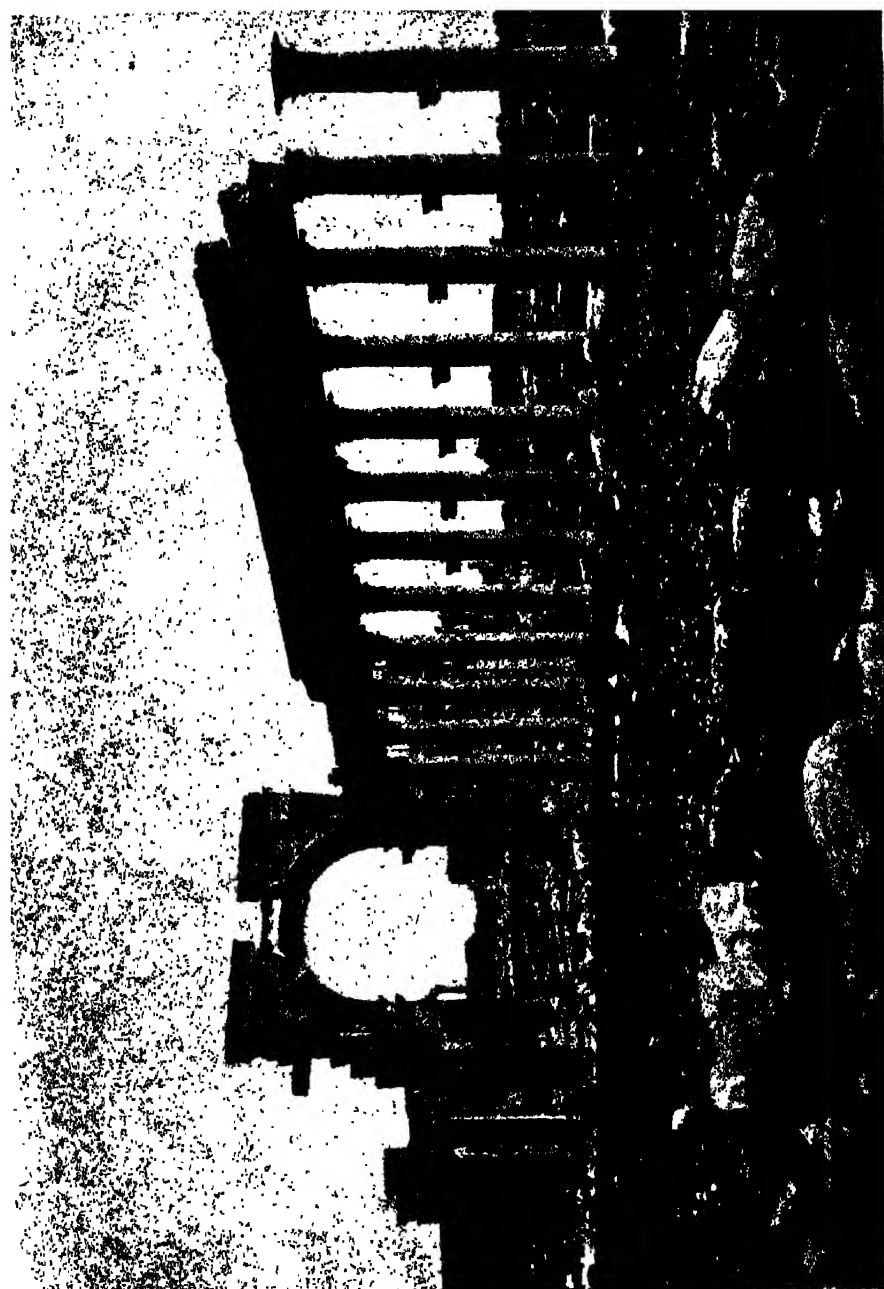
From shady nook or sunny lawn espied,

From rocky headland viewed, or flowery shore,

From sea and spreading mead alike descried,

The Giant Mount, towering all objects o'er,

And blackening with its breath the horizon evermore!



Temple of the Sun, Palmyra

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PAOLO AND GIOVANNA.

By M. A. GOLDSCHMIDT.

(Translated for this work from the Danish, by Olga Flinch.)

[MEIR AARON GOLDSCHMIDT, the most prominent modern Danish Jew, was born at Vordingborg in 1819; educated in Copenhagen, but, deprived of success in the academy, by refusal of his religious instructor to admit him to the catechism class, he embarked in journalism at eighteen, on a provincial paper, which brought him a libel suit and a year's prohibition by the censor. He then sold it and started the weekly *Corsair* in Copenhagen, which justified its name by assaults on official and other persons, that brought down a swarm of libel suits, and caused frequent suppressions, imprisonments by the censorship, and changes of nominal ownership. Of course it gained a large circulation; and its leaders were on poetical and aesthetic questions. But its reprobation by men he really respected, galled him into selling it out and going on travels with the money. In 1847, he returned to Copenhagen and became editor of the important political and literary weekly *North and South*. He had meanwhile written the novel "The Jew" (1845), which was an immediate success, though Jews and outsiders both thought it impolitic to emphasize the aloofness of the Jew in social life; this was his perpetual note, and Brandes blames him for continually "serving up his grandmother with sharp sauce." "Homeless" is another volume which increased his reputation. His short stories, however, are rated his best; they include "Love Stories from Many Countries," "Maser," and "Avromche Nightingale." He passed his later years in investigating the state of public education in Europe. He died at Copenhagen in 1887.]

IN THE old city of Padua there lived a young man who loved a girl; but he was obliged to go away on a journey without having had a chance of telling her this, and when he returned to town, she was married.

He was consumed by sorrow and by the longing to merely look upon her; but this longing it was difficult or impossible to satisfy, for she never went out, except to church, and even then she was veiled, and her husband, who was exceedingly jealous, always accompanied her. Paolo knew at last that he could not

live without seeing her face, and when he felt his life ebb away, he went to her husband, and whether in weakness or in the greatness of soul, he asked a strange favor of him. He told him of his love: that he had loved Giovanna first, and asked his successful rival for the permission to look upon her for one single moment once a week. He added: "You, and as many of your relatives as you wish, may of course be present. You may all watch me, that I do not say a word or do a thing which may attack your honor; and besides, I give you my word, and I will affirm it with whatever oath you please, that I will do nothing, openly or secretly, against the peace and happiness of your home, nor do I believe that I could do this successfully; for your wife is virtuous, and knows, moreover, nothing of my love. But I feel that I must die, or I would not have been able to humble myself so deeply as to beg of you this, which now I pray and beseech you to grant me."

Stefano Mattei was not only jealous, but also very proud and vain. It was therefore not in generosity, but in satisfied pride, that he answered Paolo, almost laughingly: "Upon my faith, this I will not deny you; on which day in the week will you come?"

Paolo chose Friday, which was the following day, and Stefano parted from him with the words, "Very well, Friday; but you may only take one look at the room, whereupon I will follow you out, as if you had an errand with me."

The next day Stefano Mattei had all his relatives at his house. He had not told them all of Paolo's visit and the meaning of it, but had merely confided it to his brother-in-law, who in turn had spoken of it to his wife, and she may not have kept it entirely secret, as she came to the house in company with several others. There was consequently among those assembled a good deal of confidential if not very loud talk of Paolo's strange or ridiculous request, and they enjoyed in advance the curious part he would play; for it is after all a fact that women especially, although they have a deep sympathy for love, are perfectly able at the same time to laugh at the lover, and even to speak ill of love.

But when the door was opened, and Paolo came in, very pale, and gave Giovanna one look, a short look, but one so strange that it was as if his soul went with it, and remained lying at her feet, then no one could laugh. Some felt pity, others anger, and others again said that they had felt at that

moment as if one dying had received the last sacrament. Stefano could hardly breathe. He knew at once that he had committed a great indiscretion, and had let into his house something which would never leave it; and that if he were to go through a scene like this every week, his own soul would be a hell to him, and he would become the laughing stock of the entire town. He therefore rose hastily, and in following Paolo out, as was the agreement, he said to him, "If ever you cross my threshold again, or knock at my door, or only as much as pass by my house, I will have you horsewhipped by my servant, or I will kill you like a dog."

Still trembling, and blinded, Paolo exclaimed: "Do you break your promise? Do you take back the word of life you gave me? Take care! Then the sight of her will not be granted you, but I shall see her!"

Stefano drew his dagger, and threw it after Paolo, but without hitting him. When Stefano returned to the room, the women had left, and he did not see his wife until she came out, veiled, to go to church with him to the vesper service, it being the night before St. Cecilia's day. She lay kneeling for a long time, so that most of the people had left the church before she had finished her worship. Then she went quickly up to the high altar, and said to the priest that she wished to give herself to be the bride of Christ.

Stefano could do nothing against this, but was obliged to go home alone.

This event was much discussed in Padua. Some said that Giovanna had taken this step in anger with Stefano, because in allowing a stranger to enter his house on such conditions, he had proved that he did not love her enough, or in the right way. Others were of the opinion that Giovanna had always loved Paolo, and that now, when she saw that he also loved her, she did not think it right to remain the wife of another man.

At the time when this happened, Giovanna was eighteen years old. In her twenty-eighth year, when by her gentleness and piety she had won such a reputation that she was looked upon as little short of a saint, she grew weaker and weaker in body, and in expectation of the coming of death she went to confession for the last time.

Through the little grating of the confession box, she said to the monk, who sat in there leaning his ear against the grating:

"Holy father, for more than ten years I have had only one thought, night and day, and even at this moment I am thinking only of one, a man by the name of Paolo. Can this ever be forgiven me? Will the Lord have mercy and pity on me?"

The monk answered: "There is greater mercy in Heaven than this world can even dream of. The armies of Heaven, led by the mother of God, intercede for those who have felt a great and complete love, and who have not for the sake of this love done any evil nor have forgotten God."

Giovanna said: "But my sin is great, holy father. I have, for the sake of my love, almost forgotten my Lord and Saviour; for even at this moment, when I feel death approaching, I have one great longing: this, that in recompense for the ten years I have lived, my eyes might look upon him in my hour of death; yes, and it even seems to me that only by means of this sight, which would be a miracle, can my soul attain its freedom and go to God. Holy father, how can a sin like this be forgiven, and how can my poor soul get peace to die?"

The monk answered, "My daughter, turn your eyes toward the little grating through which you have spoken to me."

The other nuns heard a faint cry from the confession box; then all was still, and finally, when they noticed how strangely still it was, and went over, they found the monk and the nun dead, with the grating between them.



THE PEACE OF GOD.

By CARL LARSEN.

(Translated for this work from the Danish, by Olga Flinch.)

[LARSEN is about 45, and lives in Copenhagen. He and Bang are the chief of the younger school of Danish story-writers.]

THE Reverend Mr. Fredriksen was very much upset.

"Of course, one ought not to feel that way, just coming out of God's house. But I can't help it. It gets to be too provoking after a while.

"Why, yes, I understand that perfectly," said his little wife. "You ought to put on your other house coat, Peter — I think this is the one that is too tight in the sleeve; I really must get at that sleeve some day."

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen continued to pace the floor: —

“Oh, I don't care what I have on,” — then he stopped for a moment by the window, after all.

“Where did you hang up the other one?” —

The little wife fetched it from the wardrobe.

“These alpaca coats are so nice and light. They must be comfortable after that heavy gown of yours.”

“There were nine people in church to-day, Mariane —”

“Well, yes, there were not very many, Peter.”

“And you and the children were three of the number.”

Mrs. Fredriksen thought perhaps she had better say something.

“It is just in the midst of the hay-harvest now, you know,” she suggested.

“Yes, and in the spring it was sowing-time, and after a while it will be the rye-harvest. There is never a lack of excuses, when it comes to God's work. Not even the Hansens from Bas farm were there. And the wife pretends to be a friend of yours.”

“Yes, I know, but I thought I could not very well speak to her about it.”

Fredriksen stopped: —

“No, that was all it lacked, that you should go about begging people to come and hear me preach. I hope it has not gone quite so far yet, that we are to go begging people to come to God's house.”

The slippers of his Reverence kept up a monotonous scuffling round over the floor. Mrs. Fredriksen did not know just what to do.

“The schoolmaster's old mother is a very faithful church-goer,” she attempted.

“Yes, — that old, deaf body. She and weed-Grete are two of a kind. Did you see old Grete to-day?”

“Yes, she was there, as usual.”

“Yes, but did you really notice her?”

“I don't know —”

“She was fast asleep.”

Mrs. Fredriksen wished she were well out in the kitchen looking after her soup, but she did not quite dare to go.

“I dare say Jensen made her fall asleep,” she said mildly.

“She slept during the entire sermon.”

“Yes, but — the two long hymns before that.”

"She woke up the very minute Jensen began to sing again."

His Reverence grew more and more eager both in voice and steps.

"I must say it is too much—it is not the first time, I notice it—she has been asleep these last six times, that is the way she listens to God's words. It amounts to being merely an eye-servant to the Lord.

"All that is needed is to have the Bishop—which would be quite like him—come some day unannounced. We would never hear the last of it. The Bishop enjoys his own clever remarks occasionally. Why do you trot about so, Mariane?"

"Well, you see, it is rather late; and I ought to go out and look after the dinner, Peter." His Reverence sat down in the wicker chair.

"What are you going to give us for dinner?"

The little wife said it was an herb soup, and spring lamb, with spinach.

"And then you ought to read a little before dinner," she said, pulled out the table by him, and brought him the library bag.

"Well, I will try."

When Mrs. Fredriksen reached the door, it came suddenly.

"I think I will say a few words to Grete. There are people enough who are anxious to do our garden weeding."

"No, Mariane, not in that way. I will speak to her myself—I made up my mind to that."

"Well, of course you would do it a great deal better."

And she went out, while his Reverence made himself comfortable with a pipe and the library-bag.

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen had a good and sensible wife. She had understood how to smooth out the dark creases in his mind, and they had dined quietly and peacefully together. The boys were at storekeeper Ramusson's. The soup had been very good indeed; a little suspicion of garlic gives a most delicate flavor—his wife had always known how to find out his tastes and opinions and carry them out. When he had finished his coffee he would not think of that church matter any more—it was like a knife in his heart. His wife had gone to her work in the kitchen; when the dishes were done she would come back—he would just take a little rest for a few minutes, and have a cigar, because it was Sunday; and

when his wife came in with her sewing he would read the last book from the bag. And if there were anything in the book he wanted her to know, he would speak to her about it. She had a good, sound mind, Mariane—he had really helped to develop her wonderfully.

The house was perfectly still—one of the windows was opened on the garden, and the cigar smoke went out on the light draft and mingled its faint blue clouds with the sunshine. Far away he could hear the song of a scythe that was being sharpened out in the cottagers' fields, and there was a distinct grating sound of the wheels of a perambulator on the gravel in the churchyard. It was the five months old baby, his little Clara, who was being wheeled up and down by the nurse; and while she pushed the perambulator she hummed a little song—a simple little song of only two monotonous notes. It was generally rather a restless baby; but now, since they had the nurse, it was easy to take her up to the churchyard—it lay high up on the hill good and fresh up there. Another gift of God, this little baby, for him to protect.

He looked out over the tree tops—what a number of little birds,—whatever their names might be,—all living and singing out there. Each in his own little way sang his own little song for the pleasure of man. They had fortunately got rid of the starlings at last—Jens had been busy with his gun; they had been a nuisance in the cherries. He would make the schoolmaster a present of two of these. Jens had stuffed them very nicely in his spare time. And now the branches were heavy with cherries; both the sweet Danish cherries, and the large soft Spanish ones, and the little fresh yellow ones. They would all ripen in time. Yes, indeed, he had much to be grateful for. It can come over one with such clear conviction when one sits alone in a quiet, peaceful moment like this.

He was reminded of a day when they were over at the dean's in Maglebo. It was a Sunday like this. And the room was about like this one, with windows to the garden, and it was just after dinner, too; there had been the old dean and his wife, and himself and Mariane. It all came back to him so distinctly, to the smallest, most insignificant details, as, for instance; the wild strawberries, mixed with the garden berries, which they had for dessert. It was after the coffee, and they were sitting over their cigars, with their wives beside them. And for a long while no one spoke.

Then the old dean had spoken of the peace of God that sinks quietly down over our souls; the peace of God that passes all understanding.

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen nodded, with his eyes half closed — once — twice: the peace of God.

He had better get up after all. It gave one such a queer feeling in one's legs to sit still so long.

He would take a walk through the garden for a quarter of an hour or so; Mariane might wait for him, if she came in before he got back.

Along the fence was the shadiest walk in the garden; hazelnut trees, thick, gnarled, and close together, from the times of his old predecessors. No mosquitoes there. And Jens had cut out branches in the right places to afford good views of the hills and fields as far down as the blue fjord.

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen walked up and down the path. The road ran along the fence outside, so that he could see when any one came to and from the village. He had nodded to a couple of townspeople who walked out — then old weed-Grete came walking along the fence.

She held her folded handkerchief in her hands and looked straight ahead. Should he speak to her?

It was like a sharp little pain in his heart — the moment he saw her; perhaps he had better postpone it — at least until this holy day had passed. But he *had* to speak to her — he ought to do it now and not postpone it, now when he felt rested, and — so to speak — strong.

He called her.

The old woman stopped, rather taken aback, made a courtesy, and came back a couple of steps to the space among the trees.

"Good evening, your Reverence."

"Good evening, Grete. Where are you going?"

"Oh, I was going over to my son's for a bit, your Reverence."

His Reverence had not quite found his preface yet.

"Oh, you are going over to your son's," he repeated.

"Yes, that is the one place where I do go, your Reverence," said the old woman, "and then to church."

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen thought he ought to go straight at it.

"I saw that you were fast asleep in church to-day, Grete."

A pair of pale blue little eyes glanced up at his Reverence, for all the world like a frightened hen's eyes.

"Yes, it sort of takes hold of one like that when one gets to sitting down, your Reverence."

His Reverence had to look at the old, worn face, and the thin little woman who held the handkerchief tight in her wrinkled hands — there might be something in that, when one gets to sitting down.

"And now that we have got those fine, new seats, your Reverence; and it is so cool in there."

"Yes, you do have rather a long way to walk in the sun, Grete."

"Oh, yes, so I have, your Reverence; and then when a body is so much on her feet all day —"

His Reverence gave her a long look — it might be hard enough for an old woman like that; he looked at Grete without speaking.

"For it is the only rest that one gets," she said.

Something began to dawn on his Reverence in a strange way.

The little hen-eyes did not look so shyly at him now; she began to talk on in her old way, of all the many years she had been walking to church every Sunday, ever since old pastor Olesen's time — now she was seventy-eight, and over. And her son was the only one left her now; they had all been confirmed in the church up there, the one who was over in America, too. Oh, yes, there were many things that came into her mind when she went into that church, and it was so still in there, and his Reverence began to speak so very slowly and quietly. Then it was just as if she saw it all happen before her very eyes again. And then her eyes sort of fell to.

She lifted the handkerchief to her old, tired eyes.

"It is like, it may be, the very peace of God, your Reverence."

The Reverend Mr. Fredriksen wondered what was it this reminded him of; it would not come to him. He merely stood and looked at the woman, who was silent now.

And while he stood so, it suddenly came to him, a relief to his mind, one of the good old Bible texts: —

“But the Lord thy God has many ways.”

GREATNESS.

By HERMAN BANG.

(Translated for this work from the Danish, by Olga Flinch.)

[BANG is a middle-aged Danish playwright and litterateur, director of a theater in Copenhagen.]

WE HAD been silent for a long while, Paul and I, and lay stretched out in the grass looking up through the scentless air into the transparent sky.

Without changing his position, with his hands crossed under his head, Paul said, in the low voice with which one speaks of far-away memories : —

"Hm, I wonder how I happened to think of that just now — of her — she has not been in my mind for many years — no, not for many years. And yet she was perhaps the only woman who has really loved me."

Yes ; and as if in his thoughts he had looked at a long row of faces, all the features that held the secrets of his life, he said : —

"Probably the only one. She gave herself to me without a moment's hesitation, because we loved each other, and she left without a moment's hesitation, for there was one thing for which she was too good, — to remain even for a moment with one who had ceased to love. She left without a single reproach."

Paul had raised himself partly, and with his head leaning in his hand, he told me : —

"Oh, no, it is not a story, and it can hardly be told ; to make you understand it, I should have to paint her, you would have to see her — her eyes, as shining as the eyes of a young deer that had never been frightened by or run away from the hunter, and her body, slim and tender, and her forehead, white and pure, even when she sinned.

"She was a daughter of the people, and my eyes found her amid the white and gold of the royal theater at the Bath. There she sat, high up against the golden roof, alone in the crowd — alone, as the strongly individual always is, with her hair laid like a wreath around her head, as quiet as if she were in church. . . .

"Then our eyes met. Oh, no—don't smile—two human beings knew then that they loved one another, and were ready to give their souls to one another.

"On the stage they sang and talked, but we did not hear it—we spoke to one another without words—and we gave ourselves thought after thought.

"Yes, where does love come from, and can it be born thus of nothing? but as truly as I live, I loved her. And how modest she was, but without a cloud, as one who does not know that love can be a sin.

"When the curtain fell, I arose like a sleep-walker who has only one thought, took hat and cane, and went where I knew she would be, to the lights by the entrance door.

"There she stood waiting. She did not draw back, nor did she smile; she had come—just as I had.

"And she remained standing there, with almost unnaturally large, widely opened eyes, until I said—and my voice trembled:—

"‘Shall we go?’

"I don't know if she heard it, but she began to walk carefully, as if fearfully, I tell you—and never have I approached a woman as respectfully as this one, who followed me mentally and of her own free will, when I stretched out my hand for hers, and she let her hand remain in mine—as in the one place where it belonged. And we walked on, hand in hand, silently still, as if a mere sigh would frighten away a dream.

"Then she spoke, and for the first time I heard her voice—she did not look at me while she asked me this, she only smiled:—

"‘What is your name?’

"‘Paul.’

"She repeated my name, and while she continued smiling, she said:—

"‘And mine is Mary.’

"And with a silence after each answer, as if she wished to keep it in her soul or live it over again in a dream, she asked:—

"‘And where do you come from?’

"‘Far from here.’

"‘From the North?’

"‘From the North.’

"‘I thought so.’

"She nodded at my answers and smiled.

"We went in on the piazza of the 'Roi de Prusse,' and there an experienced waiter showed us to a corner, where we could be undisturbed, and walked about with a discreet smile, as if he took particular care of this rendezvous — I could have struck his yellow-white face.

"But she did not notice this. She only enjoyed everything in a strangely careful way, as if it were all a fairy meal that might vanish as it had come.

"She lifted her glass so gently, so happy, and so afraid of making any noise — and I never have been as moved as I was during this strange, silent, bridal supper with a child.

"We went out again, and all at once she began to speak — of her whole short life, of her home in the Bohemian town, a little country town, of her parents and her brothers, who were mechanics in a factory — and suddenly she stopped, and shaking her head, looking upward, she said : —

"'Oh, are we not — are we not happy?' and leaned her head against my shoulder.

"We went through the arcades; the garden was still and full of shadows, the hall still and dark, the night was ours.

"So does the flower bend itself to the sun, as she bent herself to love."

Paul stopped a moment, and lay down again in the grass, and looked up to the sky.

"And then two or three days passed, and I have never felt so desperately lonely as when she left. And one day when I awoke, my longing for her was pity.

"Yes," — Paul shook his head impatiently, — "nothing more.

"But then one day she came. I knew she would come, dreaded it, and put off the thought.

"She had not knocked, she just opened the door, wide, so that she stood there like a picture in its frame — a picture of happiness.

"'It is I — and I can stay three days,' she burst out joyfully.

"How happy she was — and how beautiful — and I did not love her — not at all.

"I swore that I would go away, far away, that I would never see her again — but *to-day* she should know nothing, and be happy.

"And we began to talk, and I kissed her hands, and took off her coat, joking all the time. But how did she feel it? — by the sound of my voice? — by my look? — how did she know it was all over?

"It was as if she grew smaller, thinner, under her dress—as if she grew whiter, so that even her stiffening hands grew pale; it was as if nothing lived now but her eyes.

"When one has caught and holds a little bird in one's closed hand, it has that look in its eyes.

"She did not say much, but it was as if the tone of her voice had died.

"We went out, and I went on talking—a forced talk, in which pauses came and grew.

"Then suddenly she said—and she did not lift her eyes to mine, she never looked at me again:—

"‘You know I can go away again to-morrow,’—quietly as if she asked my pardon, full of sadness as one whose heart is dying.

"The tears strangled me, but—I did not ask her to stay. I asked if we should eat. She shook her head—how small she looked!

"‘I will take a cup of coffee,’ she said, and was silent again.

"She got this and drank it. She sat quite still and silent. There were no tears in her eyes. Then she said, always in that same still voice, of which the tone was dead:—

"‘Now I will go.’

"I did not hold her back. We went together and waited at the station for a long time. She spoke every once in a while, in the same voice. Finally the train came; she went aboard quietly and sat down.

"I was not willing to insult her with a caress.

"When she was seated, she looked at me once,—a dying child may have that look,—and she said, as if she were ashamed of this last tenderness in her voice:—

"‘Now, please, good-bye,’—and touched the very tip of my fingers. Then the train went.

"No, I tell you, all my life long I have never felt as sad as at that moment.

"And yet," Paul went on, "I did not call her back, and I felt as if I had committed murder."

He sat up and swayed to and fro for a moment as if a great sorrow shook him.

"But," he continued, "perhaps I shall think of her when I die."

We spoke no more. We lay there silent again, looking up into the clear September sky.

LETTERS OF XAVIER DOUDAN.

(Translated for this work.)

[XAVIER DOUDAN was born in 1800 at Douai, of a straitened family of traders and magistrates. He studied at Paris, and took up the profession of tutor; he lacked will or force to push his own fortunes, but his fine taste and remarkable judgment in criticism, as well as his lovable character, strongly impressed a brilliant group of rising youths, one of whom in 1826 procured him the place of tutor to Mme. De Staël's son by M. Rocca, in the Broglie family, where as tutor and confidential friend he spent the rest of his life. After the Revolution of 1830, the Duke was made minister of public instruction by Louis Philippe, and appointed Doudan his head clerk; and kept him in the same situation when later he became minister of foreign affairs and president of the Cabinet. Doudan remained such till the retirement of the Duke in 1836. He then entered the service of the Council of State; but declined various offers of promotion, and after the Duchess' death in 1838, lived in the Duke's household, its brightest ornament, a literary dictator and adviser to a Parisian group of wonderful diversity and brilliancy, a wise, mild, but unflinchingly truthful and exacting censor. His creative force was not equal to his critical discernment, and he has left no large work that represents him; but his collected volumes of correspondence are full of charm and keen humorous observation.]

TO M. RAULIN.

COPPET, June 10, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It is a month or nearly a month since I ought to have written you. I have besides received from you a friendly and thoughtful letter of four pages, to which an answer was fairly due, even had I not owed it to you first to give you news of the journey. But what would you have? I have lost the faculty even of writing ten rational lines. When you advise me to vegetate, you must know that I am vegetating quite enough. I do not think, I write nothing, and I read very little except a small Kantian treatise on metaphysics which I am deciphering in common with Albert. This metaphysics wearies me. All metaphysics wearies me. My intelligence must be heavily stricken, for I have never had taste and capacity except for philosophy. I am beginning to discover that the abstractions are abstractions. The pretended solutions of the philosophic sciences are new names given to the insurmountable difficulties raised by the mind. For a century, more or less, we fancy that these new words conceal a satisfying sense; and then we perceive that we are still on the brink of the void. These black waters that encircle us on all

sides have not lowered by a hair since the eyes of the first men contemplated them with fear and with sinking hearts. People have come who gravely dip out an oyster-shell-ful of these waters and flatter themselves they have drained the gulf dry. This is pitiful. . . .

Sojourn in Paris for the past dozen years has not been without danger, truly, but a bullet more or less in the streets does not add much to the terrible fragility of life. My poor friend Grouchy has suddenly died at Turin. I am dismayed at that death. It seems there is a point of life when the road descends all at once and engulfs itself in the shadow. There are only sad things to await. I hardly await anything else. The spirit is extinguished little by little, the strength declines, and the aspect of the world takes on something leaden and vacillating.

I fully perceive that I am tiring you, my poor Raulin. You see that when you advise me to vegetate, it is fruitless: even to vegetate requires some energy. I feel myself far below the tiniest shrub. Bob is much my superior in all ways, but he is nevertheless the only society that agrees with me. The poor animal is not exacting, and so long as I give him from time to time a pat of amity on the head, I am held sufficiently spirited and intellectual. You men always insist on more, even the best and most indulgent among you.

To-morrow perhaps I shall write something less gloomy. I see that in these mountains before me, little glades appear now and then through the rain. But I have no right to compare myself to a mountain. Good-bye.

TO M. POIRSON.

August 6, 1839.

I am sometimes afraid, my dear friend, that we are aging a little, when I see how much distaste we feel for our own time. I make an effort occasionally to rise above my own impression, and see if all this disgust I experience is not due to my habits of thought having grown too tyrannical with time to understand the habits of this new spirit, if spirit there is. Inspecting it carefully, I cannot disown that I am irritated with good right at this empty and declamatory tone, these noisy parades of ideas which recoil before nothing, this scorn of all distinction between good and evil, all these impossible feelings which

a semblance is made of having experienced, all these contradictory passions that are supposed in the same being, this pedantic and forcible-feeble language, these colors and these images so vivid to reproduce thoughts so cold, this lack of measure, of harmony, of good sense, of fitness in every class, that radiates forth in literature. All these accusations are founded on irresistible evidence; and if one were to be hanged for all these crimes, many writers would have to make ready. Only one thing remains: that perhaps in this infernal kettle, where the sorcerers are brewing their frightful broth, there is a blade of grass that is not wholly maleficent.

A solitary point of view that one glimpses in this labyrinth deserves to arrest the attention: all the literatures we admire are simple and harmonious; all the features are distinct, sharp-cut, and brilliant: but those literatures are romanesque, in the sense that they isolate in an ideal and luminous region the object they wish to paint, and that in this excessive scrutiny they forget all the relations the object bears to what remains outside the frame. To-day men seem possessed with the rage of showing that everything acts on everything; that a continuous chain unites all beings and all things; not a line is written without the attempt to include the history of the world. Have you ever seen the sea in anger? Every wave on that tossing plain takes its form of movement from all the waves that environ it, from the beaches of Brittany to the ice of the Pole. It is an effort to express this rebound of all on all that makes the grimaces of the literature of the present. Thence these tense forms where every word is playing a part, thence all these prismatic colors lavished on every occasion, thence this pretension of every phrase to be a sort of echo of all the sounds of the world. In actual conditions, all these unlucky attempts at enlarging the angle under which we view the world have an air profoundly absurd. I think even that one must be absurd not to discourage these first ebullitions of a confused thought; but it is possible that one day, after the agitation of chaos at which we are assisting, when the waters have grown clear and calm, they will become like a vaster mirror, where the reality will have come to reflect itself in grander proportions.

This is very disinterested on my part, for I cordially hate the rudiments of this new art; but I say it to acquit our own consciences. You must try to be just toward your own time, even if you don't like it.

TO M. RAULIN.

BROGLIE, Friday, July 10, 1841.

First, my dear friend, it is you who are stupid to believe that your letter is stupid; but it is a very embarrassing case in metaphysics, because no effect superior to the cause has yet been met with. You are quite right on the degree of importance to be attached to everything, and you say truth in saying that it ought not to be necessary to bring to the reading of a consular report the degree of attention we should pay to a dialogue of Plato. It is attention wasted, because the texture of a consular report is not so close as the tissue of a dialogue of Plato. But if you need to look at all these things close to, nothing will cure you. I am attacked with the same mania: I need to contemplate all the details. You must follow your slope, there is no force but that. One would spend his life bootlessly in trying to remake the laws of his mind. He must resolve to do the smallest things well, when he is invincibly urged toward them; only Plato must be reread a little oftener, in order not to engulf yourself without much fruit in too minute a study of the delicacies of language of M. —.

But we ought to recognize that men of affairs and men of good sense have not that mania that pesters us. They operate *grosso modo*. *Grosso modo* is the secret of success in this world. It is needful to speak, to comprehend, to act *grosso modo*. Coarse fibre in the intellect is in harmony with the general movements of the world; I mean the world of men. Thence the success of M. Scribe; thence the depth, the height, and the amplitude of the mind of M. —; thence the grace, the elegance, and the vital imagination of M. Horace Vernet; thence the success of M. Roger and the Academy the other day. While you regard with emotion and quiverings a butterfly's wing, all these cyclopes have swallowed ten wings of roast fowl for you. It is the world. Your part is not with them. Do well and finely what they do quickly and coarsely, and to reward your zeal it will be said, "That poor Raulin has a deucedly subtle mind," and they will be right. The world moves fast, and looks at nothing very close. When its great wheels, lubricated with whale oil, meet the light and delicate wheels cut from diamond, which turn rapidly and noiselessly on polished axles, there is a shock, but the small wheels are of diamond nevertheless and do not break. Their movement is regulated by another law.

You will retrieve yourself in eternity, where a butterfly's wing will be held vastly superior to a Mayence ham ; but here it is the reign of the Mayence hams. It is useless, you will never eat as fast as others. The ham will set you thinking of the boar, the boar of the forests, the forests of the mountains, the eternal snows, the rivers which course in silence over the earth ; and during this time there will be nothing left but the bone of the Mayence ham, and you will remain pale and rather dreamy in the midst of this robust and well-fed band, who will laugh at you on the first occasion. Let them eat till they die of it.

You are too exclusive also. What the devil has Mozart to do with the devil ? And in what is his music terrestrial ? But take care lest by dint of volatilizing everything, you may find yourself all dazed out in the void. There is a good sense and measure in the superior order too, which is not the good sense of men, but that of God himself. If you attack that, you will have not the respectable madness of the elect spirits, but a true madness that corresponds to nothing : *inania regna*.

M. Orsel is very good to have thought of me apropos of M. Ingres' last picture. M. Orsel too courses through life on a little chariot with diamond wheels, but there is no other vehicle to go far into the future. All these gentlemen who gallop along in their carriages, in a sort to make one believe they are escaping from the tide,—all these gentlemen halt in the court of the Minister of the Interior. Posterity for them ends there. All their maidens, who are the girls of the streets, will die of consumption, while here and there in the silence a few other figures mount smiling on their great wings into the heaven of the arts, where there is neither Minister of the Interior, nor Director of the Arts, etc., etc.

TO MADAME D'HAUSSONVILLE.

COPPET, October 8, 1841.

I have read the first chapter of the "Life of an Artist." It is all charming and brilliant and intellectual, and I say it so sincerely that I add a few criticisms : —

1. M. P—— has decidedly too artistic an air, and also feels himself the artist too much. The play of talent, its action, is much more hidden and secret, to my belief. It reveals itself in a thousand circumstances foreign to the direct application of the talent ; but as to M. P——, I recognize him for an artist

a gunshot off, and he knows he is such with too much intensity. A poetic spirit, whatever be the manner in which it reveals itself to the public, — with a violin, a chisel, or the pencil, — a poetic spirit forgets its art three quarters of the time; it gazes at the flying bird, the smoke that rises over the village roofs, it hears the sigh of the wind; a thousand pictures pass and re-pass in its own depths, and with a brilliancy that rather discourages it from the practice of its art. M. P—— has had “artist” inscribed on his passport, and if you didn’t assure me that he must have talent, I should have no faith in it. You must not take this criticism as anything very serious; it is enough to obliterate some features a little too pronounced.

2. The descriptions of nature are always a little too vivid in color. You cannot look at his world without green spectacles, everything is so dazzling. That world is of too material a splendor. Trust to your imagination to search behind these flaming purple curtains that are a kind of primary veil to the spectacle of nature; seek for less vivid but still more beautiful colors, so as not to fatigue your eyes. I will take the sun for an example. If you contemplate its setting, you will see in the lower story a blast-furnace red; even that is of great magnificence, but a little farther toward the zenith, in the second story, you will see a tapestry of colors much softer and of a charming harmony. One would say that a great silence, as it were, reigns at the depths of that horizon, and that beneficent spirits converse there in low tones on the destinies of the world. It is always, so it seems to me, at the second story that one should rest his gaze, and it is there that he discovers charming pictures without cessation. The eye of the vulgar does not reach there. To any one else, what I have said to you here will be indistinct; but you will certainly understand what I have tried to say in its generality. If you conclude from these two poor observations that I do not find these twenty pages charming, you are unworthy of all counsel; and you have only, wrapping yourself in your self-esteem, to seek the successes of MM. de Lamartine, Victor Hugo, etc., etc.

I return to my criticisms, and I harp on the fact that it follows: When one depicts a person, the soul must radiate over the body. The impressions, the thoughts, of the said person, must give me a notion of his exterior form. Whatever may be said, I do not believe that Galatea made her entrance into this world by a body.

TO M. POIRSON.

COPPET, December 4, 1844.

I have never seen the spring have birth in the country, and I regret it, although I suspect there is no spring in the fashion the poets understand it; but I can assure you there is a winter, and it doesn't begin badly. At the end of a month I expect to take the road back to Paris, where one does not see so much snow; there is already infinitely more than the prefect of police can get swept off, even though he should convoke all the ban and arrière-ban of the French writers who make verses and would do better to sweep the street. Perhaps you will think, to hear me speak so ill of the successors of Bernardin de St. Pierre and J. J. Rousseau, that I am reading the "Wandering Jew." Oh dear, not at all. I have left him, months ago, to his phantasmagoria of Jesuits. It seemed to me it was spoiling the evil to depict it thus: black men in a black house, solely occupied in blacknesses — that is not common sense; it is not so that one paints living beings. Has not the author of the "Wandering Jew" read "Machiavel," then? When you wish to injure people, the first thing to do is to put on a grand air of impartiality in regard to them. You must give them some virtues, if necessary; you must remain on this side of the truth, in depicting evil, so that the reader may say, indignantly, "But that is not all; these people are a hundred times worse!" It is, I believe, the grand artifice of polemics to awaken anger and not satisfy it completely. Men who have much authority naturally speak in a low voice; that is an image of the manner in which it is necessary to set about acting on others by literature. If you show me, in place of a Jesuit, the devil in person, the first time I see a Jesuit I shall say, "But M. E. Sue has not good sense: this good ecclesiastic is not so black as he makes the Jesuits." The truth is that M. E. Sue cares very little for getting that race hated; he gives the public what he supposes it likes, and that is his entire policy.

We ought not to attach too much importance to important things, or we never accomplish them. It is well to know how to do things roughly; all who have done a great amount have done it in wretched shape; to be a good architect it is not needful to have the subtleties of Benvenuto Cellini. With

these subtleties one makes a half-dozen dagger-hilts, and life passes. Moreover, it is useless to give ourselves the trouble: the defects we expunge in our work are almost always not those the public sees. La Bruyère, it is true, had this mania for polishing; I am not sure his defects do not arise from that. For the rest, I am like M. de Lamiartine, I have many contrary opinions on the subject. So long as one has not succeeded in faithfully reproducing the image he sees within himself, it is not worth the trouble of giving its portrayal to the public; but, on the other hand, if we wait for that perfect reproduction, we risk waiting forever. Thence the necessity of doing nothing in order to do it well. Fortunately, there is a solution to this difficulty: the public is a fool and a sot, as Lemi-erre says, and does not look very closely. When it is in a moment of good humor, it takes people favorably, and that engages it somewhat for the future, because it does not like to judge the same person twice.

TO M. RAULIN.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Who would believe that you have written me two letters against one? That is not in the natural course of things. It is an interruption of the laws of nature, and a new proof that miracles are possible. As I am not a rationalist, I will not seek to reduce this event to the shabby proportions of a natural fact.

We have seen your Orientals. They are truly lovable. The Orient is a great element of civilization, it would seem; for the people who come from Boreas or the Occident have not a quarter of their fascinations. They talk familiarly to you of Mycenæ, Corinth, or Epidaurus, of the Seven Towers, of the Mosque of the Sultana Validé, of the Halcyon Sea, of the Black Sea, and all with touches that show clearly they have seen all this with their own eyes. For example, they will tell you (I mean M. de Sahune and M. d'Haussonville), they will tell you, "I was eaten up by lice in the valley of Lacedæmon." From this touch do you not see more vividly the Babyx bridge by moonlight? Do you not hear the rustling of the reeds in the bed of the Eurotas? Do you not scent the delicate perfume that floats from the clumps of almonds, of citrons, of laurels, that flourish in abundance everywhere, while meantime potatoes are regularly planted

with the progress of civilization? How much better I love these lice than the vague pomp of Racine's verses:—

“Elis I saw; and Tænarus left behind,
Won to the sea that viewed Icarus fall.”

There is a little of this charm in the “Itinerary” of M. de Chateaubriand. He catches fever near the ruins of Laurium, not far from Cape Sunium; he is laid on a mat in the kitchen, which is to say also in the parlor and the dining-room, for it is all one in these poetic countries. While he half sleeps, he looks at a Greek girl of seventeen or eighteen, who has remained at home while the rest of the family is in the field. She goes and comes; she sings in a low voice, like the birds at sunset; she comes to get a small kettle hung above the mat where the sick man is sleeping; she makes the fire, prepares the dinner, breaks off to readjust something in her garments or headgear. Do you not see better, through the half-opened window of this little kitchen, the sea and the columns of Sunium, than when Delille tells you:—

“Toward the cape where Plato,” etc.

I am for lice in literature. You don't like them. You love the immortelles. The immortelles have not the fragile grace of the flowers that fade. We must inform the ideal by the reality. Reality is the wild stock on which you graft the ideal; alone by itself, the ideal quickly corrupts; it becomes deadly tedious, and ends by no longer resembling anything.

M. de Sahune will tell you more about it, as he has been directly pricked by the reality. He will tell you that whoever reads the “Itinerary” sees Greece. This is something to make you ashamed, you that speak of M. de Chateaubriand as a declaimer. Without him, without that imagination it pleases you to think factitious, the world would still have that fine gray color which the Abbé Barthélemy and all the abbés of the world employed to depict nature and the old civilizations; that washed-out, dun, pallid, uncertain color, like the verses of P. Porée or P. Jouveney. It is not of them one can say:—

“He spreads before the eyes, with lavish dower,
The glittering robe of every season's flower.
Azure and emerald, purple, ruby, teem

To weave the glittering web with which his garments gleam.”

But this said, each to his taste ; and since you like the gray better, let us say no more, and maintain that M. de Châteaubriand is a declaimer. You will say to me, "But I have been on that side more strongly than you, and you are preaching to an old convert;" that is true, but you have settled into the gray. To be a poet seems to you equivalent to being sober. If nature were to remake, you would only put swans and geese in it, all white birds, but no pink flamingoes, no humming-birds, no glistening flies, and the sun would go to rest in a great bed with white bedclothes and white curtains, and in a white cotton nightcap. A fine king of nature, i'faith ! You must know that at the bottom of this theory of sobriety, there hides a cold poison which slowly kills imaginations. Sobriety is a limit, and not a motive power. You make a motive power of it. You don't drink, for the pleasure of saying, "I haven't drunk !" When you haven't drunk for ten thousand years, what will that regimen have done for the progress of intelligence ? The apostle said we should not *get drunk on sobriety, sapere ad sobrietatem*. That also is a rule of æsthetics. If you torment me, I will illuminate the churches with colored glass, Sundays and holidays. You enjoy so keenly the pleasure of not seeing color, of not hearing too loud a noise, of not encountering too abrupt a movement, that the essence of your system is : —

"I see only the night, I hear naught but silence."

Isn't that a fine spectacle, and one that elevates our souls with pride ? But we shall never be in accord in the matter of colors ; the white are white, the blue are blue.

TO THE PRINCESS DE BROGLIE.

PARIS, August 15, 1846.

How does M. Henri de Béarn take to the enchantments of Rome ? I hope he has not brought thither any melancholy from those depths of the North whence he comes, and that without thinking any longer of Germany, he is all given up to the pleasure of seeing Italy in her fine summer wear. If Werther himself had been named secretary to Italy, he would be living yet ; he would have forgotten Charlotte. As for M. Raulin, I have some trouble in imagining him at Rome. I picture vaguely that there will be days when he will come

home to you reeling like a drunken man, but drunk with the beauty of some old Byzantine picture, lost in a corner of some old unknown chapel. I count on his good natural mind, and the profound good sense that slumbers under these systems of his, forcing him to admire even what the world admires. I am afraid lest what M. de Châteaubriand, for instance, and his school have praised with so much uproar, may displease him on that ground. I have often represented to him that it ~~was~~ just and in the providential order to have the impressions of his time ; I showed him, before he went away, that it was needful not merely to see Italy with his own eyes, but also with the eyes of Virgil, of Dante, of Petrarch, of Madame de Staël, of Lord Byron, of M. de Châteaubriand. It is clear that great minds and great talents make their time see what it would not have seen without them. That is civilization itself. In every age, there are two or three magicians who awaken in all men, save the ultras, a world of impressions which had slept since the creation, like the Sleeping Beauty. I hold that there lies in the depth of the soul an endless suite of palaces like that of the Sleeping Beauty, whose riches will open on the day appointed and discover admirable views which we do not suspect ; but it needs the stroke of the wand of talent to awaken the slumbering damsel. It is thus that the ideas of the choice minds of one age become the excellent commonplaces of the one that follows. Thus you climb by degrees and degrees, and from generation to generation, the great marble tower that ascends toward the infinite.

TO THE DUKE DE BROGLIE.

PARIS, Tuesday, August 9, 1847.

You are going to Scotland, and upon the scene of Walter Scott's romances ; but that scene extends to the Shetland Isles, and I hope you will not go so far as that to search for the elements or the pretenses of the ideal. Evreux waits you too soon to undertake such a pilgrimage. As for Evreux, if one finds anything there to make an ideal of, it will be a proof that we do not need even a pretext to raise ourselves to the beautiful when we have the instinct of it. I thought long ago, as to the ideal, that the real world was like a book whose characters wake ideas in a certain sequence according to the arrangement of the letters, although that arrangement has no resemblance to

the images or the thoughts it provokes in my mind. I took the expression "the book of nature" literally; but I catch a glimpse of many objections to-day to this fashion of making God a sort of printer. In any case, it will be a large folio, and with fine margins to it.

What a sad picture of England! It is quite possible that the double effort of industry and equality is flattening out the nations a little. You cannot have a fine copsewood and a fine timber forest in the same place, at the same time. The old world, the world of abuses as it was organized everywhere some century ago, was after the law of nature: the great trees grew there freely, killing everything that was under their shade. The water came to the river then, and you had splendid masses of water before handsome, battlemented castles, with a great solitude around. Is it not the principle at present that the water should only get to the river the latest possible? In old times they gave a dozen ducks to the twelfth to eat, and you had a magnificent duck, full of strength, and with the most gorgeous plumage. Nowadays they take care of the whole dozen ducks, or rather the dozen ducks take care of themselves. The strongest have no more to eat than the weakest. That makes an average of ducks busied with a thousand cares, without superfluity, without the spirit of enterprise, rather lean, rather doleful, rearing ducklings that inherit the weakness of their fathers, and propagate it; ducks who love to be well placed and well lodged, to attend a sermon that is moral and not dogmatic, who work the day through in order to sleep in a good bed; the wind carries away their feathers, they die, and they have said and done nothing of any worth. Lucan says, "*Humanum paucis vivit genus*" [The human race lives in small things]. It is very possible that the apparent disorder of ancient societies was a secret law of nature to rid itself of the weak and keep the finest patterns.

TO M. RAULIN.

BROGLIE, Saturday, July 22, 1848.

I do not see how you manage to know so much news, and tell it with so many interesting details. We live on your letters, which are worth more even for the news than the newspapers. The papers do not know that M. Proudhon was reared by the charity of a philanthropic capitalist. What a serpent

that capitalist sent to school ! I am confident that in the discussion, the head of the said reptile will be crushed. It is not that I like discussions in form against absurd principles. The bad doctrines to-day have a great air of simplicity and homely evidence in their theoretic state ; they fit like a glove on narrow minds ; good sense is more complicated, and does not go half so well on the hand of a fool. Thence the necessity of hooting the bad doctrines ; the hoots capture men through their feelings ; they are more efficacious than set discussions. We must not let dangerous foolishnesses take on the air of principles. We must turn them out-doors, not with flowers and crowns like Plato's poets, but with a few kicks.

You also tell the story well of the magnificence of General Cavaignac's first reception. He is right to surround himself with some military pomp. Man is an insolent animal, who does not like extreme simplicity except to climb up on its shoulders. An insolent person who demands an audience abates half the chatter he was proposing to exhibit, when he passes through the courts where the grave soldiers form a regular guard ; through the antechambers where the grave ushers tell him in a subdued voice to sit down and wait ; through the waiting-rooms where he meets a crowd of officers in grand uniform by whom he has not the honor to be known, and who regard him coldly. All this gives him a salutary idea of the small place he naturally occupies in this world, and makes him usefully feel his nothingness. The heads of societies ought to be environed with all the marks which say at every moment that they represent the entire society. If I were by accident chief of the peoples, I think I would live in the midst of thunder and lightnings, especially in times when the ideas of absolute equality had undermined the world. Even if I were altogether a 'great man, — which perhaps I am not, — when I had won a hundred battles, I would only have very rare moments of simplicity, being quite sure that if that simplicity lasted long, you would begin to look me over from head to foot and find resemblances to other men in me, in place of remaining under the impression of my differences. Sylla said he could dispense with lictors, since he had his Athens buckler and his Orchomenus javelin. I am sure that at the end of a fortnight his valet's boy drummed on his Athens buckler, and rode cock-horse on his Orchomenus javelin like a broom handle. The prince in every country should call himself Legion. I have taken a much greater taste than ever for

etiquette since I have seen so many pipes blackened by the ephemeral shepherds of the people. This granted, each time demands a different pomp. That of to-day should be a rather terrifying image of regular force, to answer to the extreme elevation of intelligences and imaginations. A cloud of incense sufficed as barrier in the old Orient ; at present we have to prepare fine squadrons, which at need launch iron and fire with a skilled fury, cold and silent cannon which the least noise can rouse from their slumber, in a word, all the splendors of a citadel where the regular steps of the sentinels are silent neither day nor night. It is the Versailles of the new days that—— has spun us with his long lean fingers. Go then with all the council in grand uniform to present your respects to General Cavaignac. Tell him I desire he may be king of terrors as long as possible, through this age of iron.

TO M. D'HAUSSONVILLE.

BROGLIE, October 22, 1867.

I fully understand the tedium your work causes you in whatever is not pure narrative. One can hardly give advice to his friends, even those he knows best, on the manner of directing the mind and the economy of intellectual labor. Each is obliged to make treaty with his peculiarities, which relate to all sorts of moral things, and physical as well ; none the less you can give others for trial the recipes which have succeeded with you in analogous cases, if there are analogous cases. When I have happened to have something difficult to write, I have begun to write all at a heat and without erasures, entirely resolved to consider it only as the first draft. Returning to it on the morrow for a new fashioning, when transcribing I have been astonished at the progress my mind has made since that first essay. The rough canvas had served to fix the points of scrutiny, and had hindered my mind from vagabonding. By a dull instinctive labor, I had found the true order and the appropriate expressions, which I should not have attained in that rapid and negligent sketch that showed me at the same time what it was necessary to avoid and what it was necessary to do. When one tries line by line, in a rather long writing, to arrive on the first effort at a definitive editing, he has not the whole before his eyes, and while he heaps the objects in one corner of his trunk, the other side rises up and prevents

his closing it. So try to attack it by ten pages at a time, making erasures at the junctures of the ideas and natural divisions of the ideas, and perhaps you will tear up less paper. My practice is based on the remark that if one did not talk he would never say foolish things, but would keep them all to himself. No sooner have you spoken badly than you are notified of it by the interior voice, but that voice will not make itself heard if one has not said the foolish thing. The first blunder is destined to excite that voice, which suggests the answer to you at the foot of the stairway, when there is no more time, if it relates to conversation ; but in the business of writing the inconvenience is not the same, and the blunder does you no wrong in anybody's eyes.

TO MADAME DONNÉ.

March 15, 1870.

... M. de Montalembert is dead, and his end, which might have been looked for years ago, has painfully surprised every one. At midnight on the day of his death he held the lamp his nurse wished to extinguish, to finish the reading of a political article of the day. For years he upheld, against the cruelty of nature, the liberty and serenity of his thought, and he remained the master in this difficult combat. On a bark assailed by the four winds of heaven he conversed, labored, meditated peacefully, contemplated without agitation the waters that were to engulf him. It is like a military virtue, so much coolness and interior discipline kept in the midst of such pressing dangers. What a singular nature ! A soul violent and yet held in subjection, capable of proceeding to all contradictions of thought, yet not without a strong unity of which the mark is on all his life. For forty years he filled the world with his contradictory invectives and his eloquent inquietude ; and to-day, now that he is dead, there are very few, even of his enemies, who do not find themselves regretting a spirit so alive, so rich, and so courageous.

MERLIN AND HIS FATHER: THE OVERTHROW OF HELL.

BY EDGAR QUINET.

(Translated for this work.)

[EDGAR QUINET, republican and mystic, a believer in progress and a lover of the things progress abolishes, — a common enough combination, but which confused his logic and made much of his writing incoherent dreams, — was born at Bourg-en-Bresse, France, a little west of Geneva, in 1803. His father was a republican scientist and mathematician who resigned an army post on Napoleon's usurpation; his mother a cultivated unorthodox Protestant. His first publication was characteristic, being on the Wandering Jew. Then, struck by Herder's "Philosophy of History," he learned German in order to translate it, and at once rose to high repute. After a post on a mission to Greece and a work entitled "Modern Greece," he joined the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and wrote for it for some years, including an article on the old French poetic legends he afterwards wove into so many forms. In 1833 appeared his first considerable work, "Ahasverus," a philosophical rhapsody; also two poems, "Napoleon" and "Prometheus," not highly reputed. In 1838 he published a reply to Strauss' "Life of Jesus." In 1839 he was made professor of foreign literature at Lyons; his lectures there were embodied in "The Genius of Religions" in 1842, when also he was called to the Collège de France in Paris, as professor of Southern Literature. Instead of this he lectured on the Jesuits and Ultramontanism, collecting the lectures into volumes in 1843 and 1844; the resultant hostility was so great that in 1846 the government stopped the course. In 1848 he published "The Revolutions of Italy," one of his most noted works; took up arms in the revolution of that year, and after Louis Philippe's fall, was elected Radical deputy to the Assembly. He was a vigorous opponent of Louis Napoleon, and was banished after the *coup d'état*. For seven years he lived in Brussels, publishing "The Slaves," a dramatic poem (1853), and "Marnix de Saint-Aldegonde" (1854), an enthusiastic glorification of the noted Belgian's literary work; then removing to Vevy on the Lake of Geneva, he issued, in 1860, the work from which this extract is taken, — a not very definite or coherent allegory, but with many vicious hits at French politics and society, especially Napoleon III.'s rule; "History of the Campaign of 1815" (1862), and "The French Revolution" (1865), censuring heavily the acts of the Jacobins. In these years, as all through his life, he wrote swarms of pamphlets. "The Creation" (1870) was a misty rhapsody on evolution. Returning to France after Sedan, he obstinately assailed the measures of peace with the Germans. "The Siege of Paris" (1871), "The Republic" (1872), "The Book of Exile" (1875), besides posthumous collections and a partial autobiography, in 1858, are the chief of his other work. He died March 27, 1875.]

I. WHY MERLIN WAS CREATED.

'AID me in transporting yourself to the threshold of Hell, wherewith I assume you familiar, and even to the very midst of the abode of eternal suffering. Not that I belong to the Satanic school, but because truth exacts this opening scene from me. History spoke; tradition commanded; she must be followed. I begin, and do you hearken.

Have you ever seen a deliberating assembly divided between a host of factions, whereof each endeavors to undo all the others? If you have assisted a day, a moment, at such a scene, you have not forgotten it. You know then how each conceals a snare beneath every word. There, nothing is more perilous than the smile; for it is the messenger of fraud, and fraud drags death in its train. Silence too is a trickster, but it endures only a moment; it soon gives place to monster jeering, the echo of all the unclean subterranean spirits which moral darkness attracts as the funeral lamp attracts a swarm of night-moths. If you have viewed this sight, you are picturing to yourself already the aspect of Hell, at the hour when this tale begins. You fancy the foolish daze of the crowd, proud of being blackguarded with majesty; the oratorical precautions, soft doves which on a sudden transform into serpents; the word at every sentence stifling the thought; the mind serving only to excavate, from spiral to spiral, the new creation of falsehood.

Each was busy at this work. All mouths were generating lies, and in the midst of an inextricable argument, interrupted by the hissing of reptiles, the voice of Hell was consummated. Each word of fraud, in proportion as it issued full of venom from the mouth of a devil, called up a diabolic being which rose as if to an appeal from the gulf.

All the petty powers contended greedily for the floor, at every moment, without remembering that they had all eternity before them; it seemed to them that if they lost for a single instant the chance of making their strident tones resound, the empire of evil was ended forever.

In this chaos of voices, a solitary voice was silent: it was that of the most powerful; it was hidden there, like a python under swarms of booming bees. Coiled back on itself, mute, it had almost been forgotten. More than one yelping mouth, forgetting itself, began to insult the taciturn king, when with a prodigious bound he sprung forward from his lair; encircling with his folds the vast confines of the Abyss, he reared one of his heads above every group. Silence descended suddenly, and this is what he said:—

“Your discussions charm me, for they come to nothing. You are the true monarchs of sophistry. I hear with delight your speeches, which dry up thought in the soul.

“Be sure that I should never have dreamed of interrupting you, had not necessity (the only God we recognize) extorted

it from me. Up to now you have counterfeited in a masterly manner the Creation from on high. Beneath every heaven you have placed an abyss; beneath every joy, a grief; and I congratulate you on it. But is the imitation complete? Have you shown that Hell is as erudite, as profound as Paradise? Have you copied the heavenly classics, without omitting anything of what they inclose? To say all, in proportion as the skies unfold have you unfolded Hell?"

"Yes, certainly we have done so," responded the throng of subterranean worlds.

"Dear friends," replied the King of Hell, "conceit blinds you. The fairest work of what is termed Providence, you have not even tried to imitate."

"What is this work?" cried the Damned.

"What!" responded their chief, "do you not even suspect it? The immaculate angel of the Annunciation descended from Heaven to announce to the Virgin of Judea that the Christ would be born from her loins. Have you attempted nothing like it? You have not even dreamed of it; your imitative minds have not dared hazard this model. I assure you, you are degenerating."

"What can I do, to prove that I have remained worthy of you?" bellowed the ancient Abyss.

"An easy thing, if one dares undertake it. Nothing simpler; you need here an infernal Christ, born of a virgin."

All cried out at once in a thousand divers tones:—

"That is true! Shriveled brains that we have! Why did we not think of that? Yes, we need, like the Heavens, a Christ born of a virgin."

Then the King of Hell resumed:—

"Who is there among you that will go upon the earth to play the part of the angel at the door of Mary?"

A universal roar gave answer; an inextinguishable desire of love rose even in the hearts of those who had never loved!

At this he went on:—

"You put too much passion into my cause. Truly you are stirred up. That resembles life too much. It is good taste here not to acclaim too noisily. Lukewarm, languid, evasive words,—those are what I prefer. One can be hellish without ceasing to preserve good form. I alone will go. I alone am enough to the fore in Hell to counterfeit the angels' power."

[Merlin, born of the unsuspected (by her) commerce of Satan with a holy woman, and drawn between his mother's wish to make him a priest and his father's to make him a tool of Hell, as well as his own leanings to both sides; seeks to become an enchanter; but succeeds only by virtue of love for Viviane, who endows him with magic power and rescues him from yielding to his father. He explores all lands and sciences; at last Viviane, jealous of the knowledge that is making a gulf between them, and of other female essences, works the spell that seals them both in a magic sepulchre underground. Here Merlin finds pure happiness in love, in the baby boy who is born to them, and in separation from the base world which can no longer harm or pain him where he is (a plain enough allegory of Quinet's exile, in which too he married—for the second time); his retreat is discovered, however, the world comes clamoring to its walls, and finally his father penetrates to it.]

II. THE CONVERSION OF SATAN.

"I am thirsty," said the father of the damned. "No one till now has been willing to give me a glass of water."

Straightway Viviane went to draw fresh water from the brink of the torrent, and presented it in a brazen urn to her guest, who drained it with a feverish ardor. After that she prepared a repast, such as one is used to prepare for a funeral banquet. Merlin and his father remained alone.

"Then it is true, my son, that one can be happy?" asked the master of Hell.

"You see it, father."

"Oh, yes! But assuredly, thou art the only happy being in creation. I have gone through it all. I have found only thee who boast of thy lot!"

"Mine is happiness itself."

"Thou wilt render me jealous of thee, my son. How then dost thou preserve this unalterable repose? Without doubt, my friend, thou owest it, in great part, to being cut off from the number of the living. It is so long since I have slept, my poor Merlin!—To sleep, ah, what happiness! An hour of sleep, and I will pay an empire. It is these insomnias of Hell that have hollowed my cheeks, dost thou see? Give me an herb for sleep. I, I alone in the whole universe am forever awake. The gods sleep often."

While uttering these words, he wiped off the burning sweat that trickled down his forehead. During this time the little Formosa, who had at first been frightened at him, approached him bit by bit. He bore in his hands a small nest of birds-of-paradise; he put them in the Ancestor's hands. The Ancestor

received them; he thought for a moment of strangling them; but, singular thing! he dared not; he gave them back to the child with a smile like that of a Cyclops who has just discovered a nest of warblers in the depths of the wood.

"Is it thy son?" said he.

"Yes," responded Merlin.

"He will resemble his grandfather. Certainly these family joys are not to be scorned. When I was very small, I had, like him, hair of that beautiful golden blond, bordering on red. Does he already love to poke the fire, and to ride cock-horse on a conjurer's broom?"

"He would do nothing else if I left him free."

"Good! I recognize my blood there. Why thwart him?"

"Oh, why do you not come, father, to share this family life with us? If you wish, we will live together."

Thereupon the good Merlin, with an expansion which did more honor to his heart than his perspicacity, dilated on family happiness. That alone mitigated every ill; it tamed even the monsters. Cacus, Polyphemus, Caliban had yielded to its sweetness. And what hindered the Devil from imitating them in this? Far from men, his hates would grow calm. By forgetting the wickedness of creatures, he would forget his angers; for doubtless the evil he had done, or wished to do, was nothing but an exaggeration of good.

There was in Merlin so great a desire to be reconciled with his father that he permitted himself that sophism.

"Well," continued he, "why do you not try, O my father, some little of our mode of life? You will not lack for a place here. You should have all to yourself, if you wished, this great fig forest to meditate in in secret. A family, your own, which would be devoted to you at every moment—would not that soften your griefs?"

"Since thou takest that tone with me, I will speak to thee as my very son. Be assured, then, that the life I have freely embraced begins to weigh on me. But keep my secret. Tell naught of it, even to the grave; it is too full of echoes. Who knows it better than thou?"

"That is the truth, father. Go on."

The chief of the Shades resumed, lowering his voice:—

"Is it certain that no one is listening to us? Death is curious. Where is she?"

"Far from here."

"I was afraid she might hear us; for no being, neither great nor small, neither celestial nor infernal, may boast of having surprised my secret on my lips. Not one so much as suspects what I shall tell thee. All believe me triumphant; all swear that I am indurated as the rock, and certainly I have done nothing to dissuade them. Before everything, let us save honor. But do thou, my son, learn that the rock has been worn by the drop of water that falls eternally from the vault of the Heavens; learn that under this tawny mask there is a — what shall I say? — a soul — yes, on my faith! a pitiable soul that cries and laments. Lastly, to tell it all, I am sick of things, my son. I no longer feel in myself those evil resolves, those rigid intensities of will that of old formed a sort of internal happiness for me. Something has collapsed in me. I doubt, I stagger, O my son! A little more, and I succumb."

"I have always thought it would end so."

"Even in Hell, my child, I have more than one disgust to swallow. Beneath this kingship that seems so absolute, there are miseries of which I alone am conscious."

"What ones?" interrupted Merlin, timidly. "I thought that in the Abyss at least all was to your satisfaction."

"Not at all, not at all. Undeceive thyself, my son. If thou art one day to succeed me, I owe thee the truth in its nakedness. Of old I reigned in the midst of fallen archangels; their misdeeds had some grandeur; pride at least was satisfied. Energetic, haughty souls, who had refused to bend — I could reign over them without misallaying myself. To-day they have exhumed, I know not whence, vices so crawling, crimes so petty, so scurvy, that they disgust even me. No more trace of the ancient pride that made Hell a worthy rival of Heaven. No! not one among them dares any longer rear his head. No one has any longer the courage to wear his crimes. The paltry wretches! they deny them! they have become hypocrites, they preach, my dear boy! I cannot take more than one step in that grimacing, degenerate Hell, without hearing their *oremus* — for they speak Latin too. They have learned to beat the breast, to kneel, to sing psalms; they force the serpent to intone the *Gloria*. What can I say? they have become a hundred times more pious, more canting, than they are in Heaven. Ugh! that hypocrite Hell is more hateful to me than Eden. I was not made to reign over cowards."

"Father, your words fill me with joy. Your crown has

become too burdensome; perhaps it would be wise to abdicate your reign."

"Hah!" cried the King of Hell, "thou anticipatest my thought exactly. For a long time, my dearest boy, I have contemplated abdication, but to thy profit. I am tired and old. Thou, O Merlin, thou art still fresh,—enough so to rehabilitate and repair Hell. If I have clung to this royalty, it has been, upon my honor, to leave it to thee. Dost thou believe that I have wrought for myself? Pshaw! On my word, I have done nothing save for thee. 'He will succeed me,' I said to myself. 'He will do honor to his old father. I will give him good advice from the depths of my retreat.' There thou seest, my son, with what projects I have sustained myself under ennui. Come, Merlin, I leave thee the empire! Thou shalt assure me only of an honorable retreat, such as becomes him who has borne the scepter of the Abyss."

"I thank you. My tastes are too different."

"Thou wilt let thyself be guided by my counsels. Thou needst no longer picture to thyself the government as too difficult. They are so narrow, so stupid in their vile trickeries! they are caught so easily in their cowardly snares! If you trample on them, they will think you a genius. Lie, lie, that is the whole secret. My long career has taught me that the crudest and grossest lie is ever what carries best in their coarse natures. It seems to be the element most appropriate to their organs. They smack it with delight; it is their nectar and their ambrosia."

"One thing disquiets me in what you say, father."

"What, my son?"

"Can souls of mud be immortal?"

"Why not? We have mud in Hell too, and it is indelible. There, child, be calm! thou wilt thrive in it to a marvel. Succeed me."

"No, father! It is not my vocation. I cannot accept this crown, I should lose it."

"Ah, well, my dear boy, this is what deprives me of all courage. So long as I saw before me the future of my son, of my race, of my dynasty, I could swallow all difficulties. But if I am not to have an heir of my blood, what is the use of so many everlasting toils in the Gulf? I too should not be sorry to breathe a moment beside the springs. I am sick of this eternal exile. Yes, if I could hide in oblivion this hoary head! Ignoring

devils and men, (the difference is slight!) if I could be ignorant of them!"

"It would be more dignified, it seems to me, my dear father, to publish in the face of the world your change of life."

These imprudent words reawakened with a leap the nature of Satan. His eyes shot flames. He answered, reddening with anger: —

"Gently! You go too fast, Merlin. Is that what you think? *I* give myself the lie? *I* confess that I have been mistaken? What remains to us devils is character. Take that away, and we are no longer anything. Between us, I can perfectly well recognize some errors. But to deny myself, to break openly with my past, to bury myself foolishly in a ridiculous contrition, — do not ask that of me."

Have you ever happened, in climbing the Bernese Alps, to clear the dry stone wall of a little barley field that smiles at you in harvest time? It bounds a meadow of three acres, dotted with primroses, gentians, scabious, anemones, and where a milch cow is chewing the cud, hidden up to the belly in flowers. Thence, a gladsome footpath entices you windingly on, beneath groves of maple, dwarf oak, and sorb, with a carpet of whortleberries, whose small fruit, sharp but refreshing, peep out like black eyes above the silvered emerald of the mosses. Stop! If you take one step more, the Abyss is before you! It opens. The yawning earth fails under your feet. Vertical galleries of gulf slope down, tier on tier; and the pale rock walls plunge sharply into the edifice of emptiness. To the cavernous murmur of the bubbling Aar, which trickles invisibly forth, your view loses itself in a bluish crevasse, without finding a place to halt. For you have had a sight of the infernal regions. If only you do not hold on by your clenched hands to that lopped young larch that is lying on the ground! Why, it is torn up by the roots. You recoil with horror, creeping along the humid crest of the precipice.

Thus, under the complaisant smile of his father, Merlin discovered the genius of Hell. He saw that by too much zeal he had failed of prudence; and recurring to what had escaped him, he resumed in these terms: —

"After all, father, there is no need of indiscreetly publishing your change of life, if it suits you, for instance, to copy ours. Here in this walled inclosure, far from the gaze of the

curious, you can make a hermitage, and the universe will know nothing of it."

"Pshaw! thou art mistaken, O wisest of enchanters. I am too important a piece of machinery in the arrangement of things to disappear without the peoples knowing and telling it to each other. Learn a little better than, fine dreamer, the peoples thou dost profess to enchant. They curse me because of my misdeeds, they say. At bottom every one of those misdeeds impresses them. They see in them a proof of ability. If I mended my ways, these very men who stone me to-day with their maledictions would accuse me of weakness. Let me persist, they execrate me; let me change, they despise me. There, my dear boy, is the difficulty. Lay aside the crown of fire, sayest thou? I would like it well. That is easy; but there are consequences that must be faced. Let us reason it out! If I return, a simple homunculus, into the crowd of beings, thinkest thou there is one who would not come to reproach me with his fall or his crime? Yes; there would not be a man, a reptile, who, seeing me disarmed, would not assassinate me with his bravados. They are such cowards! Certainly, I have pride enough to scorn their insults. Perhaps it would be worthy of my character to present myself disarmed to their bawling. It would not be without grandeur to tell them: 'Here is the King of Hell. He has stripped himself of his crown from ennui. Come, to your cost! hasten, race of perverse beings, he was sick of your fawning! So much slavishness wearied him; he wished to make trial of your anger. Once again, come! He is here, without his mask, his bosom naked, exposed to your vengeance!' Oh, that, Merlin! what thinkest thou of a discourse like that, addressed to creation? Is not there a brilliant theatrical scene? Would it not be beautiful thus to resign a royalty from which I have worn, believe me, all the tinsel? Come, quick! thy advice?"

"Without doubt! That would be true grandeur."

"And I should find thus a glory I have too far missed?"

"Precisely, father; profit by this happy moment when the pure light shines in your nature. Let us make an end."

"Make an end, my dear Merlin! that is the insupportable thing to me. Thou art too pressing to-day, as always. And then, my dear boy, there is another difficulty. If I reconcile myself with this universe, if I take this great step,—humiliating enough even so,—who, pray, will believe my word?"

Dost thou not hear in advance the chuckling of all the beings who will pursue me,— me, poor night-bird, hooted by the birds of day? Who would believe in my sincerity? ‘It is a new hypocrisy! there he is grown old, he has become a hermit.’ Thou knowest their language. In this immensity of worlds of beings, of created things, of angels, of men, of devils, or of fairies, find me one single being who is willing to trust me for one moment. Thou thyself, Merlin; with all thy simplicity with which I have bantered thee so many times, look now! wilt thou trust me but one single instant with the little Formosa there? Wilt thou confide his education to me for one eye-blink?”

For all answer, Merlin called his child; he raised him from the earth and put him into Satan’s arms.

“It is thy grandfather,” he said. “Be not afraid.”

The child knew not whether he ought to laugh or weep; and it was a terrible thing to see that innocent child in the arms of the King of Hell. I myself accuse Merlin of having given too precious a pledge; but his fault was ever too much trust. At least it was not deceived this time.

“Good!” went on Satan, setting down the child, who had no longer any fear. “That is what I never should have deemed possible either on thy part or mine. The temptation was great, the proof was strong. This day, perhaps, may not be lost. It was thy Abraham’s sacrifice: here! take back thy Isaac.”

And thereon he departed, deep in thought. Seated on the crest of a rock that dominated the country, he lost himself in meditation over what he had just seen and heard.

“Abdicate!” said the King of Hell to himself, shaking his head. “Certainly, I am capable of it, were none other than I to replace me. And who would dare? I may be tranquil. Poor pygmies, I know their measure. Not one of them would retain for more than an hour that empire of evil which I have curbed, conserved, enlarged, to this day. I alone, I can rule them. Let me disappear but one moment! I should bequeath them a fine chaos, the chaos of Hell.—To defy creation, when the smallest, the least of insects, can raise itself against me without danger,—that would be to my pride! I would seat myself on this very rock. I would convoke all beings around me, ready to render my accounts to each of them. Sylla, Diocletian, there are the examples I can cite as my authority. I too would cultivate in peace my Salona garden; I would live here on

my lettuces.—Have I not like them, more than they, a hundred times drained the cup? Does one illusion remain to me? Do I not know that the Shades have limits, and that one tires of everything, even of Hell? It is certain that I no longer feel that confidence in myself which sustained me in my youth. Shall I wait till I am vanquished? or shall I rob defeat of the chance of striking me? Which is the cleverer?"

As he spoke thus to himself, his foot detached a block of stone, which rolled into the gulf. The Abyss responded with a roaring. At the same time Merlin appeared at his side.

"Take care of falling, father. This is one of the most ruinous of places. Rather let us go and sit under a clump of trees."

"Listen. Thou art a great enchanter," replied the Ancestor, leaning on his son's arm. "I believe, upon my word, that thou hast bewitched me."

Soon they found themselves far from the edge of the precipice, in a wildly rural spot. Troops of dark-hued animals were passing quietly. The centaur, their keeper, watched them, lying on the grass, whence he raised his venerable head.

"Once again," said Satan, "I am not insensible to this rustic life. How to come back to it, after such consuming days, is the question. Come! what is thy doctrine, thy church, thy *Credo*? Speak frankly. To what church dost thou make claim to convert me?"

Merlin was not expecting this question. He had only prepared a certain number of scenes, of meetings, of pictures of life in the fields, on which he counted to bring back peace to the burning soul of Satan. He hoped that the holy freshness of his sepulchre would of itself glide into the heart of the chief of wretched ones. When he heard so direct a question asked him, his embarrassment was visible. Without giving himself time to reflect, he answered rather inconsiderately:—

"The surest means would be to make your peace with Heaven."

"Softly! That is very vague. Of what Heaven speakest thou? There are so many sorts!"

"Why," replied Merlin, more and more disturbed, "the Heaven from which you fell!"

"Then say Paradise, if thou durst!" replied his father, in a voice of thunder.

"Yes, Paradise."

At these words, Satan rose with a look where the pride of ancient days reappeared without admixture.

"Well and good, wise Merlin! Is that all thy knowledge? I suspected as much, my dear boy. The catechism, is it not? Life has taught thee nothing, nor has the grave! always entangled and infatuated with dreams. Well! so be it! Remain forever buried alive in thy patched-up mummeries."

He started to go.

"Be assured, then," he added, turning around, "that ages upon ages may accumulate upon the head of thy father, but never will he be reconciled with the angels; they have been too haughty. I will tell thee even that I breathe here a vague odor of fig-tree which recalls to me Adam and Eve in Eden; and that resemblance alone, were it not all fancy, would make me fly to the other extremity of the world. Wouldst thou perchance be their imitator? Adieu, Merlin. If that is what thou hast to say to me, all is ended."

Often, upon a fine April day, the joy of those who have hoped for a balmier season is suddenly belied. Beneath a blue transparent sky is first discerned a grayish mist extending. Slowly, without sound, the snow covers the balmy earth. All which had prematurely blossomed feels itself compressed in an icy hand. The rosy buds of the wild plum are crowned with plumelets of hoar-frost. The anemone cups are filled to the brim with snowflakes and sleet, in place of the dew they were awaiting. The astonished birds, come back from yesterday, who had felt the breath of spring, attempt caroling to disarm the aged winter. But in vain! After a few broken notes, they are constrained to keep silence. How much they then regret to have quitted too soon their leafy dwellings under a more indulgent sky!

It is thus that Merlin repented, for the second time, of having hoped too soon the conversion of his father. He regretted his premature joy, and felt himself conquered by one more powerful than he. Nevertheless, before renouncing his greatest hope, he made one supreme effort.

"Wait, father! there has been some misunderstanding here, I assure you. You know that in youth one puts too absolute a judgment on everything. Let us re-read the Bible together with a calmer mind. I promise you in advance you will appreciate its beauties. A mind so great and so just as yours cannot let itself be governed by an unreflecting hate."

"Unreflecting! Do not ask me anything which is incompatible with my dignity. Once for all, I will never consent to

that. Since thou recallest accursed days to me, all the ancient evil reawakes in me."

Seeing the hardening of his father, who was already closing his ears, Merlin hazarded the remark to him:—

"You may at least be converted to philosophy."

At this speech, Satan softened a little, and growled between his teeth:—

"I have always thought it would be possible to come to an understanding on that ground. Come, speak, then! Explain thyself."

"Have you read, dear father, the 'Natural Philosophy' of the celebrated doctor and enchanter Benedict?"

"Yes, I glanced over it, one evening, by the light of one of my furnaces. I am speaking of the first edition, for they tell me the second is entirely changed since the author has become a Councillor."

"And how does it seem to you? He proves that God began by being the Devil."

"Just so, I relished that passage. There is good in it. On that basis I can without dishonor reconcile myself with philosophy; I could not, without being wanting to myself, with the Church." . . .

Merlin, with a foresight which indicates his wisdom better than his words could do, had composed an extract of the principal philosophies of nature. He had written the book on a fine fresh parchment, embellished with designs representing flowers intertwined, and birds in almost infinite number. Drawing the volume from under his cloak, he offered it to his father. The latter received it graciously; and from that moment there was not a day that you could not meet him on the edge of precipices, his eyes fixed on one of the pages of the volume. He only closed them to meditate; when by chance he opened his mouth, it was always to exclaim, "No, no, no!" until his breath failed him.

Then Hell shivered, and many devils said:—

"What is our chief thinking of? Truly, he is doing too much reading. You will see that he will betray us too."

Nevertheless, the shadows enveloped him, and kept by his side. Like an immense, confused, nameless crowd, which presses around a traveler at the gate of a town, they embarrassed him at every step. From this multitude came a formless murmur:—

"Where is he going?—What does he want?—He is stopping!—Is he deaf?—Will he deny us?—He is going off.—He is coming back.—Let us crawl before him.—Let us enshadow his heart.—This way!—No, farther on!—Here he is!"

"Leave me alone," said their King.

"What! leave you?" responded the Shades in chorus. "Are we not your counsellors? Your soul, you know, is made in our image, your thoughts are full of us. O King! you borrow them almost all from us. We dwell in a body in the very depths of your heart. Then how can you separate yourself from us? Thanks to our faithful troop that surrounds you, you have never seen the horror of this Abyss. Ah! if you had seen it face to face, like us, could you have lived there?"

"Leave me alone," again replied the sovereign of the Shades. "Withdraw! that I may look once, all by myself, at the depths of the Gulf."

At these words the troop of shadows withdrew. They fled heavily, confusedly, crawling and turning back on themselves, for they still hoped that their master would recall them. But he did nothing of the kind.

For the first time he saw, unveiled, face to face, the Abyss where he dwelt. He was afraid of it.

"Come back, Merlin, come back! I am afraid," howled the King of Hell.

Merlin hastened to his father; he found him foaming at the mouth, his jaws agape, trembling in every limb.

"The Shades know where I am, my son. They will denounce me. Knowest thou a place more deserted than this? I will retire to it."

"There is none, outside the abbey of Father John."

"Precisely. I have had the wish a hundred times to enter the cloister,—even I, for a season. Prejudice alone stopped me."

The conclusion was that Satan went to make his retreat far from calumniators, in the abbey which he persisted in calling a Pantheon. During this time, the crowds lost trace of him. He could realize at last the project of solitude which every day became dearer to him. . . .

He was astonished to live at his will in the abbey, without any one ever seeking information as to what he thought, still

less as to what he believed. It was argument especially that had exasperated him. The old discussions with the angels and the seraphim had irritated him to that degree that he was thrown into the most extreme opposite opinions. In proportion as Heaven had thundered, he had roared in his Hell. And this eternal dispute had had for result the sharpening of his acerbity till it had changed his very nature. Left to himself, far from the world, where he lived unknown in that solitude where no one thwarted him, he could not help reflecting; and as he had a powerful mind, this first reflection had an immense influence on the projects he formed. Each day he felt his hate decrease, in proportion as the occasion for exercising it grew less.

Certainly he did not become an ideal of virtue, of abnegation, of holiness. I should be wrong to assert it. But his temper insensibly grew gentle; that cannot be denied. "Anyway," he thought, "they set me one side here. They concern themselves little with my existence, it is true. But at least they do not fight me. Have I ever asked anything else?"

Sometimes, it must be confessed, at the close of day, above all during the night, the taste for the Shades returned upon him with inexpressible violence. He tossed furiously upon his bed. This solitude he had so much desired weighed upon him now. He could have wished to fill the universe anew. He was afraid of being forgotten, and he already accused the world of ingratitude. Then he called the Shades. At once they presented themselves around him, and conversations were heard between them and him which awakened the brothers of the abbey with a start.

"What ails you, brother?" they said, flocking to the door. "Have you not had a bad dream? We will watch by you, if you ask it."

"It is for me to watch," said Father John.

He then seated himself in silence at the pilgrim's bedside, and waited with him till the dawn appeared.

As soon as the bells made themselves heard, a tremor seized the new brother. He was near yielding to the desire of plunging again into Hell: "I should have only to wish it! I should find myself on the throne of the Shades! I should reign again. — But over whom?"

This last thought calmed him. The assurance of again seizing the world whenever he wished took away the desire.

Certainly it was a terrible thing, too, for him to hear, every morning, the prayers of the monks. All his being shivered; but in proportion as in their anthems mingled verses of the Koran, of the Zend-Avesta, of the Vedas, he breathed more at ease. The Mohammedans consoled him for the Christians, the Parsees for the Mohammedans, the Brahmins for the Parsees. One worship reposed on the others. At bottom, his old personal hate against Jehovah was satisfied. He intensely enjoyed seeing so many rivals to him. "So long as he does not reign alone, without sharing and without trouble, I am satisfied," he murmured.

This sentiment was not the best. It was the weariness of evil more than the love of good.

More than once they saw him fishing in the torrent with the sweep net, or the hoop net, or the line, along with the other brothers, his peace had day by day become so much more sweet. He also cultivated a little garden hedged with thorn-trees, and which he filled with lettuces. Usually his hood was drawn over his face. He spoke little, with discretion, and only when questioned, which almost never happened.

One day he took the fancy to have his obsequies celebrated. He laid himself on the bier. The dwellers in the abbey defiled in procession around him, chanting the office for the dead; after which he rose and said:—

"Happy those who can die!"

III. THE OVERTHROW OF HELL.

But what became of Hell, deprived of its chief?

Hell, become free, without teacher and without master, devoured itself.

Until then, Merlin's father had preserved an order in the Abyss which rendered it habitable to the Damned. No one had dared infringe a single one of his commandments. His will ruled; it was the law of all. Each one knew what was his legitimate torture, and remained fixed to it. Each one rendered exactly to sorrow what he owed to sorrow. No usurpation in the eternal fall. There was a rule in despair.

When the chief of the Abyss had disappeared, at first all the Damned searched for him for a long time; for they were accustomed to his authority, and they believed they could not live a moment without him who filled the vast Hell with his thought.

"Where is he? When will he return?" said the Damned to the Shades.

And the Shades responded:—

"We know not where he is."

"Search again," responded the devils: "you are his counsellors."

"We have searched," rejoined the Shades; "we cannot find him."

Then a flash of joy traversed Hell; for each of the Damned began to hope that he should replace the chief of the Abyss. All at the same time looked askant at the funeral throne, and seeing it empty for the first time, each assured himself of sitting there, in the place of him who had disappeared.

Instantly he who was nearest the infernal throne mounted the steps and cried:—

"Console yourselves! I will replace him you have lost, and will be a true father to you, which he has never been. Only obey me, as you obeyed him. All will go well. I am a partisan of progress. I will make reforms."

Thus did he speak. But I assure you that there was not a solitary power in the Abyss, however petty it might be, who did not burst into fury at these words. Smallest as greatest, all equally wished, with the same frenzy, to be King of Hell. And each one roared, "Take care! there are disguised angels here."

Then there was an uninterrupted succession of tyrants of the Abyss, who came to the throne, where no one could maintain himself for more than a moment. Hardly had one of them shown himself, when he was overthrown and torn to pieces by the mob. But though it were but for an instant, he profited by it to change the old order established in tortures, so that the evil revived hour by hour; it changed and renewed itself, like a chariot wheel drawn by winged horses. Tortures succeeded each other with prodigious rapidity, or rather they were inflicted all at once, at the same moment, on each of the Damned. A long cry arose. All the wretched ones said: "Where is the old King of Sorrows? His reign was more just."

And nothing in the world could give an idea of the force of Hell turned against Hell; it put into destroying itself a hundred times more fury than ever it had put into destroying the work above, for it was the dupe of all its own snares; the grossest were those which pleased it most. It fell infallibly into all its own ambushes.

Then the most paltry, the most powerless of the devils, always crawling, always sneering, — Malacoda, — cried out in his hissing voice: —

“It is my turn to reign.”

“No,” replied Taillecosse, “it is mine!”

“Rather than he should reign,” howled a third voice, “let Hell perish!”

This voice was that of Merlin’s father, who had heard resound in his heart the mad cries of the Damned. He arrived; he wore in his iron belt the rusty keys of the Abyss. He alone knew on what sort of broken column was propped all that edifice, so terrible and so frail, which he was charged with repairing and upholding as time undermined it. He approached.

“I will perish, but they shall perish with me!”

As he uttered these words, he overthrew the column of his temple, already worn at the base. The prodigious vaults that formed the basilica of Hell crumbled all at once. Immense plateaus of mountain slid into the valleys. They left behind them naked eroded slopes, which the accursed peoples who dwelt at their feet could climb no more.

All the shepherds of Goldau were surprised in the night by the landslide of their natal mountain. They were sleeping in their chalets, stretched on their beds of dead leaves, after having branded the cattle they were to conduct on the morrow into the pasturage of the Alps, now growing green; for the season was come. The Alps crashed from the summits with monstrous moraines; they whelmed themselves on the shepherds before they could unfasten the heifers and the bull. The flayed rock keeps on its front the immense wound which no century can heal. Zug, thou hast shrieked with sorrow; and thou, Uri, thou hast sent up bellowings once more!

Thus were surprised the shepherds of souls, who lived on tortures. The dismal sun which half lighted them veiled itself and went out. The sea of fire departed and drained dry. Afar, a last red wave lost itself in the sands.

The ramparts of fire are fallen, and the chains are broken. But the prisoner souls, accustomed to torture, dare not seize their liberty. The immense servile people remains stretched out, crawling, in the ditches of sorrow. Its heart fails it to escape the coward torments which have become its very life. Fed on serpents, the greater number have contracted a relish for Hell. How could they think of rising from the depths of

their extinct sepulchres? Seeing that it is devouring itself, they wait stupidly till a new Hell issues from new shades.

In this sea of men, some souls alone dared to raise themselves upright in the face of the eternal sorrow, and they saw it disappear. These appeared from far like the white veil of a vessel on the limitless Ocean. Among them rose the one most anciently damned, that which had preceded all the others in evil and in chastisement. Ages of torture did not seem to have worn upon it.

"Rise, brothers!" said Cain to the band of men. "Out of here! — Hell is past."

These words were repeated by those who had dared to raise their heads. Then the trembling souls one after the other left their rocks of torture, and seeing that in truth Hell had crumbled, they began to fly as those who go out into the night, in haste, from a town which shakes with the trembling of the earth.

They fled, and none of the devils dreamed of pursuing them, they were so wild to destroy each other. In the anarchy of Hell, they had even forgotten to close the gates of the city of mourning. The souls exempted from torture hastened toward this gate; they cleared it, they saw the light once more; thus was realized that day the prophecy of Merlin: —

"The dust of the ancestors shall have new life!"

In the crash of the crumbling Hell, Merlin felt his sepulchre totter. His father, deprived of shelter, astonished at surviving, disinherited, proscribed, wished to remain in the ruins of the empire of sorrows. Both met in the vast Abyss. They were both seeking the effaced frontiers of the accursed kingdoms.

He who has climbed at midnight the summit of Vesuvius or Etna, in the warm ashes, upon a trembling soil, cut with rivers of fire, whence exhales a panting breath as of giants, — he may represent to himself the calcined road where walked the two last pilgrims of Hell. As they advanced, Satan recognized the places that had been most familiar to him.

"What a strange thing," said he, "is memory! I love to see again these places where all the wrath of Heaven has spent itself on my head."

And he showed his companion the wreckage of his throne. The two seated themselves on the dead cinders; they listened long. In place of the gnashing of teeth which had filled these

places, no further sound was heard. Only now and then a breath passed over the ashes, and raised them in whirling puffs. Otherwise, not a living being remained in this shadowy immensity.

"We are alone," said Satan. "All passes. Even Hell has passed. Will it be the same with Heaven?"

This speech threw a shadow over the spirit of Merlin, who at first did not care to sound its depth. But he secretly thought of his guest, and found peace again.

"At least it is I who wished it," resumed his father. "If I had consented, Hell would triumph still. Now where is it? I only find it in myself."

"Glory to you!"

"O most wise of the wise! tell me where the numberless multitudes of melancholy souls who formerly filled these valleys have been able to find shelter?"

"In pity from on high."

These words said, they rose and approached the gates; these had remained open. At sight of the inscription in letters of fire: —

"Ye who enter, leave all hope behind!"

the enchanter halted; he would have effaced that device, written by eternal despair. But he knew not if it were within his power, and he hesitated. "Let me do it, child, these gates know me." And the Damned raised them on his shoulders. After tearing them from their hinges, he cast them into the depths of the lake of tears. A little farther on, he perceived brands which had flamed up again; he extinguished them under his club foot. They heard a vast sigh at the bottom of the gulfs.

"That is the last gasp of Hell; listen."

Then, after a pause: —

"Once more, Merlin, I, I alone, have destroyed Hell. It is I who have inflicted my own punishment."

"I am witness of it."

"I alone have delivered the world from what held it in terror; and the world will laugh at me. I already repent it, like a suicide; but the evil I have destroyed I can create again."

"Do not repent it, father. By all that I see, the time of reconciliation has come. The first day of my life will be that when I can proclaim it to the world."

"Very fine, my son. That is precisely what costs me most. I could overturn Hell easily enough, but to make the confession to the world is really beyond my strength."

"It will be the simplest of ceremonies."

"At least do not convoke, as thou art too much in the habit of doing, the worlds, the spheres, the comets, and (how do I know?) the Milky Way, for witnesses. If the thing must be done, let it at least be without commotion. I have contracted a taste for simplicity. Let it all be in the family. Two or three witnesses, for Creation,—that is enough, I think. It would be physically impossible for me to support, as of old, the mocking gaze of all the assembled planets."

"Choose your witnesses yourself."

"Well! See here, thy most intimate friends, Jacques, Archbishop Turpin, and Father John."

"Be it so!" replied Merlin, whose heart was overflowing with joy.

He was very careful not to oppose his father in a matter of detail, when by force of precautions he had conquered him on almost the rest.

"You, you alone, you shall be my tutelary devil!" he went on.

While this was passing, the smallest of the evil spirits, Farfarel, thanks to his very smallness, had succeeded in escaping from the wreck of Hell. He meditated one side on this great ruin, and said to himself:—

"This is what it costs to counterfeit Heaven! We wanted to be too fine, too clever! It is we who have created Merlin; it is Merlin who has ruined us. Hell has been the dupe of Hell; it always will be!"

He was silent, hoping that no eye would perceive him in the ruins. A voice was heard from far, clear, winged, silver. Farfarel was afraid of having been caught; he hid his head under his wing and covered his ears with both hands; for this voice said in the depth of Heaven:—

"Come back, Merlin, Merlin! There is no other enchanter but God."

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

(Translated for this work.)

[HENRI RENÉ ALBERT GUY DE MAUPASSANT, nephew and pupil of Flaubert, was born in 1850 at the château of Miromesnil. He studied at the Lycée of Rouen, then entered public service as clerk in the navy department, which he has so savagely portrayed below. He became insane in 1892, as a brother had before him (his famous uncle was epileptic), and died in 1892. He had realized his coming misfortune, and carefully portrayed its development in one of his works. He perfected his style with intense labor and study for years before he gave the public any examples of it, and is regarded as the master among modern French short-story writers, our own Bunner modeling his form upon him; unfortunately, he has few equals also in consistent and radical foulness of thought and material, and cannot be read at random, though some of his work is unobjectionable. His love for the distressing and hopeless in human fortunes is an almost equal blot, even upon his realism. Besides verses, he published several volumes of short stories, some of them so bad they were interdicted from some circulations even in France; the first being "La Maison Tellier," and others "Mademoiselle Fifi," "A Life," "The Rondoli Sisters," "The Little Rogue," "The Left Hand," etc.; of long novels, "Pierre and Jean" (1888), "Strong as Death" (1889), and "Our Heart" (1890); and books of travel, as "In the Sunshine" (1884), "On the Water" (1888), and "The Wandering Life" (1890).]

THE Neuilly tram had just cleared the Maillot gate, and was now gliding along the great avenue that leads to the Seine. The little engine, coupled to the carriage, was tooting to clear the way, spitting out steam, puffing like a runner out of breath; and its pistons were making the hurried clatter of iron legs in motion. The dull heat of a dying summer day fell on the road, where rose, though not a breath of wind was blowing, a white, chalky, opaque dust, suffocating and hot, which stuck to the moist skin, filled the eyes, and entered the lungs.

The people were coming to their doors in quest of air.

The windows of the car were let down, and all the curtains were waving, set astir by the rapid movement. Only a few persons occupied the interior — for on hot days the roof or the platforms were preferred. There were fat ladies in absurd costumes; suburban bourgeois who supplied the distinction they lacked by a misplaced dignity; clerks tired of the office, with sallow faces, stooping figures, and one shoulder somewhat raised from long labors hunched over desks. Their anxious and gloomy faces told still further of domestic cares, perpetual need of money, and former hopes decisively blasted; for they all belonged to that army of poor threadbare fellows who

vegetate economically in a shabby plaster house, with a fringe for a garden, in the midst of those night-soil dumping grounds that border Paris.

Close to the door of the car, a little fat man, with bloated cheeks, and paunch dropping between his opened legs, dressed entirely in black, and decorated, was talking with a tall, thin-faced, bare-chested man, clad in very dirty white drilling, and his head covered with an old panama. The first was talking slowly, with hesitations that sometimes made him seem to stutter; this was M. Caravan, head clerk of the Minister of Marine. The other, a former health officer at the end of a commercial building, had finished by establishing himself at Courbevoie Square, where he applied to the wretched population of the quarter such vague medical knowledge as remained to him after an adventurous life. He styled himself Chenet, and had himself called doctor. Rumors were current as to his morality.

M. Caravan had always led the normal existence of bureaucrats. For thirty years he had invariably come to his office every morning, by the same route, meeting at the same hour at the same places the same countenances of men going to their business; and he returned from it every evening by the same road, where he found again the same faces he had seen grow old.

Each day, after having bought his paper for a sou at the corner of the Faubourg St. Honoré, he went to get his two small leaves, then entered the ministry building after the fashion of a culprit who surrenders himself prisoner; and he gained his office with alacrity, his heart full of uneasiness, in eternal expectation of a reprimand for some neglect he might have been guilty of.

Nothing had ever come to modify the monotonous tenor of his existence; for no event affected him outside the affairs of the bureau, promotions, and gratuities. Whether he was at the ministry or in his family (for he had married without dowry the daughter of a colleague), he spoke of nothing but the service. His mind, atrophied by the stupefying and day-long task, had never now any other thoughts, other hopes, other dreams, than those relative to his ministry. But one bitterness always spoiled his content as an employee: the admission of the naval commissaries — the tinmen, as they were called by reason of their silver badges — to the situations of sub-chief and chief;

and every evening, at dinner, he argued vehemently before his wife, who shared his dislikes, to prove that it was unrighteous in all respects to give place in Paris to a class destined for navigation.

He was old now without having realized the passage of life; for the college, without transition, had been continued by the office; and the ushers, before whom he formerly trembled, were to-day replaced by the chiefs, whom he feared appallingly. The threshold of these chambered autocrats made him tremble from head to foot; and under this continual fear he retained an awkward manner of presenting himself, a humble attitude, and a sort of nervous stammer.

He knew no more of Paris than would be known to a blind man led every day by his dog beneath the same doorway; and if he read in his one-cent paper the happenings and the scandals, he looked upon them as fantastic stories invented at random to entertain the under-clerks. A man of order, a reactionary without specific party, but an enemy of "*novelties*," he ignored political facts, which for that matter his paper always disfigured in the paid interest of a cause; and when he wended his way every evening up the avenue of the Champs Élysées, he gazed at the surging crowd of promenaders and the moving sea of equipages with the air of a foreign tourist who was traversing far-off countries.

Having completed, this very year, his thirty years of obligatory service, they had accorded him on the first of January the cross of the Legion of Honor; which recompenses, in these militarized administrations, the long and miserable servitude (called "loyal services") of these sad convicts riveted to the green portfolio. This unexpected dignity, giving him a high and novel idea of his capacities, had changed his habits all through. He had from that time suppressed the colored pantaloons and the fancy waistcoats, and worn black breeches and long redingotes where his very broad ribbon would show better; and, shaved every morning, scouring his nails with more care, changing his linen every other day from a legitimate feeling for social laws and respect for the national *Order* of which he made a part, he had become within twenty-four hours another Caravan, cleansed, majestic, and condescending.

At his home he said "my cross" on every occasion. Such arrogance had come over him that he could no longer endure in another's buttonhole any ribbon of any sort. He was exas-

perated above all at the sight of foreign orders — “the wearing of them ought not to be allowed in France”; and he held a particular grudge against Doctor Chenet, because he was found every evening on the tram adorned with some kind of decoration: white, blue, orange, or green.

The conversation of the two men, however, from the Arch of Triumph to Neuilly, was always the same; and this day, like the ones before, they concerned themselves at first with different local abuses which shocked them both, the mayor of Neuilly taking them with great calm. Then, as infallibly happens in a doctor's company, Caravan started on the chapter of ailments, hoping in this way to glean some little gratuitous advice, or even a consultation, by going about it in the right way, without letting the dodge be seen. Besides, his mother had given him uneasiness for some time. She had frequent and prolonged syncopes; and though an old woman of ninety, she would not consent to take care of herself.

Her great age melted the heart of Caravan, who repeated incessantly to *Doctor Chenet*, “Do you often see that happen?” And he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, not perhaps because he cared much to see the good woman become eternal on the earth, but because the long duration of the maternal life was like a promise for himself.

He continued, “Oh, in my family we are long-lived; so I am sure that except for accident I shall die very old.” The health officer cast a look of pity on him; he regarded for a second the florid face of his neighbor, his tallowy neck, his paunch falling between two fat and flabby legs, all the apoplectic bloat of an old employee gone soft; and raising with a touch of his hand the grayish panama that covered his head, he responded, chuckling: “Don't be so sure as that, my dear fellow, your mother is a spindle and you are a bladder.” Caravan, disturbed, kept silence.

But the tram arrived at the station. The two companions got down, and M. Chenet offered the vermouth at the Globe café opposite to which both were wonted. The keeper, a friend, thrust them out two fingers, which they squeezed above the bottles on the counter; and they went to hail three devotees of dominoes planted over a table there since noon. Cordial words were exchanged, with the inevitable “What's new?” After this the players resumed their game; then the pair wished them good evening. They held out their hands

without raising their heads; and everybody went in to dinner.

Caravan dwelt near Courbevoie Square, in a little two-story house whose ground floor was occupied by a hairdresser.

Two living rooms, a dining room, and a kitchen, where the mended chairs wandered from room to room according to need, formed the entire apartment which Mme. Caravan passed her time in cleaning; while her daughter Marie Louise, aged twelve, and her son Philippe Auguste, aged nine, romped through the gutters of the avenue, with all the little imps of the quarter.

Above him, Caravan had installed his mother, whose avarice was famous in the neighborhood, and whose leanness caused it to be said that the *Good God* had applied to herself her own principles of parsimony. Always in a bad temper, she never passed a day without quarrels and furious rages. She apostrophized from her window the neighbors at their doors, the tradeswomen of the four seasons, the sweepers, and the street arabs, who to avenge themselves tagged her from afar when she went out, yelling, "See the old guy!"

A little Norman maid, incredibly deaf, did the housework, and slept on the third floor next the old woman, for fear of accident.

When Caravan came home, his wife, stricken with the chronic disease of house-cleaning, was shining up with a flannel rag the mahogany of the chairs dispersed through the solitude of the rooms. She always wore thread gloves, decked her head with a cap beribboned like a rainbow and forever set over on one ear, and repeated, every time she was surprised waxing, rubbing, polishing, or washing, "I am not rich, everything is simple with me, but cleanliness is my luxury, and it is worth more than any other."

Endowed with a stubborn practical sense, she was her husband's mentor in all things. Every evening at table, and afterwards in bed, they talked over for a long time the affairs of the office; and although she was twenty years younger than he, he confided in her as in a spiritual guide, and followed her counsels in everything.

She had never been pretty; she was now ugly, short, and scrawny. Her unskillful garmenture had always buried the scanty feminine attributes that ought to have stood out in artful relief under the usual fashion of dressing. Her petticoats

invariably seemed lop-sided ; and she kept scratching herself, no matter where, with indifference to the public, by a sort of habit which amounted to a monomania. The sole ornament she permitted herself consisted in a profusion of silk ribbons intertwined in the pretentious caps she was wont to wear at home.

As soon as she perceived her husband, she rose, and kissing him on his whiskers, said, "Did you think of Potin, dear?" (This was about an errand he had promised to do.) But he fell on a chair overwhelmed : he had just forgotten it again for the fourth time. "It is a fatality," he said, "it is a fatality ; it does no good to think of it all day, when night comes I always forget it again." But as he seemed crushed, she consoled him : "You'll think of it to-morrow, that's all. Nothing new at the ministry?"

"Yes, great news : another tinman appointed sub-chief."

She grew very sober : —

"In which bureau?"

"The bureau of outside purchases."

She was angry : —

"In Ramon's place, then, the very one I wanted for you ; and he, Ramon — on the retired list?"

He faltered, "On the retired list."

She became furious, and her cap dropped off on her shoulder.

"That's done with, evidently, that box — nothing to do in there now. And what is your commissary called?"

"Bonassot."

She took up the *Naval Annual*, which she always had at hand, and searched : "Bonassot. — Toulon. — Born in 1851. — Commissary in 1871, sub-commissary in 1875."

"Has he ever been at sea?"

At this question Caravan calmed down. A merriment seized him that shook his abdomen, "Like Balin, just like Balin, his chief." And he added, in a stronger fit of laughter, an old joke which the entire ministry thought delicious, "It wouldn't do to send them by water to inspect the naval station at Point-du-Jour, for they'd all be sick on the fly-boats."

But she remained grave, as if she had not heard, then she murmured, slowly scratching her chin, "If one only had a deputy up their sleeve. When the Chamber knows all that goes on inside, the ministry will skip —"

Cries burst out on the stairway, cutting the words short. Marie Louise and Philippe Auguste, who were returning from the gutter, were exchanging kicks and cuffs at every step. Their mother darted out at them in a rage; and, seizing each by an arm, pitched them into the room, shaking them vigorously.

As soon as they saw their father, they flung themselves on him, and he kissed them long and tenderly; then, seating himself, took them on his knees and chatted with them.

Philippe Auguste was an ugly brat, unkempt, dirty from head to foot, with the face of a *crélin*. Marie Louise already resembled her mother, talked like her, repeated her words, and imitated her even in gestures. She too said, "What is the news at the ministry?" He answered her gayly: "Your friend Ramon, who comes to dine here every month, is going to leave us, girlie. There is a new sub-chief in his place." She raised her eyes to her father, and with the commiseration of a precocious child — "Another one who has passed over your head, then."

He closed by laughing, and did not answer; then, to make a diversion, addressed himself to his wife, who was now cleaning the window-panes, "Is the mamma all right, up there?"

Mme. Caravan ceased rubbing, turned round, pulled up her cap, which had dropped completely over on her back, and said, with quivering lips: "Oh yes, talk about your mother! She leads me a pretty dance of it! Imagine that a little while ago Mme. Lebaudin, the hairdresser's wife, came up to borrow a paper of starch of me; and as I had gone out, your mother drove her away, calling her a 'beggar.' So I gave her a setting out, that old woman. She made believe not to hear, as she always does when you tell her the truth, but she is no more deaf than I am, mind you; all that is just put on: and the proof of it is that she went right up into her room and never said a word."

Caravan, in confusion, was holding his tongue, when the little maid hurried in to announce dinner. On this, to notify his mother, he took a broom handle always concealed in a corner, and gave three knocks on the ceiling. Then they passed into the dining-room, and Mme. Caravan the younger served the soup, while waiting for the old woman. She did not come, and the soup was getting cold. Then they began to eat very gently; but when the plates were empty, they were still waiting. Mme.

Caravan, furious, began to lay it all on her husband. "She does it on purpose, and you know it, and you always stand up for her." He, in great perplexity, cornered between the two, sent Marie Louise to look for her grandma, and himself remained motionless, his eyes cast down, while his consort passionately rapped the foot of her glass with the end of her knife.

Suddenly the door opened, and the child reappeared alone, all out of breath and very pale; she said in extreme haste, "Grandma has fallen on the floor."

Caravan was upon his feet at a bound, and throwing his napkin on the table, dashed into the stairway, where his heavy and hurried step resounded; while his wife, thinking it a spiteful stratagem of her mother-in-law, left more quietly, shrugging her shoulders with scorn.

The old woman lay at full length on her face in the middle of the chamber; and when her son turned her over, she appeared moveless and dried up, her skin yellow, furrowed, and tanned, her eyes closed, her teeth clenched, and all her skinny person rigid.

Caravan, upon his knees beside her, was wailing, "My poor mother, my poor mother!" But the other Mme. Caravan, after considering an instant, declared, "Pshaw! she's in another faint, that's all; it's to break up our dinner, you may be sure."

The body was laid on the bed, and entirely undressed; and all of them, Caravan, his wife, and the maid, set at work rubbing her. In spite of their efforts, she did not return to consciousness. Then Rosalie was sent for *Doctor* Chenet. He lived on the quay, toward Suresnes. It was far, and the wait was long. At last he arrived, and after having inspected, felt, and auscultated the old woman, he declared, "It is the end."

Caravan sank down on the body, shaken with rapid sobs; and he kissed convulsively the stony face of his mother, weeping so copiously that the great tears fell like drops of water on the visage of the dead.

Mme. Caravan the younger had the proper attack of grief, and, erect behind her husband, set up weak little moans, while obstinately rubbing her eyes.

Caravan, his face swollen, his thin hair in disorder, excessively ugly in his genuine grief, suddenly raised himself: "But—are you sure, doctor—are you quite sure?" The health officer stepped forward briskly, and handling the corpse with

professional dexterity, like a merchant extolling his wares, "Here, my dear fellow, look at her eye." He lifted up the lid, and the old woman's gaze reappeared under his finger, nowise changed, with the pupil maybe a little larger. Caravan felt a stab in his heart, and a spasm of dread passed through his bones. M. Chenet took the shriveled arm, wrenched the fingers to open them, and said with an incensed air, as if in face of a contradiction, "Just look at that hand ; I am never mistaken, so don't worry."

Caravan fell back on the bed and rolled there, almost bawling ; while his wife, still sniveling, did the necessary things. She went up to the night table, on which she spread a napkin, placed on it four candles which she lit, took a sprig of box fastened behind the chimney mirror and put it between the candles, in a plate which she filled with plain water, having no holy water. But after rapid reflection, she threw into the water a pinch of salt, fancying doubtless that she was thus performing a sort of consecration.

When she had ended the symbolism that must accompany the dead, she remained erect and motionless. Then the health officer, who had aided in arranging the objects, said to her in a low voice : "Caravan must be removed." She made a sign of assent, and approaching her husband, who was sobbing, still on his knees, she lifted him by one arm, while M. Chenet took him by the other.

They first seated him on a chair, and his wife, kissing him on the forehead, lectured him. The health officer, bolstered up her reasoning, counseling firmness, courage, resignation, all that cannot be kept in these crushing misfortunes. Then both of them once more took him by the arms and led him away.

He blubbered like a great child, with convulsive hiccups, all out of shape, with arms hanging and legs limp ; and he descended the stairway without knowing what he was doing, moving his feet mechanically.

They set him in the easy-chair which he always occupied at table, before his nearly empty plate, where his spoon still bathed in a remnant of soup. And he stayed there without a motion, his eye fixed on his glass, so stupefied that he remained even without thought.

Mme. Caravan, in a corner, talked with the doctor, informed herself of the formalities, and asked for all the practical instructions. At the close, M. Chenet, who seemed to be waiting for

something, took his hat, and announcing that he had not dined, made a salute as to go. She cried : —

“What, you have not dined? Why, stay here, doctor, stay here! You shall be served with what we have; for you understand that our meals here are nothing very great.”

He refused, excusing himself; she insisted : —

“Oh, why? but do stay. At moments like these people are happy to have friends near them; and then, perhaps you can get my husband to be comforted again — he needs so much to regain his strength.”

The doctor bowed, and laying his hat on a stand, said, “In that case, I accept, madame.”

She gave orders to the doting Rosalie, then placed herself at the table “to make believe eat,” she said, “and keep the doctor company.”

They resumed the cold soup. M. Chenet asked for more. Then a plate of lyonnaise tripe appeared which exhaled perfume of onion, and of which Mme. Caravan decided to taste. “It is excellent,” said the doctor. She smiled, “Isn’t it?” Then turning toward her husband, “Come, take a little, my poor Alfred, just to put something in your stomach: remember you have the night to go through!”

He held out his plate with docility, as he would have put himself to bed if he had been ordered to, obeying in everything without resistance and without reflection. And he ate.

The doctor, waiting on himself, filled his plate three times: while Mme. Caravan from time to time picked up a large morsel on the end of her fork and swallowed it with a sort of studied inattention.

When a salad full of macaroni appeared, the doctor murmured: “George! but there’s something good.” And Mme. Caravan this time served every one. She filled even the saucers in which the children were pawing — who, left free, were drinking clear wine, and already kicking each other under the table.

M. Chenet recalled Rossini’s love for the Italian dishes; then suddenly — “Why see, that rhymes; you could begin a piece of poetry —

“‘The maestro Rossini
Loved the macaroni —’”

They were not listening. Mme. Caravan, suddenly grown thoughtful, was imagining all the probable consequences of the

event ; while her husband was rolling up little balls of bread, which he then deposited on the tablecloth, and regarded fixedly with an idiotic air. As a fiery thirst was parching his throat, he constantly put to his mouth his wine glass full to the brim ; and his reason, already overset by the shock and by grief, wavered to and fro, and seemed to him dancing with the sudden dizziness of digestion painfully under way.

The doctor, moreover, was drinking like a fish and growing visibly drunk ; and Mme. Caravan herself, undergoing the reaction that follows all nervous shake-ups, was also agitated and disturbed (though she took nothing but water), and felt her head a little muzzy.

M. Chenet started telling stories of deaths which seemed comical to him. For in this Parisian suburb, filled with a provincial population, you find that indifference of the peasant to death, be it of father or mother, that irreverence, that unwitting ferocity, so common in country districts and so rare in Paris. He said : " Why, here last week, Rue Puteaux, I am called and I hurry there ; I find the patient no longer living, and beside the bed the family calmly finishing a bottle of anisette bought in town to satisfy the dying man's whim."

But Mme. Caravan was not listening, her thoughts ever on the inheritance ; and Caravan, his brain empty, understood nothing.

Coffee was served, made very strong to keep up their spirits. Each cup, dashed with cognac, made a sudden flush mount to their faces, and muddled up the last ideas of their already tottering minds.

Then the *doctor*, suddenly seizing the bottle of brandy, poured out the *rincette* [stirrup-cup] for everybody. And without speaking, torpid with the soft warmth of digestion, seized in spite of themselves by the animal content that is given by alcohol after dinner, they slowly gargled their throats with the sugared cognac, which formed a yellowish syrup at the bottom of the glasses.

The children were asleep, and Rosalie put them to bed.

Then Caravan, mechanically obeying the need of dulling his faculties that besets all the unhappy, returned many times to the brandy ; and his sodden eyes were agleam.

The *doctor* finally rose to depart ; and taking the arm of his friend : —

" Here, come with me," he said, " a little air will do you

good ; when you have the blues, you must limber yourself up."

The other obeyed with docility, took his hat, took his cane, and departed ; and the two, arm in arm, sauntered toward the Seine under the clear stars.

Balmy breezes were astir in the hot night, for at this season all the gardens round about were full of flowers, whose perfumes, slumbering in daytime, seemed to waken at the approach of evening, and exhale even to the light zephyrs that passed in the shade.

The broad avenue was deserted and silent, with the two rows of gas-lights strung along as far as the Arch of Triumph. But Paris out beyond was roaring in a red haze. It was a sort of continual roll, to which seemed now and then to respond, in the plain, the whistle of a train rushing in under full steam, or else flying across the province toward the ocean.

The air outside, striking the two men in the face, took them by surprise at first, unsettled the doctor's equilibrium, and intensified in Caravan the giddiness that had overcome him since dinner. He went on as in a dream, his mind benumbed, paralyzed, without vibrant grief, seized by a sort of moral torpidity that checked his power to suffer, undergoing even a lightenment enhanced by the mild warm exhalations borne abroad in the night.

When they came to the bridge, they turned to the right, and the river sent a cool breath into their faces. It was gliding, melancholy and tranquil, before a curtain of high poplars ; and the stars seemed to swim on the water, stirred by the current. A fine whitish mist that floated over the opposite bank bore a humid scent to their lungs ; and Caravan stopped abruptly, struck by that river odor which aroused in his heart the memories of long ago.

And suddenly he saw again his mother of old, of his childhood, on her knees, stooping in front of their door off there in Picardy, washing in the slender rivulet which traversed the garden her clothes in a heap beside her. He heard her beater in the peaceful silence of the country, her voice crying, " Alfred, bring me the soap." And he smelt that same odor of running water, that same fog rising from the seeping earth, that marshy haze whose savor had remained in him, unforgettable, and which he was finding again just this very evening, when his mother had but now departed.

He halted, stiffened by a return of headlong despair. It was like a burst of light illuminating by a single stroke the whole extent of his sorrow ; and the meeting with this errant breeze had cast him into the black gulf of irremediable woe. He felt his heart lacerated by this endless separation. His life was cut in two ; and his entire youth disappeared, swallowed up in this death. All the "of old" was ended ; all the memories of youth were vanishing ; no one could talk to him any more of ancient matters, of the people he had once known, of his country, of himself, of the intimate things of his past life ; there was a part of his being which had ceased to exist ; it was for the other to die now.

And the unrolling of evoked memories began. He saw again "the mamma" younger, dressed in garments worn out upon her—worn so long that they seemed inseparable from her person. He recalled her in a thousand forgotten circumstances : with her now obliterated features, her gestures, her intonations, her habits, her crotchets, her rages, her wrinkles, her movements of her lean fingers, all her familiar attitudes that she would have no more.

And clinging to the doctor, he set up loud groans. His flabby legs trembled, all his corpulent body was shaken by sobs, and he faltered, "My mother, my poor mother, my poor mother !"

But his companion, still tipsy, and who was longing to finish the evening in the places he secretly frequented, impatient of this acute spasm of grief, made him sit down on the grass of the river bank, and almost immediately quitted him, under pretext of seeing a patient.

Caravan wept a long time ; then, when he was at the end of his tears, when all his suffering had, so to speak, flowed by, he experienced anew a solace, a repose, a sudden tranquillity.

The moon had arisen ; she was bathing the horizon in her placid light. The tall poplars rose with silver reflections, and the fog above the plain seemed like floating snow ; the river, where no more stars were swimming, but which seemed covered with mother-of-pearl, still glided along, furrowed with glittering shivers. The air was soft, the breeze odorous, a balminess was passing by in the sleep of the earth, and Caravan drank in that softness of the night : he drank in long breaths, and seemed to feel a freshness, a calm, a super-

natural consolation, steal through him to the extremity of his members.

Nevertheless, he resisted this flooding-in of comfortable sensations, and repeated to himself, "My mother, my poor mother," exciting himself to weep from a sort of honest man's conscience; but he could not do so more; and no sadness, even, linked him to the thoughts which immediately before had made him sob so violently.

Then he rose to go back, retracing his path with short steps, enveloped in the calm indifference of serene nature, and his heart soothed in spite of himself.

When he had reached the bridge, he saw the signal light of the last tram ready to leave, and in the rear the lighted windows of the Globe café.

Then he was taken with the need of recounting the catastrophe to some one, of exciting commiseration, of making himself interesting. He assumed a woful countenance, pushed open the door of the establishment, and advanced toward the counter, where the keeper still presided. He counted on an effect. Everybody was to rise and come over to him with extended hand — "Well, what ails you?" But no one noticed the affliction upon his visage. Then he leaned his elbows on the counter, and pressing his forehead between his hands, he murmured, "Oh dear, oh dear!"

The keeper looked at him. "Are you sick, M. Caravan?" He answered, "No, my poor friend; but my mother has just died." The other uttered a vague "Ah!" and as a customer at the rear of the restaurant cried, "One bock, please!" he promptly answered in a terrible voice, "All right, boom! right on hand!" and darted off to serve him, leaving Caravan stupefied.

At the same table as before dinner, absorbed and unmoving, the three enthusiasts of dominoes were still playing. Caravan approached them in quest of commiseration. As no one seemed to see him, he decided to speak. "Since lately," he said to them, "a great misfortune has happened to me."

All three raised their heads a little at the same time, but keeping their eyes fixed on the pieces they held in their hands. "That so? what is it?" — "My mother has just died." One of them murmured, "Huh! well, well," with that false air of concern that indifferent people take on. Another, finding nothing to say, wagged his head and let forth a kind of mel-

ancholy sigh. The third returned to his play as if he had thought, "Is that all?"

Caravan waited for one of those words which are said to "come from the heart." Seeing himself received thus, he took himself off, indignant at their placidity in face of a friend's grief, although that grief at this moment was so numbed that he scarcely felt it any further himself.

And he went out.

His wife was waiting in her nightgown, seated on a low chair near the open window, and still thinking of the inheritance.

"Get undressed," she said; "we'll talk when we are in bed."

He lifted his head, and indicating the ceiling with his eyes, said, "But — up above — there's nobody —"

"Pardon me, Rosalie is with her; you will spell her at three in the morning, when you have had a nap."

Nevertheless, he kept his drawers on, to be ready for any happening, knotted a bandanna around his head, and then rejoined his wife, who had just slipped under the bed-clothes.

They remained for some time seated side by side. She was thinking.

Her headgear, even at that hour, was ornamented with a pink bow, and inclined somewhat toward one ear, as if following an invincible habit of all the caps she wore.

Suddenly, turning her head toward him, "Do you know whether your mother made a will?" said she. He hesitated. "I — I — don't think so — No, pretty certainly she didn't make one." Mme. Caravan looked her husband in the eyes, and said, in a low and passionate voice: "It is an insult, so now; for here it is ten years that we have worked ourselves to skin and bone to take care of her, that we have lodged her, that we have fed her! It isn't your sister that would have done as much for her, and no more would I if I had known how I was to be rewarded! Yes, it is a shame to her memory! You'll tell me that she paid her board. That is true; but to be cared for by children — it isn't with money that you pay that; you recognize that by will after death. That's how honorable people behave. So, as for me, I have had my work and worry for my pains! Oh! it serves me right! it serves me right!"

Caravan in distraction repeated, "My dear, my dear, I beg of you, I pray —"

At length she grew calm, and resuming her everyday tone, went on, "To-morrow morning your sister must be notified."

It gave him a start. "That's true; I hadn't thought of that; I'll send a dispatch at daybreak." But she stopped him, like a woman who has taken thought for everything. "No; don't send it till from ten to eleven, so that we can have time to turn around before they get here. From Charenton here it only needs two hours at most. We'll say you lost your head. So long as we give her notice in the morning, we shan't make ourselves liable to forfeiture."

But Caravan struck his forehead, and with the timid intonation he always took on in speaking of his chief, the very thought of whom made him tremble — "The office must be notified too," he said. She answered: "Why notify it? On occasions like this it is always excusable to have forgotten. Don't send any word, take my advice: your chief can't say anything, and you will put him into a cruel embarrassment." — "Oh, yes, much of that," he replied, "and into a famous rage when he doesn't see me come in. Yes, you are right, it's a rich idea. When I tell him my mother is dead, he'll have to keep still."

And the employee, enchanted at the comedy, rubbed his hands at the thought of his chief's head, while above him the old woman's body lay beside the sleeping maid.

Mme. Caravan grew anxiously thoughtful, as if obsessed by a preoccupation difficult to tell. At last she made up her mind: "Your mother surely gave you her clock, didn't she, the girl with the cup and ball?" He searched his memory and answered: "Yes, yes; she told me (but it was a long time ago, it was when we came here), she said to me: 'That clock will be yours if you take good care of me.'"

Mme. Caravan, tranquillized, resumed her serenity. "Then you see we must go and look for it, because if we let your sister come, she will prevent our taking it." He hesitated: "Do you think so?" She grew angry: "Certainly I think so: once here, it is neither seen nor known; it is ours. It is just so with the commode in the chamber, the one with a marble top; she gave it to me, me, one day when she was in good humor. We will bring it down at the same time."

Caravan seemed dubious: "But, my dear, it is a great responsibility!" She turned toward him, furious: "Oh, to be

sure ! Will you never change ? You'll let your children die of hunger rather than make a motion. From the moment she gave me that commode it was ours, wasn't it ? And if your sister isn't satisfied she can talk to me, to me ! I'll just laugh at your sister. Come, get up, so we can bring in right away what your mother gave us."

Trembling and vanquished, he got out of bed, and as he was putting on his breeches, she stopped him : "It isn't worth the trouble to dress ; go ahead ; keep on your drawers, they'll do ; I am going myself just as I am."

And both of them set out in their night clothes, noiselessly climbed the stairs, opened the door with caution, and entered the chamber, where the four lighted candles around the plate with the blessed box-spray seemed to be the sole guardians of the old woman in her rigid repose ; for Rosalie, sprawled in her easy-chair, her legs stretched out, her hands crossed on her petticoat, her head fallen to one side, motionless also, and her mouth open, was asleep and snoring somewhat.

Caravan took the clock. It was one of those grotesque objects that imperial art produced so many of. A girl in gilt bronze, her head ornamented with varied flowers, held in her hand a cup and ball, the latter serving as a balance. "Give me that," said his wife, "and take the marble of the commode."

He obeyed, panting, and perched the marble on his shoulder with a considerable effort.

Then the couple started. Caravan stooped under the door, and, all in a tremble, began to descend the stairs ; while his wife, walking backward, lighted him with one hand, holding the clock under the other arm.

When they were in their own part, she gave vent to a great sigh. "The main thing is done," she said ; "let us try for the rest."

But all the commode drawers were full of the old woman's clothes. Those must be put away somewhere.

Mme. Caravan had an idea : "Go and get the fir-wood box in the hall ; it isn't worth forty sous ; it will do quite well here." And when the box was brought in they began the transfer.

They lifted, one after the other, ruffles, collarettes, chemises, caps, all the poor outfit of the good woman stretched out there behind them, and arranged them methodically in the wooden

box in a way to deceive Mme. Braux, the other child of the deceased, who was to come on the morrow.

When it was ended, they first carried down the drawers, then the body of the piece of furniture, each supporting one end ; and both looked around for a long time to see what place it would do best in. They decided on the chamber, facing the bed, between the two windows.

Once the commode was in place, Mme. Caravan filled it with her own wear. The timepiece occupied the mantel in the dining room ; and the couple surveyed the effect obtained. They were at once enchanted : " That goes first-rate," she observed ; he responded, " Yes, first-rate." They then went to bed. She blew out the candle, and every one was soon asleep in both stories.

It was already broad day when Caravan reopened his eyes. His mind was confused on waking, and he did not recall what had happened for several moments. That memory pricked his bosom sharply, and he jumped out of bed, greatly moved once more, and ready to weep.

He quickly ascended to the chamber above, where Rosalie was still asleep, in the same posture as the night before, having made but one nap of the whole night. He sent her back to her work, replaced the burnt-out candles, and then gazed at his mother, revolving in his head those seemingly profound thoughts, those religious and philosophical banalities which haunt average intellects in the presence of death.

But as his wife was calling him, he went down. She had drawn up a list of things to do in the morning, and gave him these titles, with which he was terrified.

He read : —

1. Make the declaration at the *mairie* ;
2. Call in the certifying physician ;
3. Order the coffin ;
4. Go to the church ;
5. To the undertaking corporation ;
6. To the printing-office for the letters ;
7. To the notary ;
8. To the telegraph office to notify the family.

And a multitude of other little commissions. Then he took his hat and set forth.

Now the news having spread, the neighbor women began to arrive and ask to see the dead.

At the hairdresser's, on the ground floor, a scene had even occurred on this subject between the wife and husband while he was shaving a client.

The wife, while knitting a stocking, murmured: "There's another one less, and a skinflint, that woman, such as there aren't many like. I didn't care much for her, it's true; but all the same I must go and see her."

The husband growled, while soaping the patient's chin: "There you have it, such nonsense! Let women alone for that. It isn't enough to plague you while you are alive, they can't even leave you in peace after you are dead." But his spouse, not at all disconcerted, replied: "I can't help myself; I've got to go. It has been borne in on me all this morning. If I didn't see her, it seems to me I should be thinking of it all my life. But when I have had a good look at her to get her face in mind, I shall be satisfied afterwards."

The man with the razor shrugged his shoulders, and confided to the gentleman whose cheek he was scraping: "I ask you just what that makes you think of,—those cursed women! I wouldn't amuse myself going to see a corpse!" But his wife had heard him, and responded without troubling herself, "That's the way of it, that's the way of it." Then, laying her knitting on the counter, she mounted to the floor above.

Two neighbors had already come in, and were talking over the accident with Mme. Caravan, who was recounting the details.

They directed their steps toward the chamber of death. The four women entered softly, sprinkled the clothes of each in turn with the salted water, knelt, made the sign of the cross, and mumbled a prayer, then, rising, with eyes stretched wide and mouths half opened, regarded the corpse for a long time, while the dead woman's step-daughter, a handkerchief over her face, simulated a gulp of despair.

When she turned to go out, she perceived, standing near the door, Marie Louise and Philippe Auguste, both in their shirts, looking curiously on. Then, forgetting her fabricated grief, she rushed toward them with uplifted hand, crying in a wrathful voice, "Will you get out of here, you dirty little imps!"

Coming up ten minutes later with a crowd of other neighbors, after having once more shaken the box over her mother-in-law, prayed, wept, fulfilled all her duties, she found again her

two children, returned in her wake. She cuffed them as before, out of duty : but the next time she took no further pains about it ; and at every new batch of visitors the two brats always followed, kneeling also in a corner and repeating without variation everything they saw their mother do.

At the beginning of afternoon the crowd of curiosity seekers diminished. Soon nobody came any more. Mme. Caravan, in her own apartments again, busied herself in preparing everything for the funeral ceremony ; and the dead remained alone.

The chamber window was open. A torrid heat was entering with puffs of dust ; the flames of the four candles were flickering beside the moveless corpse ; and on the shroud, on the face with its closed eyes, on the two arms laid along, little flies crawled, came and went, walked incessantly back and forth, and inspected the old woman, awaiting their own hour close at hand.

But Marie Louise and Philippe Auguste had gone off to ramble on the avenue. They were soon surrounded by comrades, especially little girls, more alert and scenting more quickly the mysteries of life. And they asked questions like grown persons. — “Did your grandma die?” — “Yes, last evening.” — “What is a dead person like?” And Marie Louise explained, told all about the candles, the sprig of box, the face. Then a great curiosity awoke in all the children ; and they asked to visit the deceased person’s chamber also.

Marie Louise at once organized a first expedition, five girls and two boys, the largest and the boldest. She made them pull off their shoes so as not to be discovered ; the file slipped into the house and softly ascended like an army of mice.

Once in the chamber, the little girl, mimicking her mother, directed the ceremonial. She solemnly led her companions up, knelt, made the sign of the cross, moved her lips, rose, sprinkled the bed ; and while the children approached in a huddled mass, terrified, curious, and enraptured at viewing the features and the hands, she suddenly began to counterfeit sobs, hiding her eyes in her small handkerchief. Then, abruptly consoled by the thought of those who were waiting outside the door, she drew them all away in haste to bring in another group, then a third ; for all the urchins of the district, even to the little beggars in rags, were scouring after this new diversion ; and each time she recommenced the maternal mummeries with an absolute perfection.

At length she tired of it. Another play enticed the children farther off; and the old grandmother remained alone, altogether forgotten by everybody.

The shadows filled the chamber, and over the dried-up and wrinkled face the wavering flame of the candles made bright spots dance.

Toward eight o'clock Caravan came up, closed the window, and renewed the candles. He entered now in tranquil fashion, accustomed already to view the corpse as if it had been there a month. He ascertained even that no decomposition had yet appeared, and remarked upon it to his wife at the moment she was setting the table for dinner. She answered, "Oh, well, she is made of wood; she'll keep for a year."

They ate the soup without saying a word. The children, left free all day and exhausted with fatigue, went to sleep in their chairs; and everybody remained silent.

Suddenly the brightness of the lamp grew dim.

Mme. Caravan at once turned up the ratchet; but the apparatus gave back a hollow sound, a prolonged throaty croak, and the light went out. They had forgotten to buy any oil! To go to the grocer's would make dinner late, and they hunted around for candles; but there were no others than the ones lighted above on the night table.

Mme. Caravan, prompt in her decisions, sent Marie Louise in great haste for two of those; and they waited in the darkness.

They distinctly heard the little girl's steps as she climbed the staircase. Then there was a silence of a few seconds; then the child descended again precipitately. She opened the door, awe-stricken, still more agitated than the night before in announcing the catastrophe, and murmured chokingly, "Oh, papa, grandma's dressing herself!"

Caravan rose with such a bound that his chair went spinning against the wall. He stammered, "You say — what are you talking about?"

But Marie Louise, stifled with emotion, repeated, "Grand — grand — grandma's dressing herself — she's going to come down."

He dashed madly into the stairway, followed by his dazed wife; but before the door on the upper flight they halted, shaking with terror, not daring to enter. What should they

see? — Mme. Caravan, more bold, turned the handle and went into the chamber.

The room seemed to have become gloomier; and in the center a tall gaunt form was moving about. The old woman was on her feet; and on waking from her lethargic slumber, even before consciousness had returned to her in full, turning on her side and rising on one elbow, she had blown out three of the candles that were burning near the mortuary bed. Then, regaining her strength, she had risen to look for her clothes. Her vanished commode had put her out at first, but little by little she had found all her things again, at the bottom of the wooden chest, and had tranquilly dressed herself. Then, after emptying the plateful of water, replacing the sprig of box behind the mirror, and restoring the chairs to their places, she was ready to go down, when her son and her daughter-in-law appeared before her.

Caravan rushed forward, seized her in his arms, and kissed her, with tears in his eyes; while his wife, behind him, repeated with hypocritical air, "What happiness! oh, what happiness!"

But the old woman, without softening, without even seeming to understand, stiff as a statue, and with glazed eye, demanded only, "Will dinner be ready soon?" He stammered, losing his wits, "Why, yes, mamma, we were waiting for you." And with unwonted eagerness he took her arm, while the junior Mme. Caravan seized the candles and lighted them, descending the stairway before them backward and step by step, as she had done the previous night before her husband as he was carrying the marble.

Arriving at the floor below, she nearly bruised herself against the people coming up. It was the Charenton family, Mme. Braux followed by her husband.

The woman, tall, corpulent, with a dropsical abdomen that threw her bust into the rear, opened her eyes in affright, ready to flee. The husband, a socialistic shoemaker, a little man hairy to the nose, exactly like a monkey, murmured without the least emotion: "Heh, what? She's come to life again!"

As soon as Mme. Caravan recognized them, she made them despairing signs; then aloud: "Why, how is this! You here! What a pleasant surprise!"

But Mme. Braux, in a daze, did not understand; she

answered in a low voice, "It was your dispatch that made us come; we thought it was all over."

Her husband, behind her, pinched her to make her keep still. He added, with a malicious laugh hidden by his thick beard: "It is very kind of you to have invited us. We came at once,"—thus making allusion to the hostility which had long reigned between the two households. Then, as the old woman was reaching the bottom stairs, he advanced briskly, and rubbing against her cheeks the hair that covered his face, he said, shouting in her ear on account of his deafness, "You are well, mamma, all solid, heh?"

Mme. Braux, in her stupor at seeing quite alive her whom she had expected to find dead, did not dare even to kiss her; and her enormous paunch blocked up the whole stairhead, hindering the others from advancing.

The old woman, uneasy and suspicious, but without ever speaking, looked at everybody around her; and her little gray eye, hard and scrutinizing, was fixed now on one, now on another, full of obvious thoughts that embarrassed her children.

Caravan said, to explain, "She has been under the weather, but she is all right now, entirely right; aren't you, mamma?"

Then the good woman, resuming her march, answered in her broken, seemingly far-off voice, "It was a fainting fit; I heard you all the time."

An embarrassed silence followed. They entered the dining room; then they sat down to a dinner improvised in a few minutes.

M. Braux alone had kept his balance. His spiteful gorilla face contorted itself; and he uttered words with double meanings, which visibly embarrassed every one.

But at every instant the hall bell rang; and Rosalie in distraction came to find Caravan, who darted out, throwing down his napkin. His brother-in-law even asked him if it was his reception day. He faltered, "No, errands, nothing of any account."

Then, as they brought him a parcel, he opened it stupidly, and notification letters with a black border appeared. And blushing up to the eyes, he reclosed the envelope and buried himself in his waistcoat.

His mother had not seen it; she was looking stonily at her clock, whose gilt cup and ball was balancing itself on the

mantel. And the embarrassment increased, in the midst of a glacial silence.

Then the old woman, turning toward the daughter her hag-wrinkled face, proclaimed with a quiver of malignity in her eyes, "Monday you send me your little girl, I want to see her." Mme. Braux, her face lit up, exclaimed, "Yes, mamma," while the younger Mme. Caravan, grown pale, was swooning with anguish.

Nevertheless, the two men, little by little, began to talk; and apropos of nothing, they entered upon a political discussion. Braux, upholding revolutionary and communistic doctrines, tossed around, his eyes alight in his hairy visage, crying out: "Property, sir, is a robbery on the worker; the earth belongs to everybody;—inheritance is an infamy and a shame!" But he stopped abruptly, confused like a man who has just said a silly thing; then, in a milder tone, he added, "But this is not the moment to discuss these things."

The door opened; *Doctor* Chenet appeared. He had a second of affright, then he took new countenance, and said, approaching the old woman:—"Ah! ah! the mamma! You are looking well to-day. Hah! I suspected it, don't you see; and I said to myself just now, coming upstairs, 'I'll bet that old lady will be up.'"—And tapping her softly on the back: "She's as solid as the ark; she'll bury us all, you'll see."

He sat down, accepting the coffee they offered him, and soon mixed in the conversation of the two men, taking the side of Braux, for he had himself been compromised in the Commune.

Now the old woman, feeling fatigued, wished to go. Caravan hastened forward. Then she fixed him with her eyes and said, "As for you, you'll fetch up my commode and my clock immediately." Then, as he stammered, "Yes, mamma," she took her daughter's arm and disappeared with her.

The two Caravans remained appalled, mute, overwhelmed in a terrific disaster, while Braux rubbed his hands as he sipped his coffee.

Suddenly Mme. Caravan, daft with rage, rushed at him, screaming: "You are a thief, a blackguard, a guttersnipe—I spit in your face, I—you—I—" She could not speak for suffocation; but he only laughed, drinking away.

Then, as his wife was just returning, she sprang at her sister-in-law; and the two, one enormous with a menacing paunch, the other epileptic and scrawny, with cracking voices and trem-

bling hands, fell to raining insults on each other at the top of their voices.

Chenet and Braux interposed; and the latter, taking his better half by the shoulders, thrust her outside, exclaiming, "Come now, jackass, you are braying too much!"

And they were heard wrangling in the street as they went away.

M. Chenet took leave.

The Caravans remained face to face.

Then the man fell into a chair with a cold sweat on his brow, and murmured: "What am I going to say to my chief?"

THE SERVICE IN THE GROTTO AT LOURDES.

By ÉMILE ZOLA.

(Translated for this work.)

[ÉMILE ZOLA was born at Paris in 1840, son of an eminent Italian engineer. He spent his early youth in Provence, but finished his studies in Paris, and was employed in the Hachette publishing house, taking charge of their press department. He soon became an active journalist and story-writer. The first indication of his later method of "naturalism," hard, gross, and pessimistic, was given in "Claude's Confessions" (1865); in the same line followed "Thérèse Raquin" (1867), on the hallucinations of remorse, and "Madeleine Féral" (1868), a study of hereditary influence which precluded the twenty volumes published from 1871 to 1893 under the general title of "The Rougon-Macquart Family," — all inter-connected, but each a separate story, after the fashion of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," — tracing the influences of an invincible hereditary taint through several generations, into classes extending from the highest mansions to the lowest slums. They profess to apply rigorous scientific method and scrupulous realism of detail to social studies, but in fact are entirely unscientific and largely fanciful. The series opened with "The Fortune of the Rougons"; the most famous of the others are "L'Assommoir" (The Bludgeon: 1877), "Nana" (1880), "Germinal" (1885), on the miseries of the proletariat, and "The Downfall" (1892), on the Franco-German War. In 1896 "Doctor Pascal" summed up the series. Among the rest are "Pot-Bouille" (1882), on bourgeois manners; "To Women's Happiness" and "The Joy of Living" (1883); "Work" (1886), a very notable one; "The Earth" (1888), of gross peasant life; "The Dream" (1888), one of his few pleasing ones; "The Human Animal" (1890), of the rottenness of modern society; "Money" (1891), the same on its financial side. A series of three on the social and religious conditions of typical modern communities began with "Lourdes" in 1894, and included "Rome" (1895) and "Paris" (1897). He has also written many short stories, several volumes of collected essays, and much scattered work defending his work and artistic principles, and some not notable plays.]

THIS last day promised to be a fervent one, from the shuddering thrill of exalted faith that Berthaud already felt rising out of the throng. The requisite enthusiasm was coming to a head: the fever of the journey, the hypnotizing by endless repetition of the same hymns, the haunting possession by the same religious exercises, and ever the conversations on miracles, and ever the ideas fixed on the divine irradiation of the Grotto. Many had not slept for three nights, and so had reached a state of waking sleep filled with hallucinations, walking in a self-enhancing dream. No repose was allowed them; the incessant prayers were like a lash stinging their souls. The appeals to the Blessed Virgin never ceased; priest succeeded priest in the pulpit, voicing the universal cry of grief, guiding the despairing supplications of the crowd, during the whole time the sick remained there in front of the pallid statue of marble, which smiled with clasped hands and eyes towards heaven.

At this moment the pulpit of white stone to the right of the Grotto, against the rock, came to be occupied by a priest of Toulouse, whom Berthaud knew and listened to for a moment with an approving air. He was a stout man of unctuous speech, celebrated for his oratorical successes. However, all eloquence here consisted in powerful lungs, in a stentorian fashion of ejaculating the phrase, the cry, which the entire throng had to repeat—for it was hardly more than vociferation broken by *Ave* and *Pater*.

The priest, who had just finished his rosary, tried to rise taller on his short legs as he shouted the first appeal of the litanies he was improvising, and which he conducted in his own way, according to such inspiration as he possessed:—

“Mary, we love thee!”

And the crowd repeated in a lower tone, confused and broken:—

“Mary, we love thee!”

From this time on there was no further halt. The voice of the priest rang out in full peal, the voice of the gathering took it up in a dolorous quaver:—

“Mary, thou art our only hope!”

“Mary, thou art our only hope!”

“Pure Virgin, make us purest of the pure!”

“Pure Virgin, make us purest of the pure!”

“Mighty Virgin, save our sick ones!”

“Mighty Virgin, save our sick ones!”

Often, when his imagination gave out, or he wished to drive home a cry, he repeated it as many as three times, while the docile crowd repeated it thrice also, tremulous beneath the unnerving effect of this persistent lamentation, which heightened its fever.

The litanies went on and Berthaud returned to the Grotto. Those who defiled through the interior, when they faced toward the sick, saw an extraordinary spectacle. All the vast space between the ropes was filled by the ten or twelve hundred patients whom the national pilgrimage had brought; and there under the great pure sky, in the radiant daylight, was the most harrowing puddle that one could view. The three hospitals had emptied their chambers of dread. Farthest off, to begin with, on benches were just being squeezed the stronger ones, those who could still sit up. Many were nevertheless propped up with cushions; others leaned shoulder against shoulder, the strong sustaining the weak. Next in front, before the Grotto itself, the desperately sick lay stretched; the pavement was hidden beneath this pitiable flood, a sea of horror, widespread and stagnant. A block of carriages, stretchers, and mattresses beggaring description, had taken place. Some in wagons, in troughs, in a sort of coffins, were elevated, and overlooked the rest; while the greater number, close to the ground, seemed lying on the earth. Some were dressed, lying merely on the plaid ticking of the mattresses. Others had been brought with their bedding; only their heads and their colorless hands were seen outside the bedclothes. Few of these pallets were clean. Alone, some pillows of dazzling whiteness, trimmed with embroidery by a last coquettish impulse, shone among the filthy wretchedness of the rest, — a welter of rags, blankets, worn-out body linen, splotted with stains. This mass, shoved, jammed, packed in haphazard as they came, women, men, children, priests, the nightgowned with the dressed, all in the blinding glare of day.

And all the diseases were there: the frightful procession that twice each day left the hospitals to traverse horror-stricken Lourdes. Heads eaten by eczema, foreheads circled with roseola, noses and mouths that elephantiasis had turned into shapeless snouts. Then the dropsied, inflated like water skins; rheumatics with twisted hands, and feet swollen like sacks crammed with rags; a hydrocephalic whose enormous skull, top-heavy, pulled him over backwards. Then the con-

sumptives, trembling with fever, exhausted by dysentery, livid of skin, wasted to skeletons. Then the deformities from contractions, the crooked figures, the twisted arms, the necks planted awry—the poor beings broken and crushed, immovable in postures as of tragic marionettes. Then the poor girls with rickets, displaying their waxen hue and their scrawny necks eroded by scrofula; the yellow stolid women, in that melancholy stupor of the unfortunates devoured by cancer; others blanching, not daring to move, fearing the shock of tumors whose aching burden stifled them. On the benches, dazed, deaf women heard nothing, but sang on all the same; the blind, with heads raised and rigid, remained for hours turned toward the statue of the Virgin, which they could not see. And there was still the crazy woman, stricken with imbecility, her nose carried away by a chancre, who laughed a terrifying laugh with her mouth empty and black; and there was the epileptic, whom a recent spasm had left with the paleness of death, the foam on the corners of her lips.

But the sickness, the suffering mattered no longer since they were all there, sitting or lying, their eyes fixed on the Grotto. The poor, skinny, clay-colored faces were transfigured, beginning to glow with hope. Anchylosed hands were clasped, over-heavy eyelids found strength to lift themselves, extinguished voices came to life again, at the appeals of the priest. At first there were only indistinct falterings like little sighs of a breeze, rising here and there above the crowd. Then the cry mounted up, spread, caught the crowd itself, from one end to the other of the huge square.

“Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us!” cried the priest in his thundering voice.

And the patients and pilgrims repeated louder and louder:—

“Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us!”

Then it unreeled, accelerated itself more and more:—

“Mother most pure, Mother most chaste, thy children are at thy feet!”

“Mother most pure, Mother most chaste, thy children are at thy feet!”

“Queen of the Angels, say one word, and our sick shall be healed!”

“Queen of the Angels, say one word, and our sick shall be healed!”

* * * * *

A quick breath ran through the gathering, and the Abbé Judaine said once more : —

“Here is Father Massias mounting the pulpit. He is a saint : listen to him.”

They knew him : he could not appear without every soul being stirred with a sudden hope, for it was told that his intense fervor helped him to work miracles. He was reputed to have a voice of a tenderness and power that the Virgin loved.

All heads were raised, the emotion still kept increasing, when Father Fourcade appeared, just come to the foot of the pulpit, staying himself on the shoulder of his beloved brother, the preferred of all ; and he remained there in order to hear him too. His gouty foot had been giving him acuter pain since the morning ; it needed great courage for him thus to remain standing and smiling. The swelling exaltation of the crowd made him happy : he foresaw prodigies, dazzling cures to the glory of Mary and of Jesus.

In the pulpit, Father Massias did not at once speak. He seemed very tall, spare, and pale, with an ascetic face which his blanched beard still further elongated. His eyes glistened, his grand eloquent mouth distended itself passionately.

“Lord, save us, we perish !”

And the crowd, swept along, repeated in a fever that augmented moment by moment : —

“Lord, save us, we perish !”

He opened his arms, he flung forth his burning cry as if he had torn it from his heart of flame.

“Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst heal me !”

“Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst heal me !”

“Lord, I am not worthy thou shouldst enter my house, but say only one word, and I shall be healed !”

“Lord, I am not worthy thou shouldst enter my house, but say only one word, and I shall be healed !”

Martha, Brother Isidore’s sister, had begun to talk in a low voice with Madame Sabathier, near whom she had finally seated herself. The two had become acquainted at the hospital ; and drawn together by so much suffering, the servant familiarly told the mistress how anxious she felt about her brother, for she saw plainly he was at his last gasp. The Blessed Virgin must hurry up if she wanted to cure him. It was a miracle as it was that he had been brought alive as far as the Grotto.

In her resignation, poor simple creature, she did not cry; but her heart was so big that her infrequent words were stifled. Then a flood of the past came over her; and with a mouth glued by her long silence, she relieved her heart.

"There was fourteen of us at home, at St. Jacut, near Vannes. Big as he was, he was always weaklywise; and that's why he was left with our curé, who ended up by putting him in with the Christian Brothers. The older ones took the property, and as for me I went out to service—I'd rather. Yes, it was a lady that brought me with her to Paris; it's five years ago now. Oh, what lots of trouble there is in life! Everybody has so much trouble!"

"You are right, my dear girl," responded Madame Sabathier, looking at her husband, who was repeating with devotion every phrase of Father Massias.

"And then," continued Martha, "there I learnt last month that Isidore, back from the hot countries where he'd been on a mission, had brought a bad sickness with him from down there. And then when I hurried off to see him, he told me he sh'd die if he didn't leave for Lourdes; but it wa'n't possible for him to take the journey, because there wa'n't anybody to go with him. So I had eighty francs of my savings, and I give up my place, and we left for here together. You see, ma'am, if I'm fond of him, it's because when I was little he brought me gooseberries from the parsonage and my other brothers beat me."

She relapsed into silence, her face swollen with grief; yet the tears could not flow from her sad eyes, dried up by her vigils. And she faltered out only incoherent sentences:—

"Now just look at him, ma'am."—"It's so pitiful."—"Oh! gracious me, his poor cheeks, his poor chin, his poor face—"

It was in truth a lamentable sight. Madame Sabathier was quite upset to see Brother Isidore so yellow, so cadaverous, in an icy sweat of agony. He never showed anything outside the bedclothes except his clasped hands and his face framed with scanty locks; but if the waxen hands looked corpse-like, if the long melancholy face had no longer a feature that moved, the eyes were still alive—eyes of inextinguishable love, whose flame sufficed to irradiate all his dying countenance of a Christ on the cross. And never had the contrast revealed itself so sharply between the low forehead, the ignorant brutish peasant visage, and the divine splendor that streamed from that poor human mask, ravaged and sanctified by suffering, become sublime at

that final hour in the impassioned outglow of faith. The flesh seemed to have melted; he was no longer even a breath, he was only a look, a light.

Since he had been put down there, Brother Isidore had never quitted with his eyes the statue of the Virgin. Nothing else existed around him. He saw not the enormous throng, he heard not the distracted cries of the priests, the incessant cries that shook that quivering multitude. His eyes alone remained to him, his burning eyes of infinite tenderness; and they were fixed on the Virgin, never more to turn from her. They drank her in, even unto death, in a last resolve to disappear, to be quenched in her. For an instant the mouth half opened, an expression of heavenly blessedness relaxed the countenance, then nothing stirred any more; the eyes remained wide open, immovably fixed on the white statue.

Some seconds slipped away. Martha had felt a cold breath that chilled the roots of her hair.

"Say, ma'am, just look!"

Madame Sabathier, in distress, pretended not to understand.

"What is it, my dear girl?"

"My brother—look! He don't stir any more. He's opened his mouth, and he ha'n't stirred since."

Then they both shuddered in the certainty that he was dead. He had just passed away without a rattle, without a gasp, as though life had gone from him in that regard of his, through the great eyes of love, all ravenous with passion. He had expired while gazing at the Virgin, and naught was comparable in sweetness; and he continued to gaze at her out of his dead eyes, with ineffable delight.

"Try to shut his eyes," murmured Madame Sabathier. "We shall know then."

Martha rose; and leaning forward so as not to attract notice, endeavored to close the eyes with a trembling finger. But each time the eyes reopened obstinately, regarding the Virgin anew. He was dead, and she had to leave them wide open, bathed in a boundless ecstasy.

"Oh, it's all over, it's all over, ma'am," she sobbed.

Two tears burst from her heavy lids and flowed down her cheeks, while Madame Sabathier took her hand to keep her silent. Whispers had begun to circulate, and uneasiness was already spreading. But what course to follow? Amid such

a rout, during prayers, the body could not be carried away without running the risk of producing a disastrous effect. It was best to leave it there, pending a favorable moment. He was scandalizing nobody : he seemed no more dead than ten minutes ago, and every one might believe that his eyes of flame were still alive, in their ardent appeal to the divine tenderness of the Blessed Virgin.

Father Massias' cry still arose — burst forth with the power of a terrible desperation, like a heart-rending sob : —

“Jesus, son of David, I am perishing, save me !”

And the crowd sobbed after him : —

“Jesus, son of David, I am perishing, save me !”

Then, in rapid succession, the appeals bent themselves to proclaim more and more loudly the embittered wretchedness of the world : —

“Jesus, son of David, have pity on thy sick children !”

“Jesus, son of David, have pity on thy sick children !”

“Jesus, son of David, come and heal them, that they may live !”

“Jesus, son of David, come and heal them, that they may live !”

It was a delirium. Father Fourcade, at the foot of the pulpit, swept away by the mighty passion that overflowed all hearts, had lifted his arms, himself shouting also in his thunderous voice to take Heaven by storm. And ever the exaltation grew under the fanning of desire, whose blast bowed the throng one by one, even to the merely curious young ladies seated below in the parapet of the Cave, and blanching under their parasols. Woe-stricken humanity clamored from the depths of its gulf of anguish, and the clamor ran in a shudder along every spine ; and there was no longer anything there but an agonizing people, withstanding death, longing to force God to decree them eternal life. Ah, Life, Life ! All these unfortunates, all these dying ones, gathered in all haste from so far away, through so many obstacles, they wished only that, they called back only that, in their inordinate passion to live it again, to live it always ! O Lord, whatever be our misery, whatever be our torment in life, heal us, grant us to begin life anew, that we may suffer anew what we have suffered already. However unhappy we may be, we wish to exist. It is not heaven we ask of thee, it is earth ; it is to leave it at the latest possible moment ; it is not to leave it at all if thy power shall

so far deign. And when we no longer implore thee for a physical cure but a moral favor, still it is happiness we ask of thee, happiness for which the sole thirst parches us. Lord, grant that we may be happy and healthy; let us live, let us live!

This mad cry, this cry of the raging lust for life, cast up by Father Massias, was thrown back, poured out in tears, from every breast:—

“O Lord, son of David, heal our sick!”

“O Lord, son of David, heal our sick!”

Twice Berthaud had been compelled to rush forward to prevent the ropes from being broken under the unwitting pressure of the crowd. Desperate, buried up, Baron Suire was making gestures begging for some one to come to his rescue; for the Grotto was invaded, the line of procession was no more than the trampling of a herd rushing at the object of its passion. In vain did Gérard quit Raymonde anew and post himself at the entrance gate of the iron railing, to carry out the orders,—admission by tens. He was hustled, swept aside; the entire multitude, fevered and exalted, rushed in and flowed like a torrent amid the flaring of the candles, threw bouquets and letters to the Blessed Virgin, and kissed the rock that millions of burning lips had worn smooth. It was faith broken loose, the mighty power that nothing could stop henceforth.

And Gérard, crushed against the grating, just then heard two peasant women, whom the stream was bearing along, exclaim over the spectacle of the sick ones lying before them. One of them had just been struck by the face so pale of Brother Isidore, with his great eyes, unnaturally open, fixed on the statue of the Virgin. She crossed herself, and murmured, with an access of devout admiration:—

“Oh, see that one, how he is praying with all his heart, and how he is looking at Our Lady of Lourdes!”

The other peasant woman replied:

“She will most certainly cure him, he is so handsome!”

In the act of love and faith which he continued from the depth of his nothingness, the dead man, with the infinite fixity of his gaze, touched all hearts, and gave profound edification to the people, whose torrent did not cease.

SYLVIE.

By GÉRARD DE NERVAL.

(Translated for this work.)

[GÉRARD LABRUNIE, a distinguished French *littérateur* and bohemian, took as the chief of his many pseudonyms that of "Gérard de Nerval." He was the son of a military officer, and born at Paris in 1808. Besides study at the Collège Charlemagne, his father taught him German so thoroughly that after having published at nineteen a very successful volume of political odes, he issued at twenty a translation of "Faust" which was highly praised by Goethe himself, and whose choruses were used by Berlioz. Within the next year he had written three comedies, a number of other poems, and several other German translations, and acquired such a reputation that he was made collaborator with Gautier in the dramatic criticisms on the *Presse*. On the death of an actress who was his mistress, he left the paper and traveled about Europe for a number of years, leading a loose existence, and writing accounts of his travels for various periodicals. In 1844 he returned to Paris, and was in journalism by fits, alternating with more serious work. In 1848-50 appeared "Scenes of Oriental Life;" 1852, "Tales and Jests," and "The Illuminés," in which he analyzed his sensations after recovering from an access of insanity; "Lorelei," "Misanthropy and Remorse," and "Dream and Reality," novels; and after his death, "La Bohémie Galante." He also wrote a play, "The Alchemist," in collaboration with Dumas the elder. His style and descriptive grace are of notable charm, and his imagination vividly realizing. From 1841 on he began to have attacks of insanity, which combined with his wasteful and reckless life to make him increasingly gloomy and desperate, till in great poverty he hanged himself in 1855.]

A VOYAGE TO CYTHEIRA.

SOME years slipped by, and once again I found myself at Loisy for the feast of the patron saint; I joined afresh the knights of the bow, and took my place in the group I had once before made part of. Youthful members of the old families that still possessed there many an old château, lurking deep in the forests and scathed far more by time than by revolutions, had organized the festival. From Chantilly, from Compiègne, and from Senlis, joyous cavalcades hastened to form the rural train of archers. After the long-drawn march through hamlets and market towns, after the mass at the church, contests of skill and awarding of prizes, the victors were invited to a repast laid out on an island shaded by poplars and lindens, within one of the lakelets fed by the Nonette and the Thève. Barks, all streamers, conveyed us to the island, whose choice was determined by the existence there of a pillared temple, oval in shape, that might serve for a banqueting hall. Here, as

at Ermenonville, the land is sown thick with those frail structures of the later eighteenth century, in whose planning philosophical millionaires were inspired by the taste then dominant. This temple must, I think, have originally been dedicated to Urania. Three columns had given way, carrying in their fall a part of the architrave; but the space between had been cleared, and garlands hung from column to column, rejuvenating this modern ruin, — which belonged to the paganism of Boufflers or Chaulieu rather than to that of Horace.

The passage of the lake was perhaps designed to recall Watteau's "Voyage to Cythera"; and only our modern costumes disturbed the illusion. The huge festal bouquet, taken from the wagon which carried it, was placed on a large-sized boat; the train of maidens which by usage escorted it took their places along the sides; and this graceful modern copy of an antique pageant was reflected in the calm waters of the lake which divided the shore from the island, aglow in the rays of sunset with its thickets of hawthorn, its colonnade, and its glittering foliage. All the boats soon came to land. The flower basket, borne in state, occupied the center of the table, and each of us took his place, the most favored beside the girls: to be known to their parents was enough for that. Hence it was I found myself once more beside Sylvie. Her brother had already joined me at the celebrations, and reproached me for not having long since visited his family; I excused myself on plea of my studies, which kept me in Paris, and assured him I had come with that intention. "No, it's, me he has forgotten," said Sylvie: "we are village folks, and Paris is so 'way above us!" I wanted to close her mouth by kissing her; but she still pouted, and her brother had to intercede before she offered me her cheek with an indifferent air. I took no pleasure in that kiss, a favor accorded to enough others; for in that patriarchal district, where you greet every passer-by, a kiss is no more than honest people's mutual courtesy.

A surprise had been arranged by the organizers of the day. At the close of the feast, a wild swan suddenly soared from the depths of the immense basket, where till then it had lain captive beneath the flowers, and lifting the tangle of wreaths and garlands on its powerful wings, ended by scattering them on every side. While it sprang joyfully toward the last rays of the sinking sun, we snatched up at random the fallen wreaths, each to adorn his fair neighbor's brow. I had the good fortune to

secure one of the handsomest; and Sylvie, smiling, permitted this time a tenderer kiss than the former—I saw that I had effaced the memory of a previous occasion. I admired her without reserve on this one, she had grown so beautiful! She was not now the little village girl I had slighted for one more stately and more accomplished in society graces. In every way she had gained: the charm of her black eyes, so enticing even in childhood, had become irresistible; beneath the arch of her eyebrows, her sudden smile, lighting up calm and regular features, had something of Athenian quality. I admired this cast of face, worthy of antique art, amid the formless prettiness of her companions. Her delicately tapered hands, her arms which had grown white as they rounded out, her willowy figure, changed her entirely from aught I had ever seen. I could not help saying to her how different I found her from her old self, hoping thus to excuse my former swift unfaithfulness.

Moreover, everything favored me: her brother's friendship, the seductive influences of the festival, the twilight hour, and even the spot wherein had been reproduced, by a fancy of refined taste, the ceremonial rites of old-time gallantry. As soon as we could we escaped from the dance, to talk over our childhood memories, and admire in a twin reverie the reflections of the sky on the shadows and the waters. Sylvie's brother had to tear us from this contemplation by telling us it was time to return to the distant village where her parents dwelt.

THE VILLAGE.

It was at Loisy, in the keeper's old-time lodge. I accompanied them thus far; then I returned to Montagny, where I was staying with my uncle. Leaving the highway to traverse a little wood which separates Loisy from St. S——, I straightway plunged into a deep path which skirts the forest of Ermenonville; I kept on the lookout for the walls of a convent I must follow for a quarter of a league. The moon from time to time disappeared in the clouds, illuminating but dimly the rocks of somber gray and the heather that multiplied before my steps. To right and left, the verges of pathless forests; and always before me the Druidic altars of the country, that preserve the memory of the sons of Arminius, extirpated by the Romans! Standing on these sublime rock-heaps, I saw the distant lakelets

stand out like mirrors in the misty plain, while unable to distinguish the one where the feast had been.

The air was mild and balmy; I decided to go no farther, but to wait the morning on a bed of heather.—Waking, I recognized little by little the neighboring landmarks of my night's wandering. On my left I saw the long line of the convent walls of St. S—— outline themselves; then on the opposite side of the valley, the Gens-d'Armes' Hill, with the shattered ruins of the ancient Carolingian residence. Hard by, above the tree-tops, the lofty ruins of the Abbey of Thiers stood out against the horizon, their fragments of wall pierced with trefoils and ogives. Farther on, the manor of Pontarime, encircled with water as of old, reflected shortly the earliest fires of dawn; while on the south arose in sight the high keep of La Tournelle, and the four towers of Bertrand Fosse on the first slopes of Montméliant.

The night had been sweet, and I dreamed of nothing but Sylvie; yet the sight of the convent suggested the momentary idea that it might be the one where Adrienne lived. The ringing of the morning bell was still in my ears, and had doubtless awakened me. I had the fleeting notion of gaining a peep over the walls by climbing the highest point of rocks; but on reflection I dismissed it as a profanation. The advancing day chased the idle memory from my fancy, and left there only the rosy features of Sylvie. "Let's go and wake her," I said to myself, and I set out on the Loisy road.

Behold the village at the end of the path that skirts the forest: twenty cottages with walls festooned by vines and climbing roses. Early-rising spinners, red handkerchiefs about their heads, are working in groups before a farmhouse. Sylvie is not among them. She is almost a lady since she has wrought fine laces, while her parents have remained plain country folk. I went up to her room without exciting surprise in any one: risen long ago, she was throwing the bobbins of her lace-work, which clicked softly on the green cushion that lay on her knees. "Oh, it's you, lazy-bones," she said with her divine smile; "only just out of bed, I'll warrant." I told her of my sleepless night, and my wanderings through woods and rocks; for a moment she seemed inclined to pity me. "If you are not too tired, I am going to take you for another stroll; we'll go and see my great-aunt at Othys." I had hardly said yes when she rose joyously, arranged her hair before a mirror, and put on a rustic straw

hat. Innocence and gayety shone in her eyes. We set off along the banks of the Thève, through meadows sprinkled with daisies and buttercups; then we skirted the woods of St. Laurent, now and then leaping rivulets and pushing through thickets to shorten the road. The blackbirds were whistling in the trees, and tomlits flew merrily out of the bushes we brushed in our course.

Sometimes we saw at our feet the periwinkles so dear to Rousseau, opening their blue corollas amid long sprays of twin leaves; and humble bindweed hampered my companion's fawn-like steps. Indifferent to the associations with the Genevese philosopher, she hunted here and there for fragrant strawberries; as for me, I talked to her about the "New Héloïse," some passages of which I recited to her from memory. "Is it fine?" she asked. — "It is sublime." — "Is it better than Auguste Lafontaine?" — "It is tenderer." — "Well, then," she said, "I must read it. I'll tell my brother to bring it to me the first time he goes to Senlis." And I went on reciting bits of the "Héloïse" while Sylvie picked strawberries.

OTHYS.

As we left the forest we came upon great clusters of purple foxglove, and she gathered an immense armful of it, saying to me, "It is for my aunt: she loves so much to have these beautiful flowers in her room." We had only a short piece of level ground, to traverse before reaching Othys. The village spire ascended on the bluish slopes that stretch from Montméliant to Dammartin. The Thève rippled once more among its bowlders and pebbles, its volume diminishing near the source, where it lies quiet in the meadows, and forms a little pond embanked with gladiolus and iris. We soon came to the first houses. Sylvie's aunt lived in a small cottage of unshapen stone, set off with latticed hop and clematis; her sole livelihood was a few plots of ground which the village people cultivated for her since her husband's death. The arrival of her niece put animation into the household. "Good morning, aunt! Here are your children!" cried Sylvie; "we are awfully hungry!" She kissed her affectionately, put the bunch of flowers in her arms, and then bethought herself of introducing me, saying, "He is my sweetheart!"

I kissed the aunt in turn; and she said, "He is very nice —

so he's light-complexioned!" — "He has lovely soft hair," said Sylvie. "That won't last," said the aunt; "but there's lots of time before you, and you being dark it matches you well." — "He must have some breakfast, aunt," said Sylvie. And she went peeping into cupboards and bread-box, finding milk and brown bread and sugar, and hastily spreading the table with plates and dishes of delft, enameled with huge flowers and gaudy-feathered cocks. A great bowl of Creil china, full of strawberries swimming in milk, formed the center of the service; and after a foray into the garden for a few handfuls of cherries and gooseberries, she disposed two vases of flowers at the two ends of the cloth. But the aunt said with good sense, "That is only a dessert: you must let me try now." And she took down a frying-pan and threw a fagot on the deep hearth. "I won't let you touch it!" she said to Sylvie, who tried to help her; "spoil your dainty fingers, that can make lace finer than Chantilly! you gave me some, and I know lace." — "Oh, so I did, aunt! Tell me if you have any bits of the old left, that I can use for a pattern." — "Well, go and look upstairs," replied the aunt, "perhaps there is some in my chest of drawers." — "Give me the keys," responded Sylvie. — "Nonsense! the drawers are open," said the aunt. — "That isn't so: there's one that's always locked." And while the good woman cleaned the frying-pan after heating it a moment, Sylvie untied from the pendants at her belt a small key of wrought steel, which she showed me in triumph.

I followed her as she swiftly climbed the wooden stairway that led to the chamber. — O youth, O holy age! who could dream of sullyng the purity of a first love in this shrine of mementoes of fidelity? The portrait of a young man of the good old times, with his black eyes and red lips, was smiling in an oval gilt frame hung at the head of the rustic bed. He wore the uniform of a gamekeeper of the house of Conde; his half-martial bearing, his ruddy, good-humored face, his clear brow beneath the powdered locks, embellished this rather middling pastel with the graces of youth and simplicity. Some obscure artist, invited to the princely hunts, had put his best work into portraying him, as also his young wife, who was seen in another medallion, slender, winning, and mischievous, in open corsage laced with ribbons, teasing with piquant face a bird perched on her finger. And yet it was the same old woman who was that moment cocking below, bent over the fire on the hearth. It made me think of the fairies in a spectacle, who hide beneath their

wrinkled masks enticing faces, which they reveal at the close, when the Temple of Love appears with its revolving sun that darts forth magic beams. "O my dear old aunt," I cried, "how handsome you were!"

"And how about me?" said Sylvie, who had succeeded in opening the famous drawer. She had found in it a state dress of frayed taffeta, which creaked as its folds were disturbed. "I am going to see if this will fit me," she went on. "Oh, I shall look like an old-fashioned fairy!" — "The fairy of the legends, eternally young," said I to myself. And Sylvie had already unfastened her muslin dress and let it fall at her feet. The stiff old aunt's gown fitted perfectly the slender figure of Sylvie, who told me to hook it. "Oh, how ridiculous those wide sleeves are!" she exclaimed. Nevertheless, those lace-trimmed bags displayed her bare arms wonderfully well, and her bust was framed in by the chaste bodice of yellow tulle with faded ribbons, which had but slightly hidden the vanished charms of her aunt. "Oh, get through! Don't you know how to hook a dress?" said Sylvie. She looked like Greuze's village bride. "It needs some powder," I observed. — "We'll go and find some," and she rummaged the drawers anew.

Oh, what treasures! what perfume this one shed; how another gleamed, what iridescence of vivid colors and humble metallic sheen from a third! two slightly broken mother-of-pearl fans, pomade boxes with Chinese pictures, an amber necklace, and a thousand knickknacks, among which glittered two little white carpet slippers with Irish-diamond buckles! "Oh, I'm going to put those on," cried Sylvie, "if I can find the embroidered stockings." A moment later, we were unrolling a pair of silk stockings of a soft pink with green clocks; but the voice of her aunt, mingled with the clang of the frying-pan, suddenly recalled us to reality. "Go down quick!" said Sylvie, and despite my pleading she would not let me help her on with the stockings. The aunt, however, had just turned into a platter the contents of the frying-pan, the eggs fried with a slice of bacon. Sylvie's voice soon called me back. "Dress as quick as you can!" she said; and, fully attired herself, she pointed me to the gamekeeper's wedding garments, laid out on the chest. In a moment I was transformed to a last-century bridegroom. Sylvie waited for me on the stairs, and we went down together, holding hands. The aunt gave a cry as she turned around: "O my children!" she said, and began to cry, then smiled through her tears. It was the image

of her youth,—cruel and charming vision! We sat down beside her, touched, and almost grave; but merriment soon returned, for, the first shock over, the old dame gave herself up to recalling the stately festivities of her wedding. She even found in her memory the alternating songs then used, sung responsively from one end to the other of the nuptial table, and the quaint epithalamium that followed the bridal pair as they withdrew after the dance. We repeated these stanzas of simple rhythm, with the gaps and assonances of the time, passionate and flowery as the Song of Solomon; we were bride and bridegroom for the whole of one lovely summer morn.



POEMS OF JEAN RICHEPIN.

(Translated for this work, by Ellen Watson.)

[JEAN RICHEPIN, one of the most fertile and morally defiant of recent French poets, playwrights, and novelists, was born in Algiers in 1849. He served with Bourbaki in the Franco-Prussian war, then went to Paris and engaged in journalism. He published "Jules Valles" in 1872, "Mme. André" in 1874, and collaborated in a comedy, "L'Étoile;" but first became notorious through a poem, "The Song of the Beggars," for which he was fined and imprisoned. In prison he wrote "Odd Deaths" (1877). Among his other works are "The Caresses," 1877 (verse drama); "Blasphemies" (1884) and "The Sea" (1886), short poems; the dramas "Nana Sahib," 1882 (of which he played the leading rôle himself with Sarah Bernhardt), "M. Scapin" (1886), "The Filibuster" (1888), and "By the Sword" (1882); and the romances "Brave Men" (1888) and "The Cadet" (1890).]

THE WOOD'S LAMENT.

THE fire hisses and snaps on the flaming hearth,
And the old log mutters in plaintive wrath:

"I was born to live free in the fresh, pure air,
To feed full of the soil, of the ether rare;
To wax slowly stronger, each year lifting on high
My crown of branches to meet the sky.
To make April sweet with my clustered flowers,
And shelter the nesting birds in my bowers;
To make vibrate the air with a joyous thrill,
To don each new marvelous robe at my will;
My Spring cloak covered with buds so fair,—
Then the purple of Autumn in pride I'd wear,
Until snow decks with ermine my branches bare.

Vile is man, who piercing with cruel stroke
To the very heart of the sturdy oak,
Kills the tree; for the tree is a living friend,
Who would gladly his sheltering branches lend
To the youthful loves of man and maid,
In an arbor fair, where 'neath grateful shade
May echo the music of love's young tale,
While by night thrills the song of the nightingale.
But forgetful, nor heeding his dying moan,
Man fells without pity the giant lone."

On the hearth glow the embers; the wood twists in its pain:
"Oh wood, are you right? is it just to complain?
The blow that struck home was a friendly stroke,
That freed you at once from your roots' firm yoke.
Would you vegetate there till the day you die,
Planted deep in the ground, forever and aye,
You who will not be bound, you who claim that a tree
Is alive, has a soul? Dare you hope to be free?
Your close bark holds you fast in a prison tight;
You but dream of escape, while swift birds wing their flight,
Man frees you at last from this bondage of clay,
And you float down the stream, where from day to day
New towns with their gay, busy life come to view,
New skies are above, the horizon is new.
What bliss all untold may each hour now reserve!
What a breath of adventure now thrills every nerve!
But all this is as naught to the rapture sweet,
When your soul is set free in the fire's white heat;—
When the furious flames your heart's fiber devour,
At last you're alive, you are free from this hour!
Higher yet than the songs of your nesting birds,
Higher yet than your sighs or my halting words,
Higher yet than the breath of Spring's sweetest flower,
Into infinite space, to the clouds you tower!
There in rosy vapors the sun sinks away,
Like the embers of incense, now red and now gray;
Or toward day's blue urn, whose illumined glow
May light up your dull smoke with its iris bow;
To that magic, dim distance, the home of the dawn,
Where with every new day a fresh morning is born.
Now the stars' nightly splendor enraptures your soul,
Now high, ever higher, your spirals unroll!
Drift away! Vanish into the ether, and lo!
Your last ring floats alone to the clouds below,

There to fade, — and your very existence is lost.
And you who bewailed the free sunshine and dew,
Old log, you are one with the Heaven's own blue!"

THE WAIF.

The cold North's fantastic crew,
Pricking ears and fingers blue.

Makes them throb.

On the sidewalk white with snow
Who is pouring forth her woe
In a sob?

Ah! poor child! that cough again
Racks the form by ceaseless pain
Grown so weak;
While the fierce wind's cutting breath
Paints the hectic rose of death
On her cheek.

More violet than the flower
Are her lips, by beauty's power
Formed to please, —
Are the circles 'neath her eyes,
Where the purple shadow lies
Of disease.

Listen! the horrid sound
Like the bark of hungry hound,
Held at bay!
While this messenger of death
Bids the hearer hold his breath
In dismay.

Now racked with deep despair
That's beyond all human care,
— None can save; —
'Tis the death-note broad and deep
Rung for those who soon must sleep
In the grave.

Hark! 'tis the swimmer's sigh,
As he sinks with piercing cry
'Neath the foam; —
The faint wail of tortured souls,
Like a distant knell that tolls,
Calling home.

One last cry of anguished grief!
 The poor sufferer in relief
 Bows her head;
 The light flickers, and is gone.
 She may face the peaceful dawn
 Without dread.

And at midnight she will wend,
 Without flowers, without friend
 By her side,
 — Chill December wed to May, —
 Bravely on her weary way,
 Winter's bride.

TO FRÉDÉRIC LEMAÎTRE.

All honor to you, master! giant! genius!
 To you we are unknown, we who have all to win;
 We come to bow before your never-ending glory,
 You who can never die, we who do but begin!

We come to honor Art herself in your great person,
 We come to crown the artist more than mortal,
 To tell in words echoing your name and story
 Our memories of the past to those who enter now Life's
 portal.

We'd tell how deep, how broad was your domain;
 Passions alike of beggar or of king,
 All cries, all prayers of the poor human soul,
 . Charmed utterance of your voice, now weep, now sing.

Tender or stern, plaintive or gay, friendly or terrible,
 Oft did we bend the knee in sacrifice,
 To see, as in a dream, heeding your every word,
 Vast worlds unknown revealed to our young eyes.

With listless step, a languid maiden
 Is seen approaching, sorrow-laden.
 A maid in love? You hasten, clasp
 Her slender hand in your warm grasp.
 Your soul becomes but one with hers; —
 She laughs and cries; a new chord stirs

In her young heart, and soft flames rise,
 Lit by the suns within your eyes.
 So the eagle with the dove
 Sings the eternal song of love,

Bearing us, swift as winged kiss,
To a seventh heaven of bliss.

King drama swift resumes his reign,
And lion-like pursues his way,
Dragging pale passion in his train,
Crying like hunted doe at bay.
Bare-armed, you rush upon him then,
Bearding the lion in his den,
Seizing him by his tawny mane,
Pressing him till he roar again.
As Hercules the brave did dare
Antæus, crushing him in air,
Before the crowd who tremble, pale, and start,
You break his sinews 'gainst your mighty heart.

But your vexed spirit needs repose
From sobs and sighs and melancholy; —
And shall we, then, go pluck the rose,
Or will you shake the bells of folly?
Nay, your Homeric, mocking laugh
But writhes beneath your mask of wrinkles;
The satire is more keen by half
That flashes in the eye that twinkles!
Fie on smiles forced by cunning quips!
'Tis bitter irony unshrinking
Molds in the corners of your lips
The lines traced by sarcastic thinking!

And how from irony to save your soul?
Wherein, as in the mart of some great city,
Lead endless narrow streets, byways obscure,
Swarining with motley life, exciting mirth or pity; —
Here echo wooden shoes; here barefoot bands
Whom dagger sharp or fool's cap gay entices,
Weep, shout, laugh, pray, or wring their hands,
The troop of human virtues, human vices.

How can we realize the man's great art,
The varied passions that have swayed his heart?
To *de* Napoleon, Othello, Buridan,
Mephisto, Kean, Don Cæsar of Bazan,
Then, with voice tuned anew, to turn with genius rare
From Paillasse to Vautrin, Ruy Blas to Macaire!
To know all, to feel all, and with each new rôle
To awaken new chords of the human soul!
To impersonate saints, heroes, warriors bold,

To assume countless shapes, as did Proteus of old !
All humanity's best on that one mind bestowed,
And one lone human heart bears that heavy load !

The gay throngs little think, as they flock to the play,
What a price for a kiss from the Muse poets pay !
Of the bitterness left, of the anguish divine
In those great wounded hearts she has called to her shrine !
That the jeweled crown on the brow of a king
Often covers the scar of a thorn's cruel sting !
Or that his mantle's royal red
Is dyed with his heart's blood, freely shed !
They know naught of the labor, the endless strife,
That gives to his dream a form, a life !
That the fine flowers of thought are still watered with tears,
That the birth of new life is still fraught with new fears !
And now where are they who would fain cast a stone ?
Bid the proud head bow low, the proud spirit atone,
And live like the herd, in the chains that bind ?
Oh genius, why claim not the rights of your kind
To appease the hot thirst for experience new ?
You who lavish your heart, must you give your life, too ?
Is king lion to fawn like a slave in his den,
And should gods bow to rules made for common men ?

Sleep your last sleep beneath Fame's sheltering dome,
Since death who claims us all has called you home.
And you, whose stream of life no longer throbs
With echoing bursts of laughter or of sobs,
Flow on; to lose yourself in death's unbounded sea,
For the first time at peace, untrammelled, free !
But with this long, last rest comes not oblivion.
Our eyes, lit by your fire, will still shine on,
And your eternal memory shall endure.
For all in vain night casts her shade obscure
Over the setting sun's last rays ; —
On the fringe of soft clouds the light catches, and stays
Till the blues of the shifting horizon unfold
Mid masses of purple, bright tongues of red gold.
All in vain night would spread her dark robe ; light must shine
Thro' all veils ! our eyes, filled with its beauty divine,
Behind heaviest clouds see its radiance clear.
And to-morrow, when Hesperus bright shall appear,
And the chariot of dawn breaks the morning's deep hush,
Its farewell will still flame in her rosy blush !

HER HIGHNESS WOMAN.

BY OCTAVE UZANNE.

[LOUIS OCTAVE UZANNE, French bibliophile and *littérateur*, was born at Auxerre in 1852. He has won much reputation as an editor of bibliographic reviews and of literary curios of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for bibliographic researches and romances, and for works on historical manners, customs, fashions, etc., as well as cognate social studies. He has published: "Caprices of a Bibliophile" (1878); "The Bric-à-Brac of Love" (1879); "Venus' Almanac" (1880); "Anecdotes of Countess Dubarry" (1880); "The Fan" (1881); "The Umbrella, the Glove, the Muff" (1882); "Her Highness Woman" (1884); "The French of the Century: Fashions, Manners, Usages" (1885); "Our Friends the Books" (1886); "The Modern Bookbinder, Artistic and Fanciful" (1886); "The Mirror of the World" (1887); "Zigzags of a Curiosity-Seeker, Talks on the Art of Books and the Literature of Art" (1888); "The Bachelor's Prayer-Book: Physical and Moral Observations" (1890); "Woman and Fashion: Metamorphosis of a Parisienne, 1792-1892" (1892); etc.]

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

IT IS to the great pulse of Nature that love beats in the country.

Here is no cerebral neurosis, no psychalgia; the most micro-graphic investigator would have difficulty in discovering interesting cases for the pathological study of the heart and the mind. Love blossoms out under the sun, with a dizzying thrill of sap that ferments and that mounts in the human animal organism: the senses are most often surprised before the heart is stricken; creation dictates its laws in normal fashion; but the soul, that internal star which can spread out within us its warm and beneficent sheet of radiance,—the soul, that drapes in purple and azure our juvenile illusions, and sows in profusion on the altar of our happiness rare flowers so soon to fade,—the soul, that essence of those purified from dross,—the soul, that divine chorister which sings in our intoxications a *Te Deum* to the Great All,—the soul appears but slightly in the brutish and fugitive rut of agrestic connections.

The adolescent youth is quick to lose his awkwardness—unless he feels the moulting epoch—in the primitiveness of the fields; his eyes have soon learned to read and to interpret the laws of nature; he knows, before the age of formation, the love of beings, or rather the relation of the sexes. Still a youngster, on his return to school, bag over arm, along the live hedges, in the troublous calm of evening: he has seen the

covetous peasant bringing back from the neighboring farm his raw-boned cow ; . . . he has surprised the amorous sports of birds pursuing and pursued in the copses, and his gaze, shrewd, perspicacious, and ferret-like, that gaze developed to the extreme, has comprehended everything, reckoned up everything, in its pitiless logic where nothing has come to warp the straightforwardness and the natural development. He has romped beside the girls in ignorance of the understood decorums and the modesties inculcated by the delicacy of manners ; and so the boy shows less of curiosity from having fewer mysteries to penetrate, for the mind of the child despotically loves to know the reason of things, and to tear away the veils that oppose it.

Everything speaks to his senses ; for everything is germinating, everything is fermenting, everything is pushing out, everything is developing around him. Nothing murmurs in his heart, left fallow, without culture of sentiment and without ideality. Between the father, who means he shall work hard and treats him roughly, shouting : " Go and hunt up the cows, you brat ! " and the mother overwhelmed with work, who at the same time scums the kettle hung to the pothook, drives the dogs from her room with curses, scolds and wipes the noses of the urchins, turns over the litter of the cattle, fattens the turkeys, throws oats to the fowls, skins the milk pans in the dairy, cleans the sty of the pig, that Asiatic of the farmyard : between these two beings bowed to the earth, more myopic regarding life than the savages of Central Africa, the poor child knows naught of those caressing shelters, those downy and restful homes, where parents anxiously watch for the dawning of the ideas and the moral upshoot of their son, accordantly with his growth.

At the age of seven he has already the fatigued, prematurely old visage of a little man, with his trousers patched, coming up above his hips and retained by small suspenders. Hands in his pockets, mouth open, mischievous eye, he assists at all the agricultural operations. Already inured to fatigue and habituated to privations, he follows his father at the plow, walking in the furrow with his sabots or his hobnailed shoes, slipping on the sods, rising with a laugh, ejaculating heavenward all the blasphemies he has heard uttered, all the filthy words that in the childish mouth raise laughter in the town youths at evening. Already too he has all the precocious perversities, the rage of destruction, a sort of cruel feline instinct. His piercing eye has counted all the nests in the vicinity, tree

by tree, bush by bush ; he knows them, he has an eye on them, and he climbs or gets boosted everywhere, plunging his murderous and pitiless hands among the branches where the bird has fashioned with twigs and upholstered with down the bed for a brand new family.

Where this rustic monkey has passed, desolation reigns. Through this bulging skull, lengthened out like a cocoanut, resisting the collision of sins no less than the ideas of charity, of beneficence, of tenderness, and of protection for the weak, cannot be made to penetrate the love for the bird and her flock, and the conception of irreparable losses which maternity weeps out on the bosom of Nature.

Nightingales, skylarks, robins, bullfinches, wagtails, which hover about in the living harmony of wood and meadow, house-swallows that lodge beneath our eaves, goldfinches, chaffinches, orioles, linnets, and tomtits—are you not, all the same, the divinest singers of love in the country, and did not the ancients say, “Everything comes from the egg; it is the cradle of the world ! ”

THE MODERN PARISIAN WOMAN.

Certainly her principal source of attraction is not here ; but this adds to her natural charms. More of an intellectual rover than of old, she has come to love nosing out and ferreting, and collecting curios — eaten up with the relish of curiosity. From the garret to the dainty mansion, her nest is decked out with refined care, an adorable litter of screens and crêpons ; in the luxurious boudoirs, Oriental stuffs, carpets from Smyrna, Dushak, Cashmere, or Teheran, portières from Morocco, Damascus, or Karamania, Persian veils, embroidered cushions, bronze vases from Kioto, ancient potteries, embroidered tissues, ivories, idols of gilt wood, armor, are disposed with surprising taste. Nothing repels in this decoration, which seems made to enhance their proud elegance ; they make appearance there garbed in negligés audaciously transparent, robes of satin, or of Japanese crêpon, where birds or fantastic chimeras are flying, wearing baby Turkish slippers in which play their little high-arched feet, where you see the salmon-pink through the meshes of a silken stocking. Besides this, brilliant with freshness, loving the delights of fine linen to the point of monomania, covetous of keeping perfumed whitenesses about them, alluring

with neatness up to the surface, and if not there, under side, and farther yet, astonishingly deaf to the summons of age, in that Paris youth where for them the fogs of ennui never settle down.

Perhaps also, to my thinking, they love better than of old. They are assuredly the same Parisiennes of whom Gozlan speaks, who have sometimes followed to Egypt, to Italy, to Russia, the swarms of officers to whom they have given their hearts at some country ball, in the era of the consulate or the empire. Neither the sands of the desert nor the ice of the Beresina would arrest them even to-day in the path of their devotion; they would clean the gun, wash the linen, dress the wounds, season the soup, and cheer the march of their glorified husbands; but probably their sensibilities would suffer more. Their ideal is more pacific, if not less adventurous: their intellect seeks above all, in the lover they give themselves to, the superiority of talent; for there is no use in saying, "The Parisienne does not love, she chooses" — she chooses in order first and foremost to love more profoundly the chosen of her mind who becomes the master of her heart.

They love better, I say, because their souls are no longer absurdly athirst for the superhuman, their heads wrapped in a misty dream, curious for the impossible, like the victims of amorous frenzy who are suckled by the Muse of Lamartine, dream of Antony-like passions, or sigh in the shade of the melancholy willow of Musset. The modern Parisienne is more balanced, and has learned to mix rose-color in the blues she is susceptible of feeling. Man's egotism still creates much solitude for her, the world makes her experience emptiness and isolation, pleasures sometimes ring hollow in her ear, and the lovers she takes do not often leave her with aught but a void in the heart and a fierce scorn of the male — whom she has not yet found; but she accuses heaven less in her despair, she hardly invokes fatalism, she is braver against her weaknesses, and the skepticism of the age rings into her ear its little dry or diabolic laugh. — So much carries the wind away!

From the day when this poor debauchee, forced into craft and perversity by the ambushes with which men surround her, chances upon sincerity; from the hour when she yields to the feeling that she can repose on a wholesome and mutual love — from that day she lays down her arms and becomes again the tenderest innocent, the most devoted friend, the happiest woman in creation. Paris, that focus of vices, is still more the sanctuary of

the loftiest hidden virtues : the honest women form the majority there ; a silent majority which does not placard itself and does not care to arouse attention. The broad footway belongs to the girls, and to charlatans of every description ; all the ambitious, all the hungry, all the little pedants without talent, parade themselves there like wolves after a feeding ground ; these wish for puffs, those are on the watch for a chance to steal, others appear so as not to be forgotten ; everything that has no vestige of worth or dignity, home or family, ideas or philosophy, descends to the street and makes a great noise there. The wise, the fortunate, the modest, the scornful, the laborers and the scholars, conceal themselves and contribute to the glory of the true Paris ; they do not figure in the gazettes, and are exempt from the prostitutions of publicity ; thus the honest women dwell silent in the peace of the fireside, and for one Parisienne who beats the gong of scandal, a hundred others dwell in their own homes to pity her, often to excuse her.

These are the lovely Furies who make the Paradise of Paris : in the spring they bloom out like half-opened flowers in their fresh and newly devised toilettes ; in winter, muffled in furs, chilly and courageous, they are birds which are hastening toward their nest, and who make us see it, in imagination, warmly lined, made for twin loves, for tender caresses, beside the fire which sparkles and casts its vivid rays on the hangings of the alcove. As for ourselves, no city could give us so many sensations of artists and lovers ; the street in Paris becomes the fairy Eden of desires, of admirations, of adventures ; the heart leaps at every step there, the eyes delight themselves there, the spirit sings there of eternal dawn-songs, the senses dwell there on the alert ; man palpitates there from neck to heel ; the stripling struts there with fatuity ; the graybeard lives his life over again there. It seems as if everything were done there for woman's sake, and that sorceress were the sole motor of this great buzzing workshop of brains. Their claims, their features, their coqueties, their feints, their artifices, are only one spice the more to the ardor of those who give themselves up to the mercy of these sirens ; true lovers, like sailors, do not fear squalls and tempests ; *Fluctuat nec mergitur* [It tosses about but is not sunk] is the device of the Parisienne who embarks the passions on her flagship.

THE SNOBS.

BY JULES LEMAÎTRE.

(Translated for this work.)

[FRANÇOIS ÉLIE JULES LEMAÎTRE, one of the most voluminous of recent French critics, and of high repute, was born at Vennecy in 1853, studied at the Superior Normal School in Paris, and graduated in letters in 1875. He was professor of rhetoric successively in Havre, Algeria, Besançon, and Grénoble; in 1884 devoted himself entirely to literature. He became editor of the *Revue Bleue*, then dramatic critic on the *Journal des Débats*. Of many volumes of his collected critiques, the most important are "Les Contemporains" (7 vols.) and "Impressions of the Theatre" (4 vols.). He has also produced the comedies "La Revoltée" (1889), "The Deputy Levcau," and "The White Marriage"; the novels, "Serenus, the History of a Martyr" (1886), "The Woods" (1892), and "Ten Tales" (1890).]

THE word *snob* has been greatly used for some years, — and by the snobs themselves, like all fashionable words. I will employ it, with your permission, in the much enlarged sense it pleases the Parisians to understand it in, and with which the author of "Vanity Fair" would perhaps be astonished.

We have had successively the snobs of the naturalistic and documentary romance, the snobs of artistic writing, the snobs of psychology, the snobs of pessimism, the snobs of symbolic and mystical poetry, the snobs of Tolstoi and Russian evangelism, the snobs of Ibsen and Norwegian individualism; the snobs of Botticelli, of St. Francis of Assisi, and of English æstheticism; the snobs of Nietzsche and the snobs of the "egoistic cult"; the snobs of intellectualism, occultism, and Satanism, without prejudice to the snobs of music and painting, and the snobs of socialism, and the snobs of the toilette, of sport, of society and of aristocracy, — which are often the same as the literary snobs, for snobisms are invincibly drawn to each other and can then accumulate. But I will here speak only of snobism in literature; and truly I know not whether this will turn out a satire or an apology on it.

What then, in truth, is snobism? It is the alliance of a docility of spirit almost touching and the most laughable vanity. The snob does not perceive that to be blindly infatuated with the art and literature of to-morrow is within the range even of fools; that it is as little original to follow one-sidedly every novelty as to attach himself one-sidedly to every tradition, and that one demands no more effort than the other; for as La

Bruyere says, "two contrary things bias our minds equally, habit and novelty." It is by the contrast between its real banality and its pretension to originality that the snob lends himself to ridicule. The snob is a pretentious Panurge sheep, a sheep who jumps with the line, but with an important air.

Now, this vainglorious docility, this false audacity of mediocre and empty minds, this ardor for novelties solely because they are novelties or are believed to be such, is all very human; and that is why, if the word *snobism* is recent in the sense in which we are employing it, the thing itself is of all times.

There were snobs of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, snobs of affectation. Cathos and Madelon [Molière's] are properly snobinettes, and the authentic ancestresses of the bizarre dames you see in the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. "It is there you know the goal of things, the great goal, the goal of the goal," is a snob's phrase, and even an æsthete's. Madelon went to that expense of admiration apropos of Mascarille's impromptu; she would expend it to-day apropos of some symbolic poem in invertebrate verse, and would be just as well understood. The literary snobism of Gorgibus' daughters is complicated, moreover, with society snobism and that of the toilette, or rather they are confounded; for it is with the same spirit that they judge Mascarille's verses and his breeches or his gloves. In short, they are all of a piece. Another sort of snob is the Marquis in the "Critique de l'École des Femmes": a snob of Aristotle (whom he has discovered in the Abbé d'Aubignac), and the three unities: for the three unities of Aristotle, which are not in Aristotle, form a novelty, a fashion, "the last cry," before being old rubbish; and the Marquis defends them in the same spirit and with the same competence that some innocent red-waistcoat of 1830 would mock them.

When the young court forsook the old Corneille for the author of "Andromaque" and "Bajazet," there were, make no doubt of it, Racine snobs. And there were in the following century snobs of philosophy, those of Anglomania, those of sensibility and of love of nature; snobs of Rousseau and of Bernardin de St. Pierre. The pastorals of Trianon [Marie Antoinette's] were sports of the charming snobism of a queen. The snobs of optimism made the Terror. If I name in addition the snobs of romanticism and those of realism and those of positivism, we shall have rejoined the snobs of the last twenty years, whom I enumerated at the outset. Thus snobism, parallel with the

series of innovating writers, forms an unbroken chain all along our literary history.

What is there to say? That the snobs play a blind rôle, but sometimes an efficacious one, in the development of literature. They are mistaken, doubtless, in the opinion they have of themselves and the reasons they give for their preferences, but not always in those preferences themselves. As they rush indifferently toward everything that affects an air of originality, they attach themselves oftenest to ridiculous and passing modes; but it is inevitable that they should sometimes attach themselves also to novelties which abide; and their concurrence then is not to be neglected. They will not be able to sustain long the false and the fragile, and that which has nothing enduring in itself; but their zeal, however ignorant, may hasten the triumph of that which is appointed to live. Their errors are never of long consequence, but the noise they make may be of use when by chance they are not mistaken. They have then, upon occasion, their social utility. On that account they must be treated gently, and, without being honored, at least absolved.

But really, why not honored? I firmly believe that some of the most fortunate occurrences in our literature — for example, the purification and refining of the language in the first half of the seventeenth century, the entry of the political and natural sciences into the literary domain in the eighteenth, the sentimental and naturalist movement provoked by Jean Jacques, and the romantic evolution followed by the realistic evolution which the idealist reaction, a little turbid, at which we are assisting, followed in turn — would not have been accomplished as quickly without the snobs. Since mediocre minds are perforce always in the majority, there must assuredly be minds that though mediocre are restless and preoccupied with newness, which assure the victory of innovations with vitality. What are called good minds — that is, those which are at once docile and modest — are capable rather of retarding that victory.

Good minds distrust themselves; they are tempted to believe that "all has been said, since there are men and thinking ones." They have the mania of recognizing very ancient things in what is presented to them as new. For them, Ibsen and Tolstoi are already in George Sand; all romanticism is already in Corneille; all realism in "Gil Blas"; all the sentiment of nature in the poets of the Renaissance, and back of that

in the ancient poets ; all the stage in the "Orestes," and all romance in the "Odyssey." They say at each professed invention, "What is the use? we have had that." The snobs, more credulous, sometimes find themselves clearer sighted, without well knowing why. Almost all the snobisms which I have enumerated to you were the tumultuous and flurried auxiliaries of enterprises finally interesting. A history of snobism would be tangent at many points with the history of the evolutions of literature and art.

There is more. I have said that what distinguishes snobs from other minds that are submissive and destitute of originality, is that they have vainglorious and noisy docility. Alas ! is that really a distinguishing mark of them? You can put vanity and self-sufficiency even into submission to the past, even into the worship of tradition, even into routine. People are just as proud of defending immobility as of urging on progress, and are imposed on in the one case equally with the other. In a word, tradition or progress, the one is not established or the other determined except by the docility or the credulity of subaltern minds, and by the suggestion exercised over them by some superior minds around which they range themselves, in two camps, the snobs of novelty and the snobs of usage, diversely, but equally, docile, and satisfied to be so.

This is very right. One perceives it when he tries to be sincere with himself and judge by himself. We discover that some of our greatest admirations have been imposed on us ; that the things which give us the most pleasure or do us the most good are not always the recognized and consecrated works, but some less celebrated book, which speaks to us more closely and penetrates farther within us. Now, if every one did thus, what disorder ! what anarchy ! No literary history would be possible, or even conceivable, if the multitude did not believe some people on their word.

Lastly, this suggestion which the guiding minds, and if you will, the critics worthy of the name, exercise on the vulgar, they often also exercise among themselves. Yes, there is in criticism a great part of auto-suggestion, and I might almost say, of auto-snobism. Man is so made that he feeds his vanity on his admirations ; he piques himself on admiring for reasons that belong to himself, and then admires himself for admiring with so much originality. Through this, even the most loyal critic is led to exaggerate the beauty he feels in a writer, and

almost to invent it. Dogmatist or impressionist, he readily forms judgments that resemble challenges, and in which he takes so much the more satisfaction. Nisard has it as well as Taine, to mention only the dead. Every critic is more or less his own dupe, the dupe of his theories and his general ideas, which falsify unknown to him his particular judgments. Every critic affects to see at certain moments, and ends by seeing in a work what others do not see there, and can say like Philaminte : —

“I know not whether each resembles me,
But underneath I hear a million words.”

Thus the snobs of the crowd have for guides the fashions of the inventive and superior snobs ; and at the point where we have arrived, snobism appears to us only as one of the particular names of the universal illusion by which humanity lasts and even seems to go forward.

Here the snobs are avenged, I fancy. They swarm at the present time, and that is rather a good token, if it means that rarely have there been so many people interested in art and literature. The flourishing of snobism proves, not the wholesomeness, but the abundance, and so to speak the intensity, of literary production. And that is why I have spoken to you of snobs with amenity.

THE 'PHILOSOPHY OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH COSTUME.

BY JULES LEMAÎTRE.

(Translated for this work.)

THE judgments of some considerable persons on the “high hat” have just been published. “Let us enlarge the question,” if you wish, and try to find what the contemporary costume amounts to. Or, to proceed with method, let us see what the costume ought to be, what it is, and why it is so.

As to what it should be, philosophers do not hesitate. Clothing has for its object to protect the body against cold, and next to adorn it.

Useful, we desire it to be also as convenient as may be. The ideal is that the clothing should save us from a danger without imposing superfluous embarrassments on us. It ought not then to compress any portion of the body.

All the less that in compressing the body it must deform it. Now this will be an injury, a human body of normal proportions being necessarily the most beautiful thing we know. If then, after having considered clothing as useful, we look at it as decorative, it is evident that it can ornament the body only on condition of respecting its contours, of not breaking its harmonious entirety and unity.

Moreover, the materials employed for the costume are especially tissues. Tissues float naturally, make themselves folds, and that is their proper grace. It must be respected also : tissues, then, must not stick to the body.

These principles are perfectly observed in the antique toilette. Notice the paintings on the Greek vases, and notice the figurines of Tanagra. In this system, the least change of attitude translates itself into displacements of the folds of the entire clothing ; so that in spite of the simplicity and uniformity of the separate articles of their garb, the Tanagrines offer silhouettes and arrangements of lines much more varied and unexpected than our Parisians with their complicated trappings.

Another remark : the Greek or Latin costume is the same in principle for man and for woman. It does not disguise the difference of the sexes, but it does not apply itself to accentuating them. The tunic is only a shorter *stola*. The men's garments drape themselves as largely as those of their companions. The clothing is for both the one sex and the other floating and decorative.

Now let us look at the toilette of our contemporaries. We recognize at once that it departs from all former principles. Two things strike the eye : (1) the costume is always more or less shaped ; (2) it differs very profoundly according to sex.

Without doubt the shaped vesture could be explained in origin by climate, against which it was desirable to be shielded. But it is clear that this utility is no longer present, except very accessorially, in the minds of our tailors and dressmakers. *None* of these rules that I remember is observed to-day in the feminine toilette. The corsage is not content with conforming to the torso of the woman to protect her : it compresses and kneads

it. The stuffs are stretched on rigid frameworks that modify very notably the shape of the chest. And from decade to decade the petticoats, too ample and too narrow by turns, spread themselves over artificial and immoderate contours, or clasp the real contours the closest possible: two different methods of conveying a like impression to us.

What impression?

Women have made it their business to exaggerate all the parts which nature has made most salient in the feminine body: the breast, the hips, the rump, and even, in a more discreet manner, the abdomen. This result has been above all attained by a savage compression of the waist. And artifices of detail have come to complete this first artifice. They have augmented the relief of the contours by the corset, or on the contrary by the sheath that confines the thighs. Without counting the leg-of-mutton sleeves that make the waist appear still thinner, or the high heels made to throw the bust forward and impose on the movements of the body a constraint which reveals the forms better, in a general way women have been at once considerably amplified — and cut in two in the middle.

You see the effects of this division. The unity of the feminine body being broken, we no longer embrace it easily at a single glance; but our eyes are drawn by turn to the two parts that compose it, and in each part, to its prominences. In a word, the waist, as our contemporaries understand it, no longer supple and comfortable as with the women of old, but a total deformer of the body, even to the reversal of the proportions of the thoracic cage, resolutely divides the woman into two — to localize our attention.

In brief, the feminine toilette has become, essentially, expressive of sex.

It has of course remained decorative in the detail of its ornaments — where moreover the “decoration” takes on more and more a character of archæological curiosity. It is thus that for twenty years, we have seen pass in changing fantasies, in the apparel of women, many reminiscences, discreet or audacious, of what they have found pretty or extravagant in the fashions of their progenitors or the national costumes of all the countries of the world. But the great originality of the feminine toilette is in reality, at bottom, to express what I have said.

Thence its strange charm. I have not to inquire whether

this charm has not its ransom : disorders of stomach and bowels, anæmia, sick headaches, womb diseases, premature deliveries, etc. Add the absurdity and abomination, from the social point of view, of a system of toilette entirely incompatible with pregnancy, so that this condition, so truly "interesting," which did not betray itself in the antique toilette save by a slight increase of amplitude, appears to a young woman of our days like an unmentionable monstrosity, and one that beckons the risibility of onlookers.

The corset is the essential part and secretly the generatrix of the whole feminine adjustment ; and neither maternity nor nursing will endure the corset. Draw the conclusion : it is lamentable. The actual toilette of women is the irreconcilable enemy of their natural duties : that is the truth.

Let us pass to men's garments. At no epoch, I believe, has it been so profoundly different from that of women.

The contours of the feminine body are a very sensible departure from the straight line ; the toilette does its best to draw them still farther away from it. The masculine contours depart from it much less ; the toilette brings them the closest possible to it. While our feminine companions' toilette has for its supreme object the attraction of sex, and does not care at all for convenience, it is with convenience almost alone that our costume concerns itself. It has ended by making an absolute contrast with theirs.

Democracy has aided in this evolution, by suppressing, especially for men, the differences of costume between classes. To-day it is only women who deck themselves in "jabots" [chemise frills], in "petites oies" ["goose giblets:" the small-fry of a clothing outfit, as gloves, ties, etc.], ribbons, laces, and gewgaws, and who sport handsome fabrics of striking colors. With us, the differences are only in the underlying quality of the fabrics, and in their more or less skillful and precise cut. The invention of exquisites confines itself to the cravat, the velvet collar, the pleat of a shirt front, or the care of the "unders." But a neatly dressed workman comes very close to a careless bourgeois.

We need not bewail this. The practical uniformity of the masculine fashion, opposing itself to the medley of colors, the superficial diversity, and the constraining artifices of the feminine mode, indicates to the eye that man is born to act

and woman to please, and suggests the idea to us that this extreme differentiation of costume between the sexes is perhaps one of the marks of extreme civilization.

The feminine toilette is not convenient ; it is even deadly. It is also immoral, since it is anti-maternal and anti-suckling ; but it is delicious.

The masculine garb is not delicious ; but it is so convenient !

Only, as the masculine garb is inspired above all by convenience, I wish it might follow out its principle entirely, while offending beauty as little as possible.

The pantaloon will do ! If it lacks grace, as I think, the form could not be modified without incommoding us greatly. I do not regret the knee-breeches. No more do I regret the mauve, delicate blue, purple, or shot-colored garments. I do not aspire in the least to promenade the streets in the outfit of a stage marquis. But I do wish the vesture might have the right to be more floating, more easy, not resemble a tortoise, as that is still seen elsewhere than on fashion plates.

The redingote is tolerable, on account of its large skirts. But the jacket is ugly, and the dress-coat is hideous for the inexplicable wing-sheaths with which it adorns the back. The neck and breast of the starched shirt make diverting spots of light by the very crudity of their glitter, and a single and precise clean-cut air ; but I would wish the soft shirt, and even the colored (nothing would hinder it from being neat and pretty), tolerated everywhere, and at all hours. I would ask the same favor, — and also the right to be velvet, — for the *veston*, dear to the poets and “artists” [actors], and which can be charming : the people of Louis XIII.’s time knew it well. Finally, I would wish the abolition of the tall hat, an object at least as inconceivable and as mysterious as the dress-coat, and still more dreadful, despite the perverse wontedness of our eyes. —

But I am quite sensible here that I am in a complete dream.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THINKERS IN PROMULGATING IDEAS.

By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

(Translated for this work.)

[FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE, French *littérateur*, was born at Toulon in 1849; studied at Marseilles and Paris, and read enormously in literature and literary history; in 1886 became lecturer on French Literature in the École Normale; went on the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1875 as literary critic, and in 1893 was made chief editor and elected to the Academy. He is the most important upholder of tradition and authority, political, literary, and ecclesiastical, among French men of letters. He had published (mostly collected articles) five series of "Critical Studies on the History of French Literature" (1880-1893), "The Naturalistic Novel" (1884), "History and Literature" (1884-1886), "Questions of Criticism" (1889), "New Questions of Criticism" (1890), "The Evolution of Types in History and Literature" (1890), "Evolution of Types in the Lyric Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," and "The Periods of the French Theatre."]

How do ideas act? that is, how do they transform themselves into acts or "impulses of passion"? Directly and immediately, first: by giving self-consciousness to our appetites and desires still indistinct and confused; by formulating them for us, so to speak; by insensibly stripping them of whatever are found shameful or guilty in them when we were merely experiencing them.

Ideas act in another manner, less direct, slower, but not less sure and more encroaching, when instead of the actors they modify the environment whence the latter draw the motives for their resolutions. We have a memorable example in history of the most general of ideas, whose influence continues to be exerted over us. At first there are only jests, keen epigrams, *mots*, which make simple souls doubt the truth of their old beliefs. Nevertheless the idea makes headway; after first being scoffed at, it chafes at the contradiction it meets; toleration no longer suffices it, it must have acceptance, it claims to govern conduct in its turn; the jokes change to insults, epigrams to scurrilities; after Montesquieu, Voltaire; after Voltaire, Diderot; after Diderot, "the Holbachian coterie"; after D'Holbach, M. Naigeon. A gloom seems to gather; a mighty uproar bursts out; a revolution destroys everything to rebuild everything; and after twenty years of strife, in which one would suppose nobody had remembered the idea, here it emerges, the only thing alive, the only thing subsisting above the ruins of the ancient edifice, victorious, triumphant, haloed

with glory at the summit of the new order. This is the history of *Physis*, "kind Nature" as Rabelais calls it; and since the barely hundred and fifty or say hundred years ago that it vanquished the Christian idea, opening one's eyes is sufficient to perceive that it has modified everything, — custom and law, family and education, politics and morals, the very object and conception of life, — this idea, wholly pagan and besides perfectly unscientific, of the natural goodness of man.

Further, I ask again, how can one deny the influence of ideas on manners, when from decade to decade we can follow the trail of the latter's progress? Who is it that said, "The flights of birds, currents of air, and megrims have more than once decided the history of the world"? But how much truer this is, I do not say of a theory, of an idea even, I say of a word tossed forth at random, almost without thinking, which happens to find a soil favorable for its development! Take Rousseau out of the history of the eighteenth century, you retard the Revolution perhaps twenty or twenty-five years; take out of his work the "Social Contract," you render the Jacobin programme impossible; take out of the "Social Contract" only the sixth and seventh chapters of the fourth book, you have suppressed Robespierre.

And lest it be objected here that when locked up in a book as hard to read as the "Social Contract," or as tedious as the "Encyclopædia," ideas do not radiate beyond a narrow circle, to remain in some sort the occupation or amusement of a few idlers or a few pedants; — no matter what the nature of the ideas or the theories he teaches, a "thinker" always finds a "sub-thinker" to popularize them. Though few Frenchmen read the "Origin of Species" or the "History of Natural Creation," and those are rarer yet who know the "Phenomenology" of Hegel or "The World as Will and Representation," — if you were to question a habitual reader of the *Petit Journal* or the *Petite Presse*, you would find them very crudely informed, but informed nevertheless, on pessimism and Darwinism, on evolution and the relationship of man to the monkey.

No one can say by what channels ideas are propagated, nor how much refraction, accommodation, and finally deformation, they suffer in passing from the brain of a Darwin or a Schopenhauer into that of a vaudevillist or the songwright of the music-hall, who popularize them while intending to mock them. They are propagated, none the less; and the times are past, if indeed they ever existed, for what used to be called *esoterism* or *initia-*

tion. Metaphysics themselves are fabricated with open doors ; and a novelty is no sooner hatched in the privacy of the laboratory than it is already talked of from the Madeleine to the Bastille ; — another and new reason why those who constitute themselves interpreters of or commentators on ideas should scrupulously watch their word and their pen. With a single false idea, the evil they can do is greater than of old by all the readers that in our age the book, the newspaper, and the advertisement have added to those of the eighteenth century.

But even this is not all ; and here is another way in which ideas *objectivize* themselves, or traverse the path from the “potency” to the “act.” It is by entering into the blood of the new generation, so to speak ; by becoming habits, or rather instincts, ideas properly *inborn* ; and at the same time the principle or the rule of education. One may believe he thinks independently of others ; he may believe he acts in his own motion ; he may pity the “prejudices” of others : and half his life glides away, or sometimes his whole life, before he has extricated himself from the heredity of his parents, the lessons of his masters, the example of his contemporaries, the spirit of his country, his times, and his surroundings. He lives, of course, but whence comes his life ? He acts, but under the impulsion of what motive power does he act ? He acts under the impulsion of ideas which the ages have *capitalized* in us ; he lives under the domination of ideas, sometimes many centuries old, which have become part and parcel of our substance.

And the most determined partisans of the powerlessness of ideas know it very well. For why do they not raise their *children* under other surroundings, in another condition, than their own, for another species of life ? Why do they not expose them to all sorts of contacts or companionships, or themselves guide them rather indifferently, after any chance method, or even without any method ? Because they do not deny, they will say, the power of education ? But what is education, then, except the body of methods which substitute for the instinctive springs of natural action the reasoned motives of social morality ? and what are those motives themselves but the abstracts, the essence, the sum-totals of ideas, so to say, transformed by time and usage into principles of conduct ?

The slightest order you give a child, the slightest counsel you give a youth, imply conception of the object of life. Orders or counsels, if you do not intrust it to strangers or to the experi-

ence of life to inculcate them on the child, if you wish to give them yourself or that any one else should give such as you wish, it is because you do not doubt that such things will change their opinion on the rules or motives of their actions. But if, in fine, a conception of life is not what is called a "theory" or an "idea," then it is because we no longer know what words are intended to express. . . .

Yes or no, do you think, do you believe, it is permissible for man to treat man as a "means"? Yes or no, do you believe there is neither "good" nor "evil"? Yes or no, do you believe the names of *baralipton* or *frisesomorum* are hardly emptier of sense than those of "vice" or "virtue"? That is the question, sharply put; and to facilitate the answer, I will tell you myself what I think of the rights of science and truth.

One would believe, to hear you, that the superstition of "science" must replace among men that of the fallen gods; and "truth" no more than "certainty" would admit in the future either differences, distinctions, or degrees. Of these two errors, the first is practiced or rather glorified in your laboratories; I think I remember that the second was formerly taught in all the "treatises on logic": but they are none the less two errors, and it is easy to demonstrate the fact.

The first is of no great consequence, and — be it said without offense to any one, as also without slighting the grandeur of science — it is enough that in six thousand years, all the progress accomplished has not advanced us one step toward the knowledge of our origin, our nature, or our end. Now, so long as "science" has no answer to these questions, it will only be, like the "religions" it supposes itself to have replaced, what Pascal calls a "diversion"; that is, a method of fending us off from thinking about the only questions that interest us, and of cheating the despair into which our impotence to resolve them would otherwise plunge us. Under these conditions, I hardly fear that science will ever arrive at that universal empire which has been promised it every time it has replaced wagons by railroads or tincture of colchicum by salicylate of soda; and, reassured on that side, I enjoy, as becomes a man of the nineteenth century, the new remedies it procures me, — though I am told otherwheres that they shorten my life, — my power augmented by it, the distractions with which it overwhelms me, and the vast horizons it half discloses to me.

But the other error is more serious. If we could, it has been

said, leave this little corner of the world we are shut up in, and transport ourselves to the source of things, we should grasp, in a fertile and enormous unity, the supreme formula that governs at once the evolution of the planets through space and the circulation of the blood in our veins, the movements of those great bodies whose immensity overwhelms our littleness and the agitations of our humble ant-hills. I know nothing about it, any more than those who say it. But what I do know, on the other hand, because each day brings me a new proof of it, is, that we can never attain to any but relative truths; it is, that most special sciences are to each other like "incommunicable vessels"; it is, in a word, that truth is not "one" for us, but fragmentary, multiple, and diverse.

There are truths of the geometric order which give us the impression, or perhaps illusion, of necessity. There are truths of the physical order, already less necessary, of which one can conceive that they might be other than they are. For is it necessary, *e.g.*, that a given body should have affinity for another? or that electricities of opposite poles should mutually attract? The truths of the natural order, in their turn, are more contingent still, more *relative*, so to say, at one point in space, at one moment in time. Beyond the narrow limits of our solar system, as far as Sirius and Aldebaran, and farther and higher still, it is probable that the sum of the angles of a triangle is constantly equal to two right angles. It is equally probable, it is even certain, — we know it, — that bodies in the sun combine under the same laws, in the same proportions, as at the surface and down into the bowels of our terraqueous globe. But that which is not certain at all, and whose contrary is even more probable, is that if there is life in Saturn or in Jupiter, it obeys the same laws as here below, is incarnated in the same forms, transmits and continues itself by the same means. It is no longer certain that there have always been men on the earth or always must be.

So far then, it is evident, as we pass from one order of truths to another, the character of truth itself changes with the objects it is affirmed for, glimpsed in, I might say supposed of. Its necessity decreases; its contingency augments; and they are, in a word, the first at its lowest degree, the second at its highest, or if you will its maximum, when from the truths of the physical or natural order we pass to the truths of the human order.

From the fact that they are not all of the same order, nor capable of the same species of demonstration, of evidence, and of certitude, it results that these truths do not form one body ; that from one order of truths to another there is no passage ; and even that then they can be not only in opposition, but in contradiction. They may agree higher up, but they are irreconcilable in the spirit of man. "From all bodies together," says Pascal, "we cannot make one little thought flourish: *that is impossible, and of another order.* From all bodies and minds, we cannot draw one impulse of charity: *that is impossible, and of another order — supernatural.*" So the laws of movement are not those of life, though they are embodied in living beings ; and the laws of morals are not those of physiology. From the laws of nature or life, then, we have no right to draw conclusions on the laws of morals or society ; these are otherwise, and very likely they may have links between themselves, but we do not know it.

"When we read most of the philosophies that have treated of the passions and conduct of man," says Spinoza, — and mind, he is thinking of Pascal, — "we must believe there has been no question with them of natural things, ruled by the general laws of the universe, but of things placed outside the domain of nature." Just there, in that sally, rather than in his definition of *substance or mode*, is the great error of the "Ethics." If man is not placed outside the domain of nature, nevertheless he only becomes man by distinguishing himself from it ; and to confound him with nature, on the pretense that he is in fact interwoven with it, is to attempt knowing him better by suppressing at the outlet what there is distinctively human in him. I have said, and I repeat, there is no error more serious, because there is none which takes less account, in the search for truth, of the very nature of the truth that is searched for.

Let scientists, then, abandon themselves to every license, and reclaim in physics or in chemistry, in natural history or in physiology, the full liberty of error. But let them learn, nevertheless, or rather let them relearn, that this liberty is bounded by the very nature of the object they are occupying themselves with. Nobody has a right to deny free will in the name of universal determinism, or moral responsibility under the pretext that nature gives us only lessons of immorality. From the fact, let us say, that one can swim admirably or wield the sword like St. George, it of course does not follow that he can write

an epic poem or resolve a problem in transcendental geometry. Similarly, because animals obey the prompting of their lawless instincts, it does not follow that morality can be founded on the legitimacy of ours; nor because the struggle for existence is the law of their evolution, that pity may not on the contrary be that of humanity. The first rule of logic is to conclude from the same to the same; and we find fault that the scientists do not observe that rule when they attack the principles of the social order with arguments which they draw more or less ingeniously from the embryogeny of the amphioxus.

They need not be afraid, for all that, lest "routine" should become the mistress of the world. Before [his adversaries] had done us the honor to attempt teaching it to us, we had greatly doubted whether "All was for the best in the best of worlds" [Leibnitz, ridiculed by Voltaire in "Candide"]; and that if men had invented nothing better to solace their woes than to make a common stock of them, they had nevertheless plenty to do yet. Even the admiration, the devotion, — a trifle bigoted, if I may dare to say so, — which is publicly professed for "science," we do not experience, on our own part, for a social organization where progress seems conditioned by so many sufferings even yet, so much misery, and so much iniquity. We ask only, if people wish to lay hands on that ancient organization, that it shall never be done save with a prudent, almost timid hand, with pious precautions, as is befitting on questions where the least error propagates itself in infinite waves of suffering.

But we ask above all that there should not be dropped into the search after moral truth, considerations which are foreign to them, or rather enemies, necessarily enemies; and finally, that men should only treat with arguments of a purely human order the problems of which humanity is not merely the occasion or the subject, but even the sole ground of existence. It is in truth not to oppose the progress of a science, to try, in determining more closely its object, to regularize its methods; and we do nothing else in demonstrating that if there are some portions in common between the science of nature and the science of man, there is nevertheless in each of them something irreducible to the other.

SPINNING-WHEEL STORIES.

By CATULLE MENDÈS.

(Translated for this work, by Forrest Morgan.)

[CATULLE MENDÈS was born at Bordeaux in 1841, and early went to Paris to seek his literary fortune. At barely eighteen he founded the *Revue Fantaisiste*, and published in it a play in verse, "The Romance of a Night," which earned him and the printer a month's imprisonment and a fine of five hundred francs. He has since wrought in poetry, romance, and the drama, striving like the other "Parnassians" to capture public attention by extreme and sometimes finical literary style, and violent or slippery moral situations and tone; but his real art and grace of style are of the finest. His fertility has been so immense that only a few of his publications can be mentioned. Besides several dramas and several collections of poems, he has written, among others, "Amorous Follies," 1877; "Life and Death of a Clown," 1879; "The Virgin King," 1881; "The Crime of Old Blas," 1882; "Parisian Monsters," 1882; "Girls," 1884; "The Short Petticoat," 1884; "To Read at the Bath," and "Glass Drawing-Rooms," 1884; "All the Kisses," 1884-1885; "The Isles of Love," 1885; "The End of the End," advice to a young man destined for love, 1885; "Spinning-wheel Stories," 1885; "The Pink and the Black," 1885; "Lesbia," 1886; "Grand-Maquet," a novel, 1888; "The Confessional," short stories, 1890; "Mephistophela," 1890; also literary studies, "The Legend of Contemporary Parnassus," 1884; and "The Seventy-two Days of the Commune," 1871.]

THE GOLDEN KISSES.

I.

SHE sang the songs that the birds had taught her, but she sang them more sweetly even than the birds; he played the Basque tambourine like a dancer from the land of Bohemia, but never gypsy ran his fingers so lightly over the tense skin where the copper pendants jingled; and they went along the roads with their music. Who were they? That question would have embarrassed them greatly. All they remembered was, that they had never slept in a bed nor eaten at a table; those who lodge in houses or dine off cloths were not of their family; they had not even any family at all. When very small, so small that they could hardly speak, they had met on a highroad, she coming out from a copse, he coming out from a ditch,—what wicked mothers had forsaken them?—and at once taken hold of hands, laughing. It rained a little that day; but affar off, beneath a clearing spot, the way was golden: they walked toward the sunlight, for they had never

itinerary but to go in the direction of pleasant weather. They would certainly have died of thirst and hunger, had not rivulets run through beds of cress, and had not the good women of the villages thrown them once and again some crust of bread too hard for the fowls. It was a sad thing to see them so wretched and so pale, those wandering babies. But one morning—now well grown—they were greatly surprised, on waking in the grass at the foot of a tree, to notice they had slept mouth to mouth; they found it sweet to have their lips united; they continued with open eyes the kiss of their slumber. Thenceforward they cared no more for their distresses; it mattered not that they were unhappy, since they were happy; there is no misery so cruel as love is sweet. Scantly clad in a few old rags, through which the sun scorched them and the rain drenched them, they did not envy the folk who wear cool stuffs in summer and cloaks of fur in winter; tatters, even in holes, have naught displeasing, when below those tatters you are pleasing to the one you love; and more than one great lady would have bartered her finest dress for the skin of a pretty beggar-maid. Wending all day long from village to village, they stopped in public squares, before mansions of wealth, whose windows sometimes opened, before inns where good-humored peasants were sitting at table; she sang her songs, he made his Basque tambourine boom and tinkle: if they were given a few coppers,—as happened more than once, for they were found agreeable to see and hear,—they were well content; but they hardly grieved if no one gave them aught. They were quits when they lay down together fasting. * It is no great matter to have the stomach empty when you have the heart full; small need to pity the starveling whom love accords, in the night, under the stars, the celestial banquet of kisses.

II.

Once, none the less, they felt dreadfully sad. It was a season of raw northeasters, and they had received no alms for three whole days; tottering, finding each only a feeble strength to help sustain the other, they sheltered themselves in a farm-shed open to every blast. In vain they entwined with as warm a pressure as they might,—they were shivering most pitifully; even in kissing, their mouths remembered that they had not eaten. Ah, the poor things! And with despair for to-day

went disquietude for to-morrow. What should they do, what would become of them, if no charitable hands were to succor them? Alas, so young, must they perish, abandoned by all, on a heap of stones by the roadside, less hard than the hearts of men?

"What!" said she, "are we never to have what every one else has? Is it too much to ask a little fire to warm ourselves at, a little bread for our supper? It is cruel to think that so many people sleep comfortably in good warm houses, while we are here, trembling with cold, like birdlings without feathers and without nest."

He made no answer; he wept.

But all at once they might have believed that, dead already, they were in Paradise, such splendor of light shone round them, so radiant and like to the angels appeared to them the lady advancing toward them in a richly colored brocade gown, a golden wand in her hand.

"Poor darlings," she said, "your hapless condition touches me, and I wish to come to your aid. After being poorer than the most destitute, you shall be more opulent than the richest; you shall ere long have treasures that in all the land you cannot find coffers to inclose."

Hearing this, they thought themselves dreaming.

"O madame, how could such a thing happen?"

"You must know I am a fairy, to whom nothing is impossible. Henceforth, every time one of you opens your mouth, a piece of gold will drop out, and another, and another, and others yet; nothing can hinder you then from having greater riches than one can imagine."

Thereupon the fairy disappeared; and as on account of this prodigy they remained mute, their mouths wide open, there fell from their lips ducats, sequins, florins, doubloons, and so many beauteous coins you would have said it was raining gold!

III.

Some time thence, there was no talk in all the land but of a duke and a duchess who lived in a palace great as a city, dazzling as a starry sky; for the walls, built of the rarest marbles, were incrustated with amethysts and chrysoprases. The splendor of its exterior was nothing to the costliness of what was seen within. One would never be done if he tried to tell

of all the precious furnishings, all the golden statues that adorned the halls, all the jeweled chandeliers that sparkled beneath the ceilings. The eyes were blinded at beholding so many wonders. And the owners of the palace gave banquets there, which all were agreed in pronouncing incomparable. Tables so long that an entire people might have had place at them, were loaded with the most delicate viands, the most famous wines; it was in dishes of gold that the carvers dissected Tartary pheasants, and into cups formed of a single precious stone that the cupbearers poured out Canary wine. If some poor wretch who had not eaten since the day before had suddenly entered the dining-hall, he would have gone mad with amazement and delight. You may be sure the convives were not remiss in every sort of praise and admiration for the hosts who treated them so royally. What contributed not a little to put the people in good humor was, that the duke and duchess, so soon as they opened their mouths to eat or to speak, let fall from them pieces of gold, which the servants gathered up in baskets and distributed to all who were present, after the dessert.

The renown of so much wealth and largess spread so far that it reached even to Fairyland; and one of the fairies — she who had appeared in brocade gown in the farm-shed open to every blast — formed the project of paying a visit to her clients, in order to view close at hand the happiness she had given them and to receive their thanks.

But when, toward evening, she entered the sumptuous chamber to which the duke and duchess had just withdrawn, she had a strange surprise; since, far from evincing joy and thanking her, they threw themselves at her feet, their eyes full of tears, sobbing with grief.

“Is it possible!” said the fairy; “what is this I see! Are you not satisfied with your lot?”

“Alas, madame, we are so unhappy that we shall die of sorrow if you do not take pity on us.”

“What! do you not find yourselves rich enough?”

“Only too much so!”

“Can it be you are discontented at seeing nothing fall from your lips but always gold pieces, and that to have the relish of a change, you would like me to make diamonds, or sapphires large as turtles’ eggs, come forth?”

“Ah, preserve us from it!”

"Then tell me what afflicts you, for I really cannot guess."

"Noble fairy, it is very pleasant to warm yourself when cold, and to eat when hungry; but there is a better thing still than either of those, — and that is to kiss on the lips when you love! Now, since you have made us rich, we know this happiness no longer, alas! for every time we open our lips to join them, detestable sequins or horrible ducats come out, and it is gold that we kiss."

"Ah!" said the fairy, "I had not thought of that inconvenience. But there is no remedy for it, and you will have to make up your minds to it."

"Never! Let your heart be softened. Can you not take back this frightful present you have granted us?"

"To be sure. But you must know that you will lose, not only the gift of pouring out gold, but with it all the wealth you have acquired."

"Ah, what matters that!"

"Be it done, then," said the fairy, "according to your wish."

And, touched with the wand, they found themselves once more in a season of raw northeasters, in a farm-shed open to every blast; what they had been till lately, that they were anew, — hungry, half-naked, trembling with cold, like birdlings without feathers and without nest. But they refrained from laments, and deemed themselves more than happy, with lips upon lips.

THE HEART'S MEMORY.

I.

The kingdom was in affliction because the young king, since he had become a widower, paid no more attention whatever to affairs of state, but passed his days and nights in weeping before a portrait of his dear lost one. This portrait he had painted himself of old, having learned to paint on purpose; for there is nothing more cruel to a lover or a truly enraptured husband than leaving to another the task of reproducing the beauty of his beloved: artists have a way of gazing at their models close to, which could not please a jealous person; they do not put on the canvas all they have seen; something must be held back in their eyes, and in their hearts as well. And this portrait was

now the young king's only solace; he could not restrain his tears in contemplating it, but he would not have exchanged the bitterness of those tears for the sweetness of the happiest smiles. In vain did his ministers come and tell him, "Sire, we have received disquieting news: the new king of Ormuz is raising an innumerable army to invade your states;" he pretended not to hear, his gaze ever fixed on the adored image.

One day he fell into a great wrath and nearly killed one of his chamberlains, for hazarding the hint that the most legitimate sorrows ought not to be eternal, and that his master would do well to think of marrying some young maiden — emperor's niece or peasant's daughter, it mattered not. "Monster!" cried the inconsolable widower, "how dare you give such dastardly counsel! Would you have me unfaithful to the most lovable of queens? Take yourself out of my sight, or you shall perish by my own hand. But before you go, understand and repeat it to every one, that never shall a woman sit on my throne or sleep in my bed, unless she is in every point like her I have lost!" And he knew very well that in speaking thus he pledged himself to almost nothing. Such as she lived again in her golden frame, — dead, alas! for all that — the queen was so perfectly beautiful that in all the earth one could not find her peer. Brunette, with long soft hair that flowed like liquid ebony, forehead rather high and of amber-tinted ivory, eyes of the depth and blackness of night, mouth well opened by a smile where all her teeth glittered, — she defied comparisons and resemblances; and even a princess who had received in her cradle the most precious gifts of all the good fairies could not have had such beautiful somber hair, such deep dark eyes, nor that forehead, nor that mouth.

II.

Many months passed by, — more than a year, — without bringing any happy alteration in the gloomy state of affairs. News more and more alarming was received from Ormuz: the king deigned not to have any care for the growing peril. It is true that the ministers collected the taxes in his name; but as they kept the money in place of employing it to equip soldiers, the country did not escape being ravaged, after having paid not to be so. So every day before the palace there were groups of people, who came to petition and complain. The lover of the

dead woman did not rise out of his melancholy ; he had no attention save for the silent charm of the portrait.

Once, nevertheless, — it was the hour when the dawn tinges the glazings with rose and blue, — he turned toward the casement to listen to a song that went by, a thin shrill song, sweet and matinal as the carol of a lark. He took a few steps in surprise, glued his face to the pane, and looked out. He could hardly restrain a cry of delight ! He had never seen anything so charming as this young shepherdess leading her flock of sheep afield. She was blond to such a degree that her hair gilded the sun rather than was gilded by it. She had a rather low forehead, rosy like young roses ; clear eyes, of the clearness of dawn ; and her laughing mouth was so tight that even when opened for the song she showed barely five or six little pearls. But the king, thoroughly charmed as he was, tore himself away from the sight, putting his hands over his closed eyes ; and, ashamed of having for a moment turned away from the lovely deceased, he came back to the portrait, and knelt there weeping with sorrow and joy : he remembered no longer in any way that a shepherd maid had passed beneath the window, singing. “ Ah ! you may be quite sure,” he groaned, “ that my heart in mourning belongs to you forever, since there exists no woman that resembles you ; and for me to constitute a queen would require that from a mirror where it should be immortalized, your image should come forth alive ! ”

III.

Now on the next morning, while admiring the portrait of the dead woman, he had a painful surprise. He said to himself : “ There is something very strange here. I shall have to believe this hall is damp ; the air that is breathed here is not good for paintings. For really, I remember perfectly that my queen’s hair was not as dark as I see it here. No, surely, it had not that blackness of liquid ebony. It was sunny here and there, I remember, — the color of dawn, not of evening.” He called for his brushes and his palette, and very quickly corrected the portrait which the damp air had spoiled. “ All right now ! Here is really the light golden head which I loved so passionately, which I shall always love.” And full of a bitter pleasure, he renewed, on his knees before the image now just like the dear model, his oaths of eternal constancy.

But in truth, some malicious spirit must have been playing tricks on him; three days gone by, he was compelled to acknowledge that the portrait had once more undergone notable deteriorations. What did that mean? Why was this forehead of amber-tinted ivory so high? He had a good memory, thank God! and he was sure the queen had a small forehead, ruddy and fresh like young eglantines. With a few touches of the brush he lowered the golden hair in front, and made the forehead rosy—a clear rose. And he felt his heart full of an infinite tenderness for the restored picture.

The following day it was worse yet! It was evident that the eyes and mouth of the portrait had come to be changed by a mysterious will or by some accident. The beloved object had never had those somber pupils, of the blackness of night, nor that too much opened mouth, which showed nearly all the teeth. Oh, quite the contrary! the morning blue of the sky, where quivers the carol of the lark, could not equal in softness the azure of the eyes with which she regarded her lover; and as to what had been her mouth, it was so tight that even when opened for a song or a kiss, she showed barely a few dainty pearls. The young king felt himself seized with a violent wrath against that absurd portrait, which contradicted all his cherished memories! If he had had in his power the execrable enchanter to whom this transformation was due,—for to a certainty there was some enchantment here,—he would have avenged himself on him in terrible fashion. For a while he could have torn it down and trampled it under foot, that lying image! He calmed down, however, thinking the mischief was reparable. He set to work; he repainted it according to his faithful memories: and a few hours later, there was on the canvas a young woman with eyes of blue like the far-off dawn, and mouth so small that had it been a flower it could have barely held two or three drops of dew. And he gazed on his queen, full of a mournful rapture. “It is she! Ah! it is indeed herself!” he sighed.

And so he had no objection to make, the day when the chamberlain—who was in the habit of looking through keyholes—advised him to take for a wife a dainty little shepherdess who passed every morning before the palace, singing a song; for she resembled in every point—a little handsomer, perhaps—the portrait of the beautiful queen.

THE BELLE WITH THE SNOW HEART.

I.

In a certain kingdom there was a princess so beautiful that in every one's judgment, no one had ever seen anything so perfect on earth. It was useless that she was beautiful, however, for she would love no one. Despite her parents' prayers, she scornfully rejected every proposal made to her. When nephews or sons of emperors came to court to ask her hand, she deigned not even to look at them, however young and handsome, but turned her head with an air of disdain: "Truly, it is not worth my while to put myself out for so little a thing!" At last, on account of the coldness she exhibited on every occasion, this princess was surnamed "The Belle with the Snow Heart."

Vainly did her nurse, a good old woman of much experience, say to her with tears in her eyes: "Take care what you are doing, my daughter! It isn't an honest thing to give hard words for answer to people who love us with all their heart. What! among all these fine young men, so handsomely dressed, who are burning to obtain you in marriage, is there not a single one for whom you can experience some tender feeling? Take care, I tell you: the good fairies, by whom you have been granted an incomparable beauty, will be irritated some day or other if you keep on showing yourself stingy of their present. What they have given you, they wish you to give; the more you are worth, the more you owe; alms are to be measured by wealth. What will become of you, my child, if your guardian spirits, angry at your indifference, abandon you to the malice of certain fairies who rejoice in mischief, and are always hovering with bad intentions about young princesses?"

The Belle with the Snow Heart took no account of such good advice; she shrugged her shoulders, she looked in her mirror, and that was enough. As to the king and the queen, they showed themselves more grieved than tongue can tell, at the indifference their daughter obstinately maintained: at last they thought some evil spirit had laid a spell on her; they had the heralds proclaim, in all the countries of the world, that they would give the princess herself to him who should deliver her from the fate of which she was a victim.

II.

Now about this time, in a great forest, there was a woodcutter, most hideous in person, deformed, and lame from the weight of his hump, who was the terror of all the land: for in general he did not confine himself to cutting down trees — ambushed in some ravine, he awaited with uplifted ax the unsuspecting traveler, and lopped off his head as skillfully as the most experienced executioner could have done. That done, he stripped the body, and with the money he found in the pockets he bought food and wine, with which he gorged himself in his hut, setting up great cries of joy. So that this wicked man was happier than many virtuous people, so long as travelers passed through his forest. But he soon had so ill a repute that even the boldest made long circuits rather than traverse it; the woodcutter lay idle. For some days he lived passably on the remains of his former feasts, gnawing the bones, and draining into his cup the dregs of not quite emptied bottles. It was meager entertainment for a glutton and a drunkard such as he. The rigor of winter put the coping-stone to his ill-fortune. In his haunt, where the wind whistled through, and the snowflakes drifted in, he was perishing with cold as well as with hunger; as for begging succor of the dwellers in the neighboring village, he could not dream of it, on account of the hatred he had drawn on himself. You will wonder, “Why not have made a fire of fagots and dry branches?” Ah! because the wood, like the leaves, was so penetrated with ice there was no means of lighting it. It may be supposed likewise that to punish this infamous person, an unknown will hindered the fire from catching. However it was, the woodcutter spent most gloomy days and gloomier nights in presence of his empty larder, and before his fireless hearth; seeing him so gaunt and shivering, you could not have helped pitying him, if you had been ignorant of how he had earned his misery by his crimes.

Yet some one did have pity on him. It was a wicked fairy, called Mélandrine. As it pleased her to see evil done, it was natural she should love those who did it.

So one night, when he was in the utmost desolation, his teeth chattering, his fingers benumbed, and he would have sold his soul — which to say the truth was not worth much — for a blaze of straw, Mélandrine let herself appear to him, start-

ing from under the earth. She was not beautiful and fair, with wreaths of flowers in her tresses; she wore no brocade gown resplendent with jewels: but, ugly, bald, humpbacked like himself, tattered as a beggar-woman, you would have taken her for an aged mendicant of the roads; for when people are wicked they cannot look handsome, even if they are fairies.

"Don't despair, my poor fellow," said she: "I wish to come to your aid. Follow me."

Rather astonished at this apparition, he walked behind Mélandrine as far as a glade where piled-up snowdrifts were seen.

"Now light the fire," she said.

"Huh! madame, snow does not burn!"

"That is where you are mistaken. Here, take this wand of dogwood, which I have brought for you: it will be enough that you touch one of those great white heaps with it, to have the finest fire that ever was seen."

He did as she said. Judge of his astonishment! Scarce had the stick approached it when the snow burst into flame, as if it had been not snow but cotton wool; the entire dell was illumined by the blaze.

From that moment the woodcutter, while continuing to be hungry, at least no longer knew what it was to suffer from cold; as soon as he began to shiver, he made a snow-heap, in his hut or on the road; then he touched it with the wand which Mélandrine had left him, and warmed himself before a good fire.

III.

Some days after this occurrence, there was great excitement in the capital of the neighboring kingdom; the palace court was filled with men-at-arms who made the pavements ring with their halberds. But it was chiefest in the royal audience hall that emotion ran high: the most powerful princes of the world, with many another youth, had been given appointment there to attempt, by a courtly effort, to warm the feelings of the Belle with the Snow Heart at last.

The nephew of the Emperor of Trebizond bent the knee.

"I command a greater host of armed men than there are leaves in all the forests; and I have in my coffers more pearls than there are stars in the sky. Will you, O princess, reign over my people and adorn yourself with my pearls?"



"What did he say?" asked the princess.

In his turn, the son of the King of Mataquin knelt.

"Though still young, I have vanquished in tourneys the most illustrious champions; and with one blow of the sword I have cut off the hundred heads of a dragon who was devouring all the new-born and all the virgins of my kingdom. O princess, will you share my glory, which is still to grow?"

"He spoke so low," said the princess, "that I could not understand him."

Then other princes, after the heir of Trebizond and the heir of Mataquin, vaunted their power, their wealth, or their glory; next followed, bowing low with tender words, poets who played the guitar like seraphim on the harp. Knights who had defended the honor of ladies in the most perilous combats, and young pages too, trembling, rosy with shamefacedness, their lips quivering with the hope of a kiss.

But said the Belle with the Snow Heart: —

"What *do* all these people want? Ask them to go: I cannot bear their chatter any longer, and I am eager to be alone and look at myself in my mirror."

"Ah, my daughter, my daughter," said the nurse, "have a dread of irritating the good fairies!"

Then there advanced a clown, most hideous in person, deformed, and lame from the weight of his hump. The courtiers at the foot of the throne desired to drive him out, jeering at this peasant who meddled with pretensions to the hand of a royal female. Nevertheless he continued to approach, and with a wand he held in his hand he touched the corsage of the indifferent girl. "Ah, how I love him!" she cried out, feeling her whole nature take fire and melt into tenderness. Fancy the tumult that ensued! But a king has only his word: the princess' father had to let her go off with the wicked woodcutter toward the ill-famed forest; and she lived there in deep unhappiness, for her love did not blind her so much as to hide from her how utterly unworthy of it was he who had inspired it. And that was the punishment of the Belle with the Snow Heart.

THE TWO DAISIES.

I.

Lambert and Landry, who were not happy in their family, being the sons of very poor people, resolved to go out through the world to seek their fortune. It was one morning in spring that they set off on the road. Landry was fifteen, Lambert sixteen, so they were still pretty young to vagabond it in this way: with much hope, they had a little uneasiness. But they were strangely re-comforted by an occurrence that befell them at the very outset of their journey.

As they skirted the edges of a little wood, a lady came to meet them: she was all appareled in flowers; buttercups and pimpernels laughed in her hair, the convolvulus with which her gown was enwreathed fell to her dainty shoes of moss that simulated green velvet; her lips were like an eglantine, her eyes were like corn-flowers. At every step she took, butterflies hovered about her in a sprinkling of dew. And it was not surprising that it should be so; for she was the fairy Primrose, whom you see in April pass with a song through the freshly green woods, and along the newly blossoming meadows.

"Here," said she to the two brothers, "since you are setting off on a long journey, I wish to make each of you a present. Landry, take this daisy; and you, Lambert, a daisy also. It will suffice to tear a petal from these flowers and cast it from you, in order to experience on the very instant a joy without peer, which will be precisely what you have wished. Go on, follow your road, and try to make good use of these presents of Primrose."

They thanked this obliging fairy with much politeness, then resumed their walk, as well satisfied as possible. But coming to a fork of the road, there was discord between them; Lambert wished to go to the right, Landry wished to go to the left: so they agreed, to end the dispute, that each should go his own way, and they separated after embracing each other. Perhaps each brother was not sorry to be alone, in order to use more freely the gift which the flower-robed lady had given him.

II.

As he entered the nearest village, Landry saw a girl leaning out of the window, and could hardly suppress a cry, she seemed

so lovely to him! No, he had never seen so charming a person, he had never even dreamed that one like her could exist. Scarce more than a child still, with locks so light and fair that they were hardly to be distinguished from the rays of sunshine, she had here a pale tinge, and there a slightly ruddier one—lily on the forehead, rose on the cheek; her eyes opened like a blossoming of periwinkles where a pearl of rain was glistening; there were no lips which near hers would not have wished to be bees. Landry did anything but hesitate! He tore off and cast from him one of the petals of his daisy; the wind had not yet borne away the frail shred when the child of the window was in the street, smiling at the traveler. They went away toward the neighboring woods, hand in hand, speaking low, saying each to each that they loved one another; just in the hearing it, they experienced such delights that they thought themselves in Paradise. And they knew many moments equal to that first moment, many days as sweet as that first day. It would have been happiness without end had not the child passed away one autumn evening, while the withered leaves, flying on the northern blasts, beat with light knocks on the panes, like the bodiless fingers of Death who was passing.

Landry wept for a long while; but tears do not blind you so you cannot look through them: on a time he saw a passing fair one, garbed in golden satin, with bold eyes and a wanton mouth; and throwing another petal to the wind, he went away with her. From thence on, care-free, asking of each hour to be a joy, and of each joy to last but an hour, enamored without respite of whatever entices, doting, rapturous, he spent the days and the nights without counting them, in all sorts of laughter and all sorts of kisses. The breeze found scarcely time to wave the sprays of the rose-bushes, and lift the veils of the women, being incessantly occupied in carrying off the petals of the daisy.

III.

The behavior of Lambert was altogether different. He was an economical youth, incapable of squandering his treasure. No sooner had he found himself alone on the road than he promised himself to husband the fairy's present. For in truth, however numerous might be the leaves of the corolla, a day would come when they would be no more, if he tore them off at every turn. Prudence dictated reserving them for the

future; by acting in this way he would certainly be conforming to the intentions of Primrose. In the first village he passed through, he bought a very solid little box, fastening with a key; in this he placed the flower, resolved to look at it no more: he would shun temptation. He would never have committed the fault, not he, of lifting his eyes to the girls in the windows, or following beauties who passed by with kindling eyes and wanton lips. Sensible, methodical, worrying over serious things, he became a merchant and gained large sums. He had nothing but scorn for the rattleheads who pass the time in junkets, and take no care for the morrow; when occasion offered, he never failed to read them sharp lectures for it. So he was well thought of by honest people; they agreed in praising him and setting him up for a model. And he continued to grow rich, working from morning till night. To tell the truth, he was not so happy as he could have wished; he thought wistfully in spite of himself of the joys he had put aside. He would only have had to open the little box, only to cast a petal on the wind, in order to love and be loved. But he refrained altogether from these perilous inclinations. He had time enough! He would know joy later on. Well along in life would he be, when his daisy was stripped! "Patience! let us not hurry ourselves!" He risked nothing by waiting, for his flower was in safety in the box. The breeze that roved about him murmured in vain, "Throw me a petal, throw it, that I may bear it away and thou mayst smile!" He turned a deaf ear; and the wind went on waving the sprays of the rose-bushes, and teasing the lace of the veils above fair women's faces.

IV.

Now, after many, many years, it happened one day that Lambert, inspecting his estates, met in the field a man very poorly dressed, who was skirting a field of clover.

"Ah!" he said, "what do I see? Is it not you, Landry, my brother?"

"It is I indeed," answered the other.

"What a sad state I find you in! Everything leads me to believe that you have made a bad use of the gift of Primrose."

"Alas!" sighed Landry, "perhaps I have thrown all my petals to the wind too quickly. None the less, however sad it

be, I do not repent me of my imprudence. I have had so many joys, my brother!"

"Fine position that leaves you in! If you had been circumspect like me, you would not have been reduced to sterile regrets. For you must know that I have only to make one gesture to taste all the pleasures you have cut yourself off from."

"Is it possible?"

"Of course it is, for I have kept the fairy's present untouched. Ha, ha! I can give myself a good time if I wish. See what it is to be economical."

"What! untouched, truly?"

"Look for yourself," said Lambert, opening the box, which he had taken from his pocket.

But he became very pale; for in place of the new-blossomed daisy, he had under his eyes naught but a little gray heap of dust, like a pinch of tumulus ashes.

"Oh!" he cried out in a rage, "cursed be the wicked fairy who has mocked me!"

Then a youthful lady, all garbed in flowers, came out of a copse by the roadside.

"I have not mocked you," said she, "nor your brother; and it is time to explain matters to you. The two daisies were not really flowers, they were your very youths: your youth, Landry, which you have thrown to all the winds of caprice; your youth, Lambert, which you have left to wither without making use of it, in your heart still shut — and you have not even what remains to your brother, the memory in bloom of having torn off its leaves!"

THE TREACHERIES OF PUCK.

I.

A youth in silver armor, the wings of a snowy eaglet displayed on his casque, was riding along in the early morning upon a white courser: it happened that a fair princess, walking under the apple trees in bloom, saw him over the hedge; she was so excited that she let fall, with the butterfly on it, the hyacinth she held in her hand.

"In sooth," she sighed, "whence he comes or whither he goes, this knight will bear my thoughts along with him."

She made him a sign to stop; she said:—

"I love you, you who are passing. If your desire accords with mine I will conduct you to my father, who is the king of this kingdom, and we will have a beautiful wedding."

"I do not love you," responded the passer.

He went on his way. The princess pushed open the orchard gate and began to run along the road.

"Whence come you?" she asked, "and where do you go so early in the morning, you who will not marry me?"

"I come from the city where my lady-love dwells, and I go to meet my rival, who is to be here this evening."

"Who is your lady-love?"

"The daughter of a vavasour; she spins at her window, singing a song the birds hearken to."

"Who is your rival?"

"The nephew of the Emperor of Golconda; when he draws his sword one would think it was about to thunder, for that he saw the lightning."

"What did you say to your lady-love when you were with her?"

"I said to her, 'Give me your heart:' she refused it me."

"What will you say to your rival when you encounter him?"

"I will say to him, 'I want your blood:' he will have to give it me."

"How I fear that your own will flow! Oh, grant me leave to go with you!"

"The only one I should care to have go with me is at this hour in her dwelling."

"Let me mount on the crupper behind you: I will claim nothing more."

"Men are not wont to go to battle with a woman on the crupper."

And the knight spurred on his white courser. The king's daughter wept, forever hapless. As it was very early in the morning, the sun was opening on the horizon an eye still overcast with the shadow; and the finches and the linnets, awake and twittering among the foliage, planned between them pleasure parties through the spring woods.

From an azalea bush Puck emerges, attired in two clover leaves fastened by gossamer threads, — so tiny is he, that these garments were somewhat over-large for him; as a fool's cap he

bore a hedge convolvulus, where quivered like a little bell a half-closed buttercup.

"Yolaine," said Puck, laughing merrily, "why art thou in such affliction?"

"My one love is off and away, and I cannot follow him."

"Is thy love that handsome youth in silver armor, the wings of a snowy eaglet displayed on his casque, who rides yonder on a white courser?"

"His very self. His eyes are blue as the sky, and he has locks the color of night."

Puck waved the hawthorn spray that served him for bauble.

"When it is my pleasure, Yolaine, the sluggish tortoise outruns the clouds, and the fiery stallions, slackened on a sudden, make slower headway than the beetle, which takes a whole hour to traverse a plane leaf. Yolaine, follow thy love without anxiety. Where he goes, thou shalt arrive at the same time as he."

While Puck reëntered the azalea bush, Yolaine set off on her walk; the pebbles she trod on with her tiny feet, shod with satin and pearls, said with a pleasant murmur, "Thank you, little feet of Yolaine."

III.

But the malicious Puck, who delights in these pranks, had deceived the princess. Vainly did she walk all day and all the evening: she could not rejoin the knight whose eyes were as blue as the sky. Only at midnight, along the road, she saw pass on a spectral steed a huge white ghost.

"Oh, who art thou, passing Shape?" asked Yolaine.

"I was a handsome youth with locks the color of night: now I am no longer anything. I met at the neighboring crossway the nephew of the Emperor of Golconda, my rival; we fought together and my rival slew me."

"Whither goest thou?" she rejoined.

"I go to the city, into the dwelling where my lady-love sleeps."

"Thou wilt frighten her greatly! Thinkest thou she will love thee dead, thee whom she loved not living? Come with me who have chosen thee: I will make thee a nuptial tomb of my bed; I will sleep there beside thee forever; and we will have beautiful obsequies."

"No. This night, profiting by the sleep of my lady-love, I wish to bid her adieu in her dreams; I will kiss on her slumbering lips the dream of her song."

"Give me leave at least to go with thee; let me mount on the crupper behind thee!"

"It is not the wont of ghosts to visit their lady-loves with a woman on the crupper.

And the shape vanished. The king's daughter wept, more despairing still. As it was past midnight, the melancholy moon was silvering the horizon, the fields, the road, with a snowy luster; and the finches and linnets, asleep amid the silence of the foliage, dreamed of their wild flights across the spring woods.

IV.

Puck emerged from an asphodel bush; he wore a mourning habit made of two halves of a black tulip; a little spider-web formed the weed of his fool's cap.

"Yolaine, poor Yolaine," said Puck, "why art thou in such affliction?"

"My one love is dead, and I cannot follow him."

"Is thy love that ghost who but now passed by on the road?"

"His very self. They have taken away his locks the color of night, and from regret at losing his lady-love he has wept out his eyes that were blue as the sky."

"I know herbs that restore life, and I know herbs that confer death. Find the body of thy chosen one, and I will give thee an herb that restores life."

"O Puck, thou hast deceived me! But if thou deceivest when it concerns the doing of good, thou sayest true when it concerns the doing of evil. Give me the herb that confers death."

"Take it then!" said the malicious Puck. "As soon as thou art dead thou shalt rejoin thy love, and never shall ye leave each other more."

He gave her four blades of an herb which in memory of a storied love is called Simonne; then Puck reëntered the asphodel bush, and Yolaine put the herb to her lips and died without a pang.

V.

But Puck had this time too deceived the princess. As the soul of Yolaine ascended toward heaven, she saw a soul that descended toward hell. By the glimmer of a star, she recognized the soul of the handsome youth.

"Where goest thou, soul of my only beloved?"

"Alas! alas! I spoke of love to my lady-love in her dreams, and my dead kisses have lightly touched her mouth, like a black butterfly that quivers on a rose. I am damned, and I go down to hell."

"Dost thou wish that I follow thee—I who have died to see thee again? I will solace thee in thy torments, I will lift thee up in thy swoons, I will love thee to all eternity. My love shall be the source of calm and of resignation offered to the lips of thy grief. Dost thou wish that I follow thee?"

"No, the memory of my lady-love alone must go with me."

And the soul of the handsome youth was lost in the shades, while the soul of the maiden arose, alas! toward that abominable Paradise! During this time, Puck, satisfied with the success of his stratagems, prepared in the moss of an oak, with interwoven twigs, snares to entrap the awakening lady-birds.



M. PIGEONNEAU.

By ANATOLE FRANCE.

(Translated for this work.)

[JACQUES ANATOLE THIÉBAULT, adopted name ANATOLE FRANCE, one of the foremost critics and stylists of France, was born at Paris in 1844, a bookseller's son. He was educated at Stanislaus College, and early devoted himself to letters. In 1876 he was given a place in the Senate library, and wrote for several journals, finally replacing Jules Claretie as literary reviewer of the *Temps*. Besides poems, collections of reviews, and biographical studies, including considerable ones on Alfred de Vigny and Lucile de Chateaubriand, he has published the stories and novels, "Jocasta and the Lean Cat" (1879), a jest, "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" (1881), by which he is still best known, "The Yule Log" (1881), "Jean Servien's Wishes" (1882); and of other works, "The Bee" (1883), "My Friend's Book" (1885), "Our Children" (1886), "Balthazar" (1889), "Thaïs" (1890), "Opinions of the Abbé Jérôme Coignard" (1893), etc.]

As you know, I have devoted my entire life to Egyptian archæology. I should be most ungrateful to my country, to

science, and to myself, did I regret having been called in my youth to the vocation I have pursued with honor during forty years. My labors have not been sterile. I may say without self-adulation, that my "Monograph on an Egyptian Mirror Handle in the Louvre Museum" can still be consulted with profit, although it dates from my beginnings. As to the quite voluminous study which I subsequently devoted to one of those bronze feet found in 1851 among the excavations at the Serapeum, it would be ill grace in me not to think some good of it, since it opened the doors of the Institute for me.

Encouraged by the flattering welcome which my researches in this department had received from many of my new colleagues, I was tempted for a moment to embrace in one harmonious work the weights and measures in use at Alexandria under the reign of Ptolemy Auletes (80-52). But I soon recognized that so general a subject could not be treated by a real scholar, and that serious science could not without compromising itself embark in all sorts of adventures. I felt that in considering many objects at a time, I was departing from the fundamental principles of archæology. If I confess my error to-day, if I avow the inconceivable enthusiasm which inspired me with a conception altogether inordinate, I do so in the interest of the young, who will learn from my example to master the imagination. It is our cruelest enemy. Every savant who has not succeeded in stifling it is forever lost to erudition. I tremble still at the thought of the gulfs into which my adventurous spirit was about to precipitate me. I was within a hair's breadth of what is called history. What a downfall! I was about to descend into art. For history is only an art, or at most a false science. Who does not know to-day that historians have preceded archæologists, as astrologers preceded astronomers, as the alchemists preceded the chemists, as monkeys preceded man? Thank God! I was kept clear of it by terror.

My third work, I hasten to say, was wisely conceived. It was a paper entitled "On the Toilette of an Egyptian Lady in the Middle Empire, after an Unpublished Painting." I treated the subject in such a fashion as not to wander. I did not introduce a single general idea. I guarded myself from those considerations, those relationships, and those views by which certain of my colleagues spoil the exposition of the finest discoveries. Why must so sound a work have a destiny so bizarre?

By what caprice of fate was it to be the cause of the most egregious strayings of my mind? But let us not anticipate facts nor confuse dates. My treatise was designed to be read at a public session of five academies, an honor the more precious that it rarely happens to productions of such a character. These academic reunions have been largely attended for some years by society people.

The day I read my paper, the hall was flooded by a select public. Women were there in great number. Handsome faces and elegant toilettes shone in the galleries. My reading was listened to with respect. It was not interrupted by those thoughtless and noisy manifestations which literary pieces naturally arouse. No ; the public preserved an attitude better in harmony with the nature of the work presented to it. It showed itself serious and grave.

As, the better to dissociate the thoughts, I paused between the sentences, I had leisure to examine the entire hall attentively above my glasses. I can aver that no frivolous smiles were to be seen playing around lips. Far from it ! The freshest countenances wore an austere expression. It seemed as if I had matured all those minds by enchantment. Here and there, while I read, young men whispered in their lady companions' ears. They were doubtless conversing on some special point treated in my paper.

More yet ! a handsome female of twenty-two to twenty-four, seated at the left angle of the North Gallery, was listening intently and taking notes. Her visage presented a delicacy of features and a mobility of expression truly remarkable. The attention she paid to my words added a charm to her singular physiognomy. She was not alone. A tall and robust man, wearing like the Assyrian kings a long curled beard and long black hair, remained near her, and from time to time addressed her a word in a low voice. My attention, shared at first between all my public, concentrated itself little by little on this young woman. She inspired in me, I confess, an interest which certain of my colleagues might consider unworthy of the scientific character which is mine ; but I affirm that they would have been no more indifferent than I had they found themselves at a like entertainment. She kept pace with my speech by scribbling in a small pocket-book ; she visibly passed, in listening to my monograph, through most contradictory feelings, from satisfaction and pleasure to surprise and even uneasi-

ness. I examined her with a growing curiosity. Would God I had looked at no one but her, that day, under the cupola !

I had almost finished ; only twenty-five or thirty pages more remained for me to read, when all at once my eyes met those of the man with the Assyrian beard. How can I explain to you what then passed, since I can make nothing of it myself ? All I can say is, that the gaze of that personage threw me instantly into an inconceivable disturbance. The pupils which regarded me were fixed and greenish. I could not turn away mine. I remained mute, my face upturned. As I kept silence they applauded. The hush settled down once more, and I attempted to resume my reading. But despite my most violent efforts, I could not succeed in tearing my gaze from those two vivid luminaries to which it was mysteriously riveted. That was not all. By a phenomenon more inconceivable still, I threw myself, contrary to the habit of my life, into an improvisation. God knows whether it was involuntary ! Under the influence of a strange, unknown, irresistible force, I detailed with elegance and ardor philosophic considerations on the toilette of women through the ages ; I generalized, I poetized, I talked — God forgive me ! — of the eternal feminine, and of desire straying like a zephyr about the perfumed veils with which woman knows how to apparel her beauty.

The man with the Assyrian beard did not cease to regard me fixedly. And I kept talking. At last he lowered his eyes, and I stopped. It is painful to add that this fragment, as foreign to my own inspiration as contrary to the scientific spirit, was covered with enthusiastic applauses. The young woman of the North Gallery clapped her hands and smiled.

I was succeeded at the desk by a member of the French Academy, visibly annoyed to have to be listened to after me. His fears were perhaps exaggerated. The paper he read was listened to without undue impatience. I even thought I recognized that it was in verse.

The session having closed, I left the hall in company of many of my brethren, who renewed their congratulations to me with a sincerity I am willing to credit.

Stopping for a moment on the quay, near the Creuzot lions, to exchange some hand-shakes, I saw the man with the Assyrian beard and his fair companion enter a coupé. I was just then, as it chanced, beside an eloquent philosopher who is said to be as well versed in worldly elegances as in cosmic theories.

The young woman, putting her fine head and her delicate hand out of the carriage door, called him by name, and said to him with a slight English accent : —

“Dearest friend, you forgot me — that isn’t right ! ”

When the coupé had driven off, I asked of my illustrious confrère who this charming person and her companion were.

“What ! ” he answered, “you don’t know Miss Morgan and her physician, Daoud, who treats all maladies by magnetism, hypnotism, and suggestion ? Annie Morgan is the daughter of the richest merchant in Chicago. She came to Paris with her mother two years ago, and has had a wonderful mansion built on Empress Avenue. She is a very instructed person, and of a remarkable intelligence.”

“You do not surprise me,” I answered. “I have already some reason to believe that that American girl is of very serious mind.”

My brilliant comrade smiled as he pressed my hand.

On foot I regained Rue St. Jacques, where I have lived for thirty years, in a modest apartment from whose height I discover the summits of the Luxembourg trees, and seated myself at my desk.

I remained there three days hard at work, facing a statuette representing the goddess Pasht with her cat head. This little monument bears an inscription wrongly read by M. Grebault. I prepared a correct reading of it, with a commentary. My affair at the Institute left an impression less vivid than might have been feared. I was not overmuch troubled by it. To tell the truth, I had even forgotten it in a measure, and it took new incidents to revive its memory.

I had, then, leisure for three days to put my version and my commentary in good shape. I only interrupted my archæological labors to read the papers, all full of my praises. The sheets most foreign to erudition spoke with eulogium of the “charming morceau ” which terminated my paper. “It is a revelation,” they said, “and M. Pigeonneau has husbanded the most agreeable surprise for us.” I do not know why I report trifles like these, for I remain altogether indifferent to what is said of me in the press.

Now, I had been shut up in my room for three days when a ring at the bell made me start. The tug given to the bell-rope had something imperious, fantastic, and inscrutable in it, which disturbed me ; and it was with genuine anxiety that I

went myself to open the door. Whom did I find on the landing? The American girl but lately so attentive to the reading of my monograph, Miss Morgan in person.

"M. Pigeonneau?"

"Myself."

"I recognize you perfectly, though you have not your handsome coat with the green palms.¹ But thanks, don't go and put it on for me. I like you much better in your dressing-gown."

I took her into my study. She cast a curious look on the papyri, the impressions, and the figure decorations of every kind with which it was hung to the ceiling; then she gazed for some time in silence at the goddess Pasht, who was on my table. Finally, —

"She is charming," said she.

"Were you speaking, madame, of this little monument? She really presents a very singular epigraphic peculiarity. She has a cat face of exquisite delicacy. But may I know what has procured me the honor of your visit?"

"Oh," she answered, "I despise epigraphic peculiarities. You don't suspect she may be a true goddess, do you, M. Pigeonneau?"

I defended myself against this injurious suspicion.

"Such a belief," I said, "would be fetishism."

She looked at me with surprise in her large green orbs.

"Oh, then you are not a fetishist! How can Pasht interest you if you don't believe she is a goddess? But no matter about that. I have come to see you, M. Pigeonneau, on a very important matter."

"Very important?"

"Yes; about a costume. Look at me."

"With pleasure."

"Don't you find that I have in my profile certain characters of the Cushite race?"

I knew not what to answer. Such a conversation was altogether outside my wont. She resumed: —

"Oh, that is not astonishing. I recall that I was an Egyptian. And you, M. Pigeonneau, were you an Egyptian? You don't remember? That is strange. You do not doubt, at least, that we pass through a series of successive incarnations?"

¹ The Academicians, in their official meetings, wear coats with palms embroidered on them. The pupils of the Superior Normal School have also a uniform coat with two palms embroidered on the collar.

"I do not know, mademoiselle."

"You surprise me, M. Pigeonneau."

"Will you advise me, mademoiselle, to what I owe this honor?"

"That is true, I have not yet told you that I came to ask your aid in composing an Egyptian costume for the costume ball of the Countess N——. I want one of exact accuracy and stupefying beauty. I have already worked a great deal at it, M. Pigeonneau. I have ransacked my memory, for I remember very well that I lived in Thebes six thousand years ago. I have had designs drawn in London, Boulak, and New York."

"That is surer."

"No! Nothing is surer than interior revelation. I have studied also the Egyptian museum of the Louvre. It is full of ravishing things. Forms pure and slender, profiles of a delicate sharpness, women who have the look of flowers, with an indefinable something at once stiff and supple. And a god Bès that resembles Sarcey! Gracious, how nice it all is!"

"Mademoiselle, I still do not know very well —"

"That is not all. I went to hear your paper on the toilette of a woman of the first empire, and I took notes. That paper of yours was rather tough. But I dug at it hard. With all these documents I have composed a costume. It is not exactly right yet; I have come to beg you to correct it for me. Come to my house to-morrow, dear sir. Do this for the love of Egypt. Agreed, then. Till to-morrow. I must leave you abruptly: mamma is waiting for me in the carriage."

While uttering these last words, she had hastened away. I followed her. When I gained the antechamber, she was already at the base of the stairway, whence a clear voice arose:—

"To-morrow! Avenue Bois de Boulogne, corner of the Villa Saïd."

"I will not go to this madwoman's," I said to myself.

On the morrow, at four, I rang at the door of her dwelling. A lackey showed me into an immense glazed hall, where were collected pictures, statues of marble and bronze, sedan chairs in Martin varnish, covered with porcelains, Peruvian mummies, and a dozen mannikins of men and horses clad in armor, who dominated with their tall stature a Polish knight bearing white

wings on his back, and a French knight in tourney costume, his casque surmounted by a woman's head with a *hennin* [high conical headdress], painted and veiled. A whole grove of palm trees in boxes rose in that hall, in the midst of which sat a gigantic golden Buddha. At the foot of the god an old woman, sordidly dressed, was reading her Bible. I was still dazzled by so many wonders when Mademoiselle Morgan, lifting a portière of purple cloth, appeared in white house-gown, trimmed with swan. She advanced toward me. Two great coach-dogs with long muzzles followed her.

"I was quite sure you would come, M. Pigeonneau."

I faltered out a compliment:—

"How can I refuse so charming a person?"

"Oh, it isn't because I am pretty that people can refuse me nothing. But I have secrets to get myself obeyed."

Then, pointing out to me the old lady who was reading the Bible:—

"Don't pay any attention to her; it's mamma. I shall not present you. If you spoke to her, she would not answer you. She is of a religious sect which interdicts vain words. It is a sect of the latest novelty. Its adherents dress themselves in a bag and eat out of wooden porringers. Mamma finds a great deal of pleasure in these practices. But you can imagine that I have not had you come here to talk to you about mamma. I will put on my Egyptian costume. It won't take long. Look at these little things meantime."

And she made me sit down before a press which contained a mummy coffin, many statuettes of the middle empire, scarabæi, and some fragments of a fine funerary ritual.

Left alone, I examined this papyrus with the more interest that it bears a name I have already read on a seal. It is the name of a scribe of King Seti I. I at once set to work to note down various interesting peculiarities of the document. I had been plunged in this work for a time I cannot measure with exactitude, when I was warned by a sort of instinct that some one was standing behind me. I turned around and saw a marvelous creature, with a golden hawk on her head, and encased in a tight bodice, entirely white, that revealed the chaste and adorable youth of her person. Over this bodice a light pink tunic, clasped to her figure by a jeweled girdle, descended wanderingly and made symmetrical folds. Her arms and feet were bare and loaded with rings.

She showed her front view to me, turning her head over her right shoulder with a hieratic attitude which gave to her delicious beauty a something divine.

"What!" I exclaimed, "is it you, Miss Morgan?"

"Unless it is Neferou-Ra in person. You know the Neferou-Ra of Leconte de Lisle, the beauty of the Sun?"

"Here languishing upon her virginal bed
All pale she lies, enwrapped in tissues fine."

But no, you don't know her! you don't know poetry. That poetry is pretty, though! — Come, let's get to work."

Mastering my emotion, I made a few remarks to that charming person upon her ravishing costume. I ventured to contest several details as departing from archæologic exactitude. I proposed to replace in the rings certain of the stones by others of more regular use in the middle empire. Lastly, I opposed myself *in toto* to the retention of a clasp in cloisonné enamel. The truth is, this jewel constituted an odious anachronism. We agreed to substitute for it a plaque of precious stones inserted in thin gold sockets. She listened to me with extreme docility, and showed herself satisfied with me to the point of inviting me to dinner. I excused myself on the ground of regularity of habits and frugality of regimen, and took leave.

I was already in the antechamber when she called out to me: —

"Well, isn't my costume neat? Shan't I make the other women sick at the Countess N——'s ball?"

I was shocked at such a speech. But turning toward her, I saw her again, and again fell under her charm.

She recalled me.

"M. Pigeonneau, you are an amiable man. Write me a little story, and I will love you a lot, a lot, a lot."

"I should not know how," I responded.

She shrugged her lovely shoulders, and exclaimed: —

"Then what use is science if you can't write stories with it? You will write me a story, M. Pigeonneau."

Not judging it useful to renew my absolute refusal, I retired without making any answer.

At the door I passed the man with the Assyrian beard, Doctor Daoud, whose gaze had so curiously disturbed me under the dome of the Institute. He gave me the impression

of one of the vulgarest of men, and the encounter was painful to me.

The Countess N——'s ball took place about a fortnight after my visit. I was not surprised to read in the papers that the beautiful Miss Morgan had made a sensation in the costume of Neferou-Ra.

I heard no more talk of her during the rest of the year 1886. But the first day of the new year, while I was writing in my study, a servant brought me a letter and a basket.

"From Miss Morgan," he told me.

And he withdrew.

The basket was placed on my table, and a miauling came out of it. I opened it; a little gray cat leapt out.

It was not an angora. It was a cat of an Oriental species more slender than ours, and much resembling, as well as I could judge, those of its congeners whose mummies are found in such great number in the hypogea of Thebes, wrapped in heavy bands. It shook itself, looked around it, arched its back high, yawned, then rubbed itself purring against the goddess Pasht, who erected on my table her pure face and her delicate nose. Although of somber color and shaven pelt, it was graceful. It seemed intelligent, and showed itself as little wild as possible. I could not imagine the reasons for such a bizarre present. Miss Morgan's letter did not shed much light on this matter. It ran thus: —

"DEAR SIR, — I send you a little cat which Doctor Daoud brought from Egypt and which I love a great deal. Treat it well for love of me. Baudelaire, the greatest French poet next to Stephen Mallarmé, has said: —

"The fervent lover and the sage austere
Have equal fondness, in their riper day,
For the soft sinewy cat, the household cheer,
Chilly and sedentary just as they."

"I need not recall to you that you *owe* me a story. You will bring it to me on Twelfth Night. We will dine together.

"ANNIE MORGAN.

"P.S. — Your little cat is named Porou."

After reading this letter, I looked at Porou, who, standing on his hind legs, was licking the black nose of Pasht, his divine

sister. He looked at me ; and I should say that, of the two, it was not he that was the more astonished.

I asked within myself : —

“What does this mean?”

But I soon relinquished any understanding of it. “It is a nice thing,” I said to myself, “for me to be searching for sense in the whims of a young madcap. To work. As to this little animal, Madame Magloire, my housekeeper, will provide for its needs.” I settled myself to a chronological work the more interesting to me that I somewhat mishandle in it my eminent confrère, M. Maspero. Porou did not quit my table. Seated on his haunches, his ears pricked up, he watched me write. Incredible thing, I did nothing of worth that day. My ideas were clouded ; there came into my mind scraps of songs and fragments of fairy tales. I went to bed very ill satisfied with myself. The next morning I once more found Porou seated on my table, licking his paw. This day again I worked ill ; Porou and I passed the chief hours of sunlight gazing at each other. The morrow went past in the same way, and the day after that ; in brief, the whole week. I ought to have felt afflicted ; but I must confess that little by little I took my misfortune with patience, and even with gayety. The rapidity with which an honest man grows depraved is something appalling. On Epiphany Sunday I rose most joyously and hurried to my table, where Porou according to his wont had preceded me. I took a quire of handsome white paper, dipped my pen in the ink, and wrote in large letters, under the gaze of my new friend : “Mischances of a One-eyed Porter.” Then, without my eyes quitting Porou’s regard, I wrote all day, with a prodigious rapidity, a narrative of adventures so marvelous, so pleasant, so varied, that I was myself enraptured with it. My one-eyed street-porter mistook parcels and committed the most comical blunders. Lovers placed in a critical situation received from him, without its being suspected, unforeseen assistance. He transported clothes-presses with men hidden inside, and these, introduced into a new domicile, frightened the old ladies. But how analyze so merry a tale? Twenty times I burst out laughing while writing it. If Porou did not himself laugh, his grave aspect was as pleasing as the most hilarious of visages. It was seven in the evening when I traced the last line of that agreeable work. Since one o’clock the room had been lighted only by the phosphorescent eyes of

Porou. I had written as easily in the dimness as I could have done by the beams of a good lamp. My tale once ended, I dressed; I put on my black coat and my white tie, and then, taking leave of Porou, rapidly descended the stairway and hastened into the street. I had not gone twenty steps there when I felt myself seized by the sleeve.

"Come, uncle, where are you hurrying to like a sleep-walker?"

It was my nephew Marcel who interrogated me in this way; an honest and intelligent man, interne at the Salpêtrière. They say he will make a success in medicine. And really he has a good enough mind, if he will distrust his capricious imagination more.

"Why," I replied, "I am going to take a story of my own composition to Miss Morgan."

"What, uncle! do you write stories, and do you know Miss Morgan? She is very pretty. Do you know Doctor Daoud too, who follows her everywhere?"

"An empiric, a charlatan!"

"Very likely, uncle, but most certainly an extraordinary experimenter. Neither Bernheim, nor Liegeois, nor Charcot himself, have obtained the phenomena which he produces at will. He produces hypnotism and suggestion without contact, without direct action, through the intermediacy of an animal. He generally uses little cats with shaven hides for his experiments. This is how he goes to work: he suggests a certain act to a cat, and then sends the animal in a basket to the subject he wishes to act on. The animal transmits the suggestion he has received, and the victim, under the influence of the animal, performs what the operator has ordered."

"Truly, nephew?"

"Truly, uncle."

"And what is Miss Morgan's part in these fine experiments?"

"Miss Morgan, uncle, makes Daoud work to her profit, and uses hypnotism and suggestion to lead people to commit follies, as if her beauty were not enough for that."

I heard no more. An irresistible force was drawing me toward Miss Morgan.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GERMANY.

By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

(Translated for this work.)

[CHARLES VICTOR CHERBULIEZ, leading French critic and novelist, son of a noted classical professor at Geneva, Switzerland, was born there in 1829, descended from a Protestant refugee family. He studied at the home university, then in Paris, then at Bonn and Berlin in philosophy and history. In 1880 he was naturalized a Frenchman, and in 1881 became a member of the Academy. The first work which gave him distinction was "Apropos of a Horse, Athenian Causeries," an archæological fantasy (1860), republished as "A Horse of Phidias"; he then began a series of novels which have given him his chief fame, — a somewhat ironical result, since as a novelist he is thin, mechanical, and melodramatic, in a word *pour passer le temps*, while as a critic he is full of charm and matter, at least when reviewing, with a keen eye for salience both of fact and phrase. His novels are: "Count Kostia," 1863; "Prince Vitale," 1864; "Paul Méré," 1864; "Romance of an Honest Woman," 1866; "The Great Work," 1867; "Prosper Randoce," 1868; "Adventures of Ladislav Bolski," 1869; "Joseph Noirel's Revenge," 1872; "Meta Holdenis," 1873; "Miss Rovel," 1875; "Mlle. de St. Maur's Fiancé," 1876; "Samuel Brohl & Co.," 1877; "Jean Teterol's Idea," 1878; "Fragile Loves," 1880; "Black and Red" (translated as "Saints and Sinners"), 1881; "Choquart Farin," 1883; "The Beast," 1887; "The Vocation of Count Ghislain," 1888; "A Wager," 1890. But to appreciate him best, one should read his collected reviews and magazine papers, very many of them for many years written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* under the name of "G. Valbert." These are in the main "Studies in Literature and Art," 1873; "Political Germany," 1870; "Political Spain," 1874; "Men and Things of Germany," 1877; "Men and Things of Present Times," 1883; "Foreign Profiles" (from which the review below is taken), 1889; "Art and Nature," 1892. "Samuel Brohl & Co." and "Ladislav Bolski" were successfully dramatized; it would seem that more of the novels might have been, as they are essentially collections of melodramatic tableaux.]

BARTHOLOMEW SASTROW — born at Greifswald August 21, 1520, elected burgomaster of Stralsund in 1578, died February 7, 1603 — has left interesting memoirs in which the Germany of the sixteenth century lives again. Published for the first time at Greifswald in 1823, reëdited later at Halle, they have been translated into French and annotated by a man of great merit, torn too early from his numerous friends — M. Edward Fick, one of the managers of the Jules Guillaume Fick printing-house, whose beautiful and curious publications do honor to Genevese typography. These two volumes, printed in 1886, put on sale in February 1888, deserve to be recommended to lovers of handsome books and to all who are inter-

ested in recitals of the past. Bartholomew Sastrow knew how to write; in general his humor was acrid, but this Pomeranian had his hours of sarcastic sportiveness. He has represented himself nakedly, without flattery. You fancy yourself seeing one of those rough-hewn and rugous-hided burghers whom Holbein's pencil has rendered immortal. If grace and softness fail them, the hardness of their visages is mitigated by a certain joy in living, in existing. They seem to be saying, "We do not pride ourselves on being handsome; but whether you think us well or ill made, we are what we are, and it is not given to everybody to be somebody, and be able to say, 'This is I.'"

Sastrow had various reasons for writing his memoirs. He had many enemies, who accused him of having arrived at Stralsund poor and having pillaged the city, and abused official rights to fill his own pockets. He resolved to prove to his son John, the doctor, to his two daughters, Catherine and Amnistia, and his two sons-in-law, Gottschalk and Clericke, that the origin of his fortune was pure, and that he had painfully enriched himself by his labor, by a severe economy, by shunning taverns, and only at long intervals figuring at weddings and banquets. "It is thanks to my prudence," he told them, "it is by granting myself at the outside some favorite dish, washed down with a good bumper, that I have gained enough ease to make the devil and his acolytes burst with envy." He had it also at heart to persuade them that modesty, a certain deportment, are the best means to success. He had known poverty, traversed black ravines, and had learned to curb his pride, his impetuous and violent nature.

It is related that his son the doctor having drawn his sword one day in full council, he cried out to him, "Johannes, modest, modest!" He incessantly recalls to his children that the God of justice banishes the proud from his realm, "that the haughty who exalt the horn too high, those who think themselves members of the Trinity which rules the universe, and follow no other law than their own good pleasure, always end badly." Witness the famous burgomaster Wulf Wulflam, reputed the richest man in Pomerania, and who ruined himself by his magnificence. The widow of this great personage was of so overweening a spirit that on her second marriage, she had the prince's musicians come from Stettin, and walked from her house to the church on a carpet of English cloth. "For her very wardrobe," adds Sastrow, "she used only the finest Riga

flax." So much vanity drew the vengeance of heaven upon her: she was reduced to mendicancy. Of all her vanished splendor, she preserved only a silver bowl to beg from door to door, and said, "Give charity to the poor rich woman." One day she prayed one of her old servants for a piece of linen to make her a chemise and a collarette. Moved with compassion, the servant sent her away with full hands, saying to her, "Look, madame, this linen I give you comes from the flax you used for your wardrobe, and which I have carefully gathered up, cleaned, and spun."

Sastrow was very glad also to leave his descendants the story of his adventures, the small and great events in which he had been mixed up. Before becoming a burgomaster, he had traveled, journeyed through the world, passed two years at Spires, —the seat of the Imperial Chamber, capital of the German Corporation of Jurists,—and several weeks in the Rome of Paul III. Later, delicate missions were confided to him, and furnished occasion to traverse all Germany more than once. He had seen the famous field of battle of Muhlberg, the ostentatious Diet of Augsburg, Charles V., King Ferdinand, the Duke of Alva, Lord Granvelle, all the princes and electors of the empire; and he had had the honor of drinking with the greatest drinker of his time, Duke Frederick of Liegnitz, whom Charles V. reproached with making German drunkenness a spectacle for the Spaniards. This intrepid emptier of jugs and casks was very learned, and loved to descant; the instant after he would tumble on the floor, and his gentlemen carried him out. Two students, returning home, stop at Liegnitz to dine, and strike up a song. The duke, who is half-seas over, has them seized, taken out of the city, and decapitated. The next morning, before beginning to drink, he goes for a horseback ride with his councillors; arrived at the place of execution, he sees the blood and inquires about it. They tell him that the evening before he has condemned two students to death. Greatly astonished, he asks, "Why, what had they done?"

Sastrow had good eyes. He describes for us with equal minuteness the white coach sent by the Duke of Mantua to his fiancée, and in which silver everywhere replaced iron, the four white nags which drew it, and "whose rumps were adorned with three silver rings," the coachman dressed in white silk who drove them, and shortly afterward scenes of blood and

murder, pikemen dying of their wounds along the roads, corpses of peasants with a band of dogs quarreling over their entrails, Hungarian horse-troopers who cut off children's feet and hands and wore them in their hats by way of plumes, Spaniards in Württemberg using loaves of rye-bread for the most disgusting purposes, women and girls undergoing the last outrages, men tortured to make them tell where they had hidden their treasure.

He does not stop long to groan over these horrors. Hard to himself and hard to others, he is of his age, which took no pride in the possession of feeling hearts. After journeying along roads littered with corpses, fortune smiles on him and he junks: "We halted in a village in the midst of rich meadows. There was a fine mansion there belonging to a gentleman; and in the court, on a wagon, two casks of an exquisite wine. Capons, cranes, pheasants, were running all about. What a massacre! and how quickly we had all that poultry plucked and roasted! The sight of our abundance attracted the Duke of Liegnitz; we invited him." And at the risk of scandalizing Catherine and Amnistia, he adds that two harlots in magnificent silk gowns kept them company, and that he had only to abandon himself to their complaisance. But if he set some store by courtesans, this bourgeois, proud of being a bourgeois, does not let himself be dazzled by the majesty of the great of the earth. He looked princes in the eyes, judged them, and did not care to envy them. He was present when, June 24, 1547, Charles V. left Naumburg to betake himself to the place of assemblage. A shower having come up, he saw him hurriedly throw back his cloak and hide his velvet cap under it. "Poor man," he cries, "who spent tons of gold for his wars, and received the rain bareheaded, afraid of spoiling his clothes!"

Sastrow was no precision in the matter of morals, but he was so in matter of doctrine. A fanatical Lutheran, he had a holy horror of priests, whom he considered seducers, debauchees, and drunkards. There were then in Germany disciples of Erasmus whom theological disputes caused some disgust, and who thought that with a little pliancy people could manage, and that the coming Council would find terms of accommodation. Sastrow knew some of them, among others a provost of the chapter of Spire, a man of good breeding, who lived on chicken soup, but kept open table and feasted his circle. He loved to hear his convives dispute, some holding for Luther and others

for the Pope. At the moment of closing the debate, he confessed with great cheerfulness that he had read Terence oftener than the Epistle to the Romans. Sastrow liked this provost but scantily; he liked still less that bishop of Wurtzburg who said: "I bless Heaven for not having read St. Paul: that has kept me from becoming a heretic." He liked neither the easy-going people who wished to conciliate everything, nor the humanists, nor the lukewarm; and he reproached Melanchthon himself for putting too much water in his wine. He made it his duty not to compromise in anything. The majority of sixteenth-century people considered tolerance as criminal weakness; but they prepared its reign by putting intolerance into the service of particular opinions.

By a contradiction odd though common enough, Sastrow was as conservative in politics as he was revolutionary in religion. He clung to the old usages, the old customs, the old morals, the ancient laws; and if he refused to obey the Pope, it was because in his view the Pope was an intruder. By so much as he detested "the Papist monkery," he abhorred the anabaptists, the illuminés, the tribunes of every sort, "their disorderly gang, and all the men who have thirty-six cats in their bodies." There was at that time, in Stralsund and the other cities, a very lively radical party, which rebelled against the legitimate authorities, courted the populace, and urged it into violent undertakings, promising it wonderful things. Sastrow considered these radicals the slaves and props of Satan.

One of the most famous was Marx Meyer, the great demagogue of Lübeck, who, assisted by the burgomaster Wullenweber, decided the Hansa to go to war with Duke Christian of Holstein and conquer Denmark. He was a former blacksmith who had got himself armed as a knight in England. A very handsome fellow, holding his head high, he had costly horses and numerous servants, and all the women fell in love with him. One of the greatest ladies of Hamburg wrote to him: "My dear Marx, after you have visited all the chapels, come just for once to the cathedral." The Danes cut off his head in 1536. Sastrow remarks in this connection that people of low birth keep no measure in prosperity, and deserve their disgraces. He recommends his children to make no engagements with the seditious. Whether Pilate or Caiaphas governs, no matter! For the safety

of their souls and the good of their bodies, honest citizens ought always to submit to authority.

This man, who set down the people of low birth so hard in their place, belonged himself to a race of enfranchised villeins. His grandfather, Johann Sastrow, having gained from his lord a quittance of his serfage, had acquired the citizenship of Greifswald. Bartholomew's father had received some education ; he had been sent to Antwerp and Amsterdam to learn trade. As a consequence of a tragic event in which he killed his man, he emigrated from Greifswald to Stralsund. Soon he had a house of his own, and a well-patronized shop ; and he was called the rich man of the Channel Street. But a few years and a heavy failure sufficed to overthrow his credit and compromise the happiness of his family.

The men of his time had the spirit of litigation. In politics and in religion, as in their private affairs, they were up in arms for their rights, and readily sacrificed their interests to the zeal of being in the right ; it was at once their glory and their misfortune. Bartholomew Sastrow's father was of this race. His son reproaches him with not having been able to comprehend that in this world, as old Hesiod says, half is often worth more than the whole. Sharpers having abused his confidence, despite all remonstrances he swore to have justice. Not gaining his cause, he appealed it to the council at Stralsund, then to that at Lübeck ; and from appeal to appeal, the affair was carried before the Imperial Chamber at Spire, which having taken its time, pronounced that in the first instance the suit had been well decided and ill appealed, and in the second instance well appealed and ill decided. Fearing to lose his last sou, the endless litigator finished by compromising. They owed him nearly two thousand florins, and he recovered one thousand ; he had spent much more.

This unfortunate and very costly lawsuit, which lasted thirty-four years, determined Bartholomew's lot. Breaking off his studies with regret, he was obliged, by his father's order, to leave Pomerania and betake himself to Spire, in order to solicit the judges and stimulate the zeal of the advocates. He there made the acquaintance of the German attorneys, who much resembled Rabelais' furred cats. "They are past masters in trickery," said a cunning old doctor to him on his arrival. "If you wish to plead at Spire, Pomeranian, you must furnish

yourself with three bags : one for money, one for documents, the third for patience. In the course of the suit, you will see your purse flatten out, your documents swell, and your patience flee." But by force of haunting the legal corporation, he acquired a taste for the business. As a beginning, he became a copyist, a scribe ; in 1544, he was created notary by imperial diploma.

It was at Spires that he saw for the first time the red beard of Charles V., who was back from Italy making arrangements to march against the Duke of Juliers. He was witness of an incident which gave the mighty emperor a chance to show his character and how he understood clemency. This master of the world, who had so much business on hand that he could not suffice for the task, and died of fatigue at fifty-eight, this great statesman condemned to govern at once the kingdoms of Aragon, Naples, and Sicily, Castile and America, Franche-Comté and the Low Countries, Bohemia, Hungary, and Germany, had early forsworn doing all he wished, and contented himself with half of it. His happiest enterprises were terminated by arrangements, his whole life was a miscalculation. In his everyday relations with men, he kept also to halfway houses : if he was never as cruel as his son, he was never more than half generous.

As he was going out of Spires, he urged his horse against a carter whose pace was too slow for him. The Swabian, who did not know the illustrious personage, made a grimace and shrugged his shoulders. A violent blow of a cane recalled him to order, and the rustic at once discharged on the monarch's head a hail of whip-strokes, ejaculating, "Lightning strike you, you Spanish guttersnipe !" He was seized, and the emperor ordered him to be hung with short shrift. But the German colonels spun out the preliminaries, to give his anger time to cool ; he supposed the man was hanged, when they represented to him the poor fellow's ignorance, the reasons the Swabians had for not loving the Spaniards, the honor that great sovereigns do themselves in pardoning transgressors. Yielding to the colonels' beseechings, he extended mercy to the carman ; but he decided that in memory of the attempt, his nose should be cut off : "They cut it close to his face," Sastrow tells us. "He submitted to the operation with a good grace, and sang the praises of the emperor all his life. For a long time he trucked on the roads between the Rhine and the Danube. Many times did chance

bring me into contact with him at the taverns ; I asked him in presence of other travelers by what accident he lost his nose, and if he had left it with the French. ‘Oh, no indeed!’ he answered ; and with a laughing air he told his adventure, heaping benedictions on his Imperial Majesty.”

To live, and provide for the expenses of his apprenticeship as scribe, Bartholomew Sastrow, who received nothing more from his parents, had to engage as domestic servant to an attorney. He set the table, swept out, emptied the slops, went to market with basket on arm, pumped water for the lye ; when the pump was broken, he discharged the office of plumber. According to the ideas of the time, there was nothing demeaning in this. As recalled by the author [Abel Lefranc] of a very curious book, full of information on the youth of Calvin, there were then in all colleges domestics admitted to follow the lectures in exchange for their services, and among them some great scholars, including Ramus. But all servitudes are not equally hard, and all masters are not alike. Attorney Engelhardt, into whose house Sastrow entered, had for wife a vixen as avaricious as shrewish. She bewailed her life to her husband, snatched the glass from his hands, and fed her whole household on clear soup and oatmeal porridge. The goblets into which she poured the beer and the wine held about as much as a pigeon’s cup. On the other hand, they had all the water they wanted.

The picture Sastrow draws of this cramped and offensive interior would make no bad figure in a chapter of “Gil Blas.” What helped to give him patience was, that he flattered himself with leaving this lean establishment rich. He engrossed without relaxation, and drew up many petitions to the emperor or the princes for the Jews of Swabia and the Palatinate, who paid richly : “Our master allowed us to do it, my companion in servitude and me. He knew that we were in no humor to toil for nothing. Spurred on by the hope of gain, we encroached even on our sleep. We had also the tips from clients in exchange for promises of not neglecting their business. These receipts were emptied into a solid iron box, screwed to the study window ; Doctor Engelhardt kept the key. Our computation made the treasure mount up to a hundred crowns at least. What joy to share it ! Well, when he found we were to leave him, the attorney came to the study, opened the box in our

presence, and emptied it. Oh! the delightful collection of crowns, of florins, of batzen, of groschen, of Schreckenbergs pieces, and other fine moneys, as well German as foreign! M. Engelhardt gave me a crown, a second to my comrade, and pocketed the rest. Stupefied, dismayed, astounded, we saw him depart with the fruit of our vigils and our sweat."

After saying adieu to this attorney, he passed some weeks at Pforzheim, in the Margrave Ernest's chancellery — another stingy house, and the chancellor was more morose than the doctors in law. Erasures filled him with horror. It was in vain to scratch them out so cleanly that they were invisible; at full noon he would light a candle, pass the vellum document before the flame, discover the defect, and tear it up. Sastrow very soon left this cross-grained chancellor, and set out for Worms. He there came to hunger, thirst, dire poverty. The son of the rich merchant of Channel Street carried his entire fortune about him — two shirts, a rapier, and six florins; and his hose were about his heels. At the dinner hour, he bought some bread for a penny, which he ate near a fountain. In the evening, for a kreutzer, some cook-shop keeper gave him leave to sleep on a bench. He sold one of his shirts; he went to the Rhine to wash the one that was left him, and waited in the sun till it was dry.

Suddenly the scene changed. July 9, 1545, he enters as scribe with Christopher de Loewenstein, receiver of the Order of Saint John. Charged by the Knights of Malta with banking the rents of their commanderies in Upper and Lower Germany, he had seven of them to his share, and eight horses from the stable. A highroad passed before this opulent château, in which pikemen and cavalrymen always made a stage in their marches, certain at all hours of finding the table set there, and tasting succulent morsels copiously washed down. Christopher de Loewenstein had acquired benefices by his courage at the siege of Rhodes, and he had remained a man of war. He kept a concubine as a fixture; he chose a pretty one, dressed her, decked her out; when he wanted to grow young again, he married her to one of his whippers-in, and took another. His chaplain, of no very rigid principles, always stopped in the kitchen when going to the chapel. — "Sir John," some one said to him, "do you dare eat before saying mass?" — "Pshaw!" replied he, "our Saviour has power over the bolts: it isn't soup that will stop him."

Sastrow very quickly became a new man in this place of delights. A sword with a silver scabbard, a gold ring on his little finger, transformed him into a fine young gentleman: "My sorry Worms face underwent a complete metamorphosis; I got a nice complexion and was able to please." He was so pleasing to one of the commander's concubines that she made him obliging advances; this Joseph did not leave his cloak in the hands of the temptress: "The dissolute morals of the Knights of St. John risked leading me to hell more quickly than to Paradise; the money earned in this service could bring me no happiness, it was better to spend it on the highways." He left, betook himself to Rome to enter upon the slender heritage of one of his brothers who had just died, and on the road he ran great risks. On his return from Italy, we find him near Nuremberg, seated in the shade of a bush, and hunting the vermin that were gnawing him. He resigned himself with facility to everything. The men of those days loved to enjoy, but they were not afraid to endure.

Some months after, at the age of twenty-five, he obtained a post in the chancellery of Wolgast, where Philip I., Duke of Western Pomerania, had established his residence, and night as well as day he was always on the road. He was soon mixed up in important affairs. The League of Smalkald had been conquered at Muhlberg; the chiefs of the evangelical party, the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse, having fallen into the hands of Charles V., were treated as prisoners of war; and Charles said to the landgrave, threatening him with his finger, "I'll teach you to laugh!" The courts of Wolgast and of Stettin were greatly disturbed. The two dukes of Pomerania exerted themselves to regain the conqueror's good graces, to prove to him that they had taken no part in the League nor lent any assistance to the Protestants. Sastrow accompanied the embassy which they sent him, and which joined him at Augsburg, where he was going to hold his Diet. According to his custom, and feeling the difficulty of the situation, he will not abuse his victory. He proposes to reestablish religious peace in Germany, to give satisfaction to the Pope without reducing the disciples of Luther to despair. Unfortunately his famous *Interim* will be again a lopsided arrangement, and will satisfy no one, either the parties or himself. His religious peace will be only a half peace, and his joy only a half joy. But, wiser than Sastrow's father, he has learned, without read-

ing Hesiod, that when you have not everything, you must know how to be content with half.

Sastrow has consecrated to the Diet of Augsburg the finest chapter of his memoirs, the richest, the most highly colored. Horrors and magnificences, tragedies, violent actions in a splendid setting, — that is the sixteenth century; it loved contrasts passionately. Never have men had imaginations so hot and nerves so tough; men needed sharp emotions to make them feel alive; cruelties served as spices to feasts of the spirit, seasoning to joys of the flesh. Electors and their retinue, dukes, margraves, counts, cardinals, barons, abbés of note, — all Germany was gathered at Augsburg to salute there the master, the triumphant emperor. Each had brought his wife or his mistress, and they vied in luxury and magnificence. Nevertheless, on the morrow of his arrival, in the last days of July, 1547, his Imperial Majesty straightway had erected in front of the city hall a gibbet, beside the gibbet the strappado [rope lift], opposite the strappado a scaffold for the wheel, decapitation, strangulation, and quartering; and sharpers or highway robbers, pikemen who had talked unbecomingly of their sovereign, military men suspected of having woven criminal intrigues with the king of France, were in succession relieved of their heads, strangled, or hanged.

While the gibbet kept at work, while the executioner's sword ate and drank, and the high prelates of the Diet forged in the shadow the most equivocal articles of the "Interim," there were nothing but fêtes, jousts, festivals, balls, concerts, *algardes*, foreign or German dances, amorous emprise, and deep gambling. The margrave Albert and other young Highnesses played billiards with bishops of their age, and the margrave cried: "Yours, priest! I bet your stroke counts nothing." The bishop, in his turn, taking the margrave by the arm, said to him, "Come, Albert, let's go and console ourselves." As there were neither benches nor chairs in the hall, the princes and the noblest ladies sat on the floor. "It had been covered with a magnificent carpet, very comfortable to stretch out on: I leave you to imagine the embraces!" The true conqueror of Muhlberg, Duke Maurice of Saxony, who a few years later was to turn suddenly against Charles V. and mortally assail him, had no need of going out to amuse himself. "He lived with a doctor of medicine, the father of

a girl named Jacqueline. This pretty creature and the duke bathed together, and played cards every day with the margrave Albert. The latter one time, seeing a fine chance, hazarded several crowns. 'I stand!' exclaimed the damsel: 'come, make it good!' — 'Put up your stake,' replied the margrave: 'we'll see who will be on top.' 'This in good frank German; and Jacqueline broke into her sweetest smile. This was their train of life; the town talked about it, and the devil was bursting with joy."

When the Diet was dismissed, so much had been spent that all the coffers were empty. A number of sovereigns had received thousands of florins from their subjects as gaming money; they had lost it all. The Duke of Alva, a still more luckless gamester, had to leave in the hands of the Elector of Saxony, his prisoner, the fine inflicted on the Landgrave of Hesse and the towns, and which was to serve for paying off the garrison. On their part, to obtain the thanks of their princes, the ambassadors of the ecclesiastical sovereigns had lavished gold and presents on the great personages of the Council. Lord Granville was overwhelmed. At the moment of departure, not enough wagons and mules could be found to carry off the booty. "What is this long convoy carrying?" he was asked. "The sins of Germany" (*peccata Germaniæ*), he responded. Under pain of not being able to get home again, he needs had recourse to the Jew Michel, who, richly dressed, and playing the great lord, displayed himself on horseback, with gold chains about his neck, escorted by a dozen retainers. When the pocket is empty, the back bends; men became tractable and pacific, and Charles V. won his case. The Elector of Brandenburg, who was distinguished by his profusion, and who was reputed the poorest pay of all debtors, knew not to what saint to vow himself; all purses were closed against him. The bishop of Salzburg advanced him fifteen thousand Hungarian florins, on condition that he should pledge himself and his subjects to conform strictly to the "Interim," — so true is it that the things of heaven, *lo de dios*, as a Spanish diplomat said, are closely linked to things of this world.

Sastrow did not remain long in the service of the dukes of Pomerania, whom he accuses of ingratitude. He was disgusted with courts, and resolved to live no longer save as a good bourgeois. He considered that the trade of scribe leaves no one in

poverty. He settled down and married. At first he had trouble to make both ends meet. His house was bare ; and the *bourgeoise* of Greifswald, whom he had married, said to her mother weeping, " You didn't advise me, you surrendered me." But he soon felt the wind on his sails ; he became an attorney, and his clientage rapidly increased. They came in carriages from afar to seek him, and every time, besides ringing coin, they brought to the house provisions of all sorts, hams, sides of bacon, legs of mutton, hares, haunches of roebuck or boar ; his wife no longer complained that she had been surrendered.

A few years later he was appointed secretary of Greifswald, then of Stralsund, then councillor, and finally burgomaster ; and it was something then to be burgomaster of Stralsund. In our time of great agglomerations, we find it hard to conceive to what a point, in the sixteenth century, sovereignty had been divided and distributed among a crowd of heads. The small ones did their own business, and the great had to account with them ; the first principle of politics was to use pawns to get to king. The small countries had their glories ; and Ranke is right in saying that this civilization, less humane and less comfortable than ours, had infinitely more variety. Stralsund governed itself as a republic ; it owed nothing to its dukes except taking the oath of homage. Besides, the Hanseatic cities were still a power : had they not recently attempted to drive the Dutch from the Baltic, and to give kings to Denmark and Sweden ? Saströw was a personage ; he figured in more than one negotiation. But glory did not make happiness. He had domestic infelicities, and his distrustful and self-willed character drew him into sorry business. His temper grew sour ; he said in his old age, " I have fallen right into the caldron of hell, and I have been boiling there for forty years."

This Pomeranian bourgeois, very shrewd in his conduct, was no philosopher. He conformed all his actions to reason, he did not so conform his doctrines and his faith. He was firmly persuaded, one day when his horse had fallen on him, that the obliging stranger who helped him rise was an angel sent from heaven to rescue him. He believed also in devils and in demoniacs. He recounted gravely that a small *bourgeoise* of Stralsund having bought a new cheese at the market, her daughter in her absence made a hole in it ; that the mother, on her return, imprudently wished her to have the

devil in her body, and that this girl was at once possessed by an evil spirit; that when the clergyman who exorcised it ordered it to depart, it demanded a square of glass from the window of the neighboring bell-tower; and that at the same instant this pane crashed into fragments. Like Luther himself, Sastrow considered this world as a field of battle which God and Satan were disputing; and he saw the devil everywhere, in plagues, in riots, in floods, in wars, in vermin, above all in the eyes of monks, demagogues, and all the people whom Bartholomew Sastrow did not like.

The burgomasters of to-day bear very little resemblance to Sastrow. But strange as may sometimes appear the manners he has depicted in his memoirs, we find in his book many people of our own acquaintance. He visited one day, near Antwerp, the house of Gaspard Duitz, treasurer of Madame Marie, sister of Charles V. Master Gaspard had failed twice, and, richer than ever after the second time, he had built a dwelling of princely magnificence. He received the Count de Buren there at dinner, did him the honors of his palace, and inquired modestly if his Lordship had noticed any deficiency. "The only thing lacking," replied the count, "is a gallows at the entrance, with Gaspard Duitz strung up to it." The race of the Gaspards is not extinct.

A personage also not unknown to us is the chancellor of Wolgast, Jacques Citzewitz, whom the chancellor of the Elector of Cologne compared to a hen about to lay an egg. "She jumps upon the stable door first, cackling 'An egg!' Then she gets up on the haymow: 'An egg; I'm going to lay an egg!' From there she goes and perches on the joists: 'Attention, friends, an egg!' Finally, when she has cackled herself out, she lays a very ordinary egg." M. Crispi, who has since calmed down, was so joyful at having become president of the council to his Majesty the king of Italy, that he sometimes resembled chancellor Citzewitz. He filled Europe with his shrill hen-cackling, and whatever he was meditating or preparing, he cried to the universe, "Attention! I am laying an egg."

A SOUTH-AMERICAN LOVE AFFAIR.

BY JORGE ISAACS.

(From "Maria": translated for this work, by Forrest Morgan.)

[JORGE ISAACS, the most noted of South-American novelists, was born at Cali in the state of Cauca, Colombia, in 1843; his father was an English Jew and his mother a Spaniard. His parents removed to Bogotá when he was a boy, and he has lived there ever since. He has held some public positions, including a consulate in Chili; but his main work has been literature, of which his city is a considerable center. His first volume, a collection of verses, was issued in 1864. In 1867 he published "Maria," which at once became the household novel of South America.]

I WAS just fording the little Amaime when I heard myself called, and descried my *compadre*¹ coming out of a wood close by. He was riding a big sorrel colt not yet broken, with a high-pommeled saddle; he wore a striped blue shirt, his trousers were pulled up to the knees, and his riding-cloak hung loose over his thighs. There followed him, mounted on a white mare drooping under years and four clusters of bananas, a half-witted boy, the same who performed on the ranch the combined functions of swineherd, bird-catcher, and gardener.

"God bless me, compadrito," said the old man to me when he came up, "if I hadn't hurt myself hollering, you'd have got away from me."

"I was on my way to your house, compadre."

"You don't tell me! And I came nigh staying in these woods forever, trying to come across that good-for-nothing limpy that has cast her foal again: but she'll pay me in the cane mill for the whole lot. Only I happened to pass through the clearing and see the buzzards, I should have been hanging around on the search till now. I went straight for them, and sure enough: there was the mule's foal half eaten, and so grand and big it looked like two months old. I couldn't get a skin off it, and with one other it would have done me for a pair of leggings, and those I have on are in sight of the dogs."

"Don't worry over that, compadre; there'll be young mules in plenty and a host of years to see them. Come, let's go on."

"It's no matter, señor," said my compadre, starting to ride on ahead of me, "except the waste of time: it's the worst kind

¹ The godparents and the godchildren's parents call each other *compadre* and *comadre*.

of hard times. Just figure up: honey 12½ cents; raw sugar, not worth talking of; what little sugar comes out white, a dollar [a hundred]; cheese, given away; and the pigs gobbling the whole corn crop, so you might as well throw it in the river. The wife's earnings, though the poor woman is a perfect slave, are not enough for candles; there isn't a boiling of soap that pays what it costs; and those swilling keepers mad after the still — Let me tell you! I bought that stubble field there with the shed on it of friend Don Jeronimo; but what a skin that man is! four hundred dollars and ten yearlings he took out of me!"

"And what did the four hundred come from? the soap?"

"Ah, you're a sticker, compadre. We even had to break into Salomé's bank to be able to pay for it."

"And does Salomé work as hard as ever?"

"And if she didn't, where would she get her salt? She does needlework you can't see the like of, and helps about everything: her mother's own daughter, sure pop. But when I tell you that girl keeps me on pins and needles, I'm not lying."

"Salomé? She, so steady, so sly —"

"She, compadre; just so quiet as you see her."

"What has happened?"

"You are a gentleman of honor and my friend, and I'll tell you about it instead of going to the parish priest with it; for I don't believe that dear saint would see a hole in a ladder, and he's too easy-going for anything. But wait till I pass this ditch first, for it takes all your wits to keep from getting plastered in it."

And turning to the half-wit, who was jogging drowsily along between the bananas: —

"Keep track of the path, stupid; for if the mare gets mired, I'll be glad to lose the bananas for the sake of leaving you there."

The idiot laughed stupidly, and returned some inarticulate mutterings for answer. My compadre went on: —

"Do you know Tiburcio, the quadroon boy old Murcia that's dead brought up?"

"Isn't he the one who wanted to marry Salomé?"

"Right you are."

"I didn't know who brought him up. But certainly I know him: I have seen him at your house and José's, and we have even hunted together several times. He is a fine fellow."

"There where you are looking he has no less than eight good cows, his drove of pigs, his patch of land, and his saddle mare ; because 'ñor Murcia, for all he swore like a pirate, was a good man and left all that to the boy. He's the son of the mulatto girl who cost the old man an attack of jaundice that carried him off in a little while, for within four months of the time he bought the *zamba* [half-breed] in Quilichao he died ; and I learnt the story because I happened to work several times on 'ñor Murcia's ranch."

"And what ails Tiburcio ?"

"I am coming to that. Well, señor, it's about eight months since I began to notice that he found a good many excuses to come and see us ; but I soon smelt a rat, and knew what he was looking for was a chance to see Salomé. One day I told Candelaria so right out, and she jumped on me with the answer that I must have had a film over my eyes for once, and my story was stale. I put myself at a peep-hole one Saturday afternoon, because Tiburcio never failed at that hour those days ; and bear in mind that I saw the girl go out to meet him as soon as she saw him, and it left me not a particle of doubt. — Still, I saw nothing that wasn't proper. — Days and days went by, and Tiburcio didn't open his mouth to speak of marriage ; but I thought, 'He's studying what sort Salomé is, and a big gump he'll be if he don't marry her, for she's no slut, and such a housewife that nothing takes her unawares.' Then all at once Tiburcio stopped coming, without Candelaria being able to get out of the girl what the matter was ; and as Salomé holds me in the respect she ought to, still less could I find out ; and since before Christmas, Tiburcio hasn't shown his face here. Are you a friend of young Justiniano, Don Carlitos' brother ?"

"I have not seen him since we were children."

"Well, take away the whiskers Don Carlos has grown, and there you have the very spit of him. But if he was only like his brother ! he's Old Nick himself, but a good-looking fellow, no denying it. I don't know where he met Salomé ; maybe it was when I was making that trade with his father, for the boy came here to brand the cattle, and since that day he hasn't let me eat a banana with any comfort."

"That isn't nice."

"I'm telling this at the risk of having your comadre, if she knows it, call me a lunatic or a chatterbox some day ; but I know what I'm about. However, there's no disease without a

remedy : I've been thinking and contriving till it can be put to the test."

"Let's hear it, compadre. But tell me first (and pardon me if I am indiscreet in asking) how does Salomé treat Justiano?"

"Don't ask me, señor : that's what keeps me night and day as if I were sleeping on nettles — compadre, the girl is smitten. — Not to kill. — And the licking I'll give that devil if he takes advantage of it ! — I love her, my boy, and that's why I tell you the whole thing so I can get out of it in good shape."

"And how have you known Salomé was in love?"

"Bless me ! haven't I seen how her eyes dance when she sees the young white fellow, and that she gets all in a quiver when she hands him water or a candle — for you'd think he lived in a state of thirst, and the only thing he did was to smoke ; and he keeps running to the house for candle and water, and never fails Sunday afternoons to go to old Dominga's house — do you know her?"

"No."

"Then I must tell you she is one of those that use powders : and no one can get it out of Candelaria's head that this bat was the one who threw the evil eye on that little monkey who was so knowing and amused you so much, for the little animal died beating his stomach and uttering groans like a Christian."

"Some scorpion he had swallowed, compadre."

"Where from ! It took hard work to get him to eat cold victuals ; make up your mind the witch did him a bad turn, — but that wasn't what I was driving at. Once when I went to look for the mare, I met the old woman in the guava patch as I was going to the house ; and I being pretty sharp, it was enough to see her for me to face her up and say, 'See here, 'ña Dominga, turn right around, for the people in there work instead of gossiping.' She fell into a tremble all over ; and when I saw her so scared, I thought all of a sudden, 'That wretch is on no good errand.' She broke out with one thing and another ; but I left her struck dumb and white when I said, 'Look here, I'm pretty sharp, and if I catch you at any of your tricks, I'll skin you alive, as sure as my name is my mother's.'"

My compadre's excitement had reached its climax. Crossing himself, he continued : —

"God keep me from harm ! That old corpse is capable of

working my death, some day when a black fit runs away with me. A nice thing, sir : for an honest man to have a little daughter that has cost him so many worries, and then be sure to have somebody try and make him ashamed of the one he loves most."

My irascible compadre was near having an attack of pathos ; and I, to whom his last words had not seemed a wedding chime, hastened to say to him : —

"Let's know what cure you have found for this trouble, as I see that without doubt it is a very serious one."

"Well, now you see : your mother proposed the other day to my wife that Salomé should be sent to her for a few weeks, so the girl can learn fine sewing, which is all Candelaria wants. I couldn't then — I didn't know you as I do now."

"Compadre !"

"True as Gospel. The case is different now : I want your mother to keep the girl there a few months for me, because that dangerous enemy can't go and hunt her up there ; Salomé will come to her senses, and be the very one to tell whoever disturbs her for me, to go and hang himself. Don't it seem so ?"

"To be sure. I'll speak to my mother about it this very day, and the girls will be delighted over it. I promise you that everything shall be arranged."

"God will repay you, compadre. Now I'll plan it so you can have a little talk with Salomé to-day ; you propose, as if nobody was urging the matter, that she should go to your house, and say your mother is expecting her. Then you tell me right away what you notice, and everything will come out straight as a furrow. But if the girl stands out against me, I swear some of these days I'll tie her on to one of my horses and go and put her in the convent of Cali, where a fly can't set foot against me ; and if she don't come out married, saying her prayers, and learnt to read, I'll leave her there till St. John puts down his finger."¹

We were passing through the stubble field recently bought by Custodio, and he said to me : —

"Don't you see what prime land it is, and how golden the thorn-bushes are — the best sign of good soil ? The one thing that hurts it is lack of water."

"Why, compadre," I answered, "you can lead all you want of it in."

¹ *I.e.* forever. St. John is always represented with his finger upraised.

"Don't joke with me: if I could, I wouldn't sell it for double."

"My father will let you take all you need from the pastures down there: I let him know what you suggested, and he wondered you had not asked his permission before."

"But what a memory you have! Fancy waiting till now to let me know it. Tell the master I thank him with all my heart: he knows already there's nothing ungrateful about me, and that I am at his orders with whatever I have. Candelaria will be in the seventh heaven: water right at hand for the garden, the still, and the sugar kettle. Just think, what passes by the house is a mere thread, and that muddled up by my compadre Rudesindo's pigs, which do nothing but roam around rooting and undermining my fences; so that for all the clean water to use in the house, we have to point the dummy with the mare and a load of gourds for the Amaime, because to take water from the Honda is worse than drawing lye, there's so much clear vitriol in it."

"It is copper, compadre."

"It must be."

The news of my father's permission to take the water cheered the farmer to the point of making the colt he was upon show off the gait his rider had said he was training him to.

"Whose colt is that? he hasn't your brand."

"Do you like him? He is grandfather Somera's."

"How much is he worth?"

"Well, not to put any twists or turns in it, I admit that Don Emigdio wouldn't take seventy-five dollars; and he's a skate beside my black stallion that I've got broken, and that steps out with such a clean pace, and carries his tail beautifully, and it was a job to break him; he lamed this arm for a whole week, for he hasn't his equal for high temper; he bucked every two steps; but I'm feeding him up now, because after the last lambasting I gave him, he hadn't anything left but his backbone."

We arrived at Custodio's house, and he struck his heels into the colt to urge him into opening the court-yard gate.

Hardly had this given the last scream behind us, and a bang that made the sorrel colt quiver, when my compadre advised me:—

"Go sharp and cautious with Salomé, to see what you can get out of her."

"Don't worry," I replied, forcing my nag up to the balcony, the linen hanging out on which frightened him.

When I started to dismount, my compadre had already covered the colt's head with the riding-cloak, and was holding my stirrup and bridle. After fastening the horses, he went in, calling : —

"Candelaria! Salomé!"

Only the turkeys answered.

"What, not even the dogs?" went on my compadre: "it's as if the earth had swallowed them all."

"I'm coming," responded my comadre from the kitchen.

"Thunder and lightning! it's your compadre Efrain that's here."

"Wait for me just a minute, compadrito, because we are taking down some new sugar, and it's burning on us."

"And where has Fermín stowed himself?" asked Custodio.

"He went with the dogs to look for the strayed pig," responded Salomé's musical voice.

She appeared shortly at the kitchen door, while my compadre set himself to helping me off with my leggings.

The farm hut was thatched with straw, and floored with beaten earth, but very clean and lately whitewashed; it was surrounded with coffee plants, custard-apple trees, papaws, and other fruit trees. The living room was equipped with chairs having rawhide bottoms, a bench, a table covered for the time with starch on linen squares, and the dresser, on which shone plates and porringers of various sizes and colors.

A high portière of pink chintz covered the doorway that led to the sleeping rooms, and above its cornice rested a damaged chromo of the Virgin of the Rosary, the little altar being completed by two statuettes of St. Joseph and St. Anthony placed on either side of the picture.

My plump and jolly comadre shortly came out of the kitchen, stifled with the heat of the fire, and grasping in her right hand a stirring stick. After giving me no end of scolding for my fickleness, she finished by saying : —

"Salomé and I were expecting you to dinner."

"How so?"

"Juan Angel came for a few reals' worth of eggs, and the señora sent me word you were coming to-day. I had Salomé called up from the river where she was washing, and ask her what I said to her, so I shan't be charged with fibbing: 'If my

compadre don't come to dinner here to-day, I'll lay my tongue on him.'"

"All which means that you've got a wedding feast ready for me."

"Haven't I seen you eat one of my stews with an appetite? The trouble is it isn't done yet."

"All the better, for I shall have time to go and take a bath. — Well, Salomé," said I, stopping at the kitchen door, while my compadres went on into the living-room talking in a low voice, "what have you got for me?"

"Jelly and what I am making," she answered, without ceasing to grind. "If you knew how I have been waiting for you, like the blessed bread —"

"That must be because you have a lot of nice things for me."

"Partly. Wait a minute while I wash up, so as to shake hands; although it's no use, for as you're not my friend any more —"

She said this without looking straight at me, and between fun and shyness; but letting me discern, by the smile of her half-opened mouth, some teeth of matchless whiteness, inseparable companions of moist and voluptuous lips. Her cheeks displayed that bloom which in mixed races of a certain grade defies all comparison for beauty.

The going and coming of her bare soft arms over the stone upon which she was leaning her waist showed all her suppleness, her long hair shook free above her shoulders, and the folds of her white embroidered chemise followed her motions. Throwing back her head and tossing it to clear her shoulders of the locks, she set about washing her hands, and finishing by wiping them on her hips, she said to me: —

"How you like to watch grinding! — If you knew," she went on more softly, "how I am being ground! — Didn't I tell you I had been waiting for you?"

Standing so she could not be seen from the outside, she continued, giving me her hand: —

"If you had not let a month go by without coming, you might have done me some good. Look and see if my papa is there."

"There is no one there. — Can't I do you the same good still?"

"Who knows?"

"But tell it till we see. Don't you know I would do it for you with all my heart?"

"If I said no, I should be telling a fib; for ever since you took so much pains to have the English gentleman come and see me when I caught the fever, and were so interested because I got better, I was sure you were fond of me."

"I am glad you know it."

"But what I have to tell you is so long that I can't do it right away, and indeed it's a miracle that mamma isn't here already. — Listen, there she comes!"

"There'll be a chance all right."

"Oh, dear, señor! and I can't bear to have you go away to-day without telling you everything."

"So you are going to take a bath, señor?" said Candelaria, entering. "Then I'll bring you a sheet perfumed nice, and you can go right off with Salomé and your godson; they want to draw a load of water first, to wash some strainers, because what with the dumby's journey through the bananas, and what has had to do for you and send to the church, there's none left except in the big jar."

On hearing this proposal of the good woman, I was convinced that she had entered fully into her husband's plan; and Salomé gave me an expressive and affectedly careless grimace with lips and eyes, as much as to say, "Now for it."

I left the kitchen, and pacing the living-room while the requisites were being prepared for the bath, I thought to myself that my compadre had reason enough to keep watch of his daughter; since even to one less suspicious than he, it might occur that Salomé's face with its beauty-spots, and that figure and carriage, and that bust, were things unusually rare.

These reflections were interrupted by Salomé, who, stopping at the door with a leaf hat partly on, said to me:—

"Are we going?"

And holding out the sheet she carried over one arm, for me to smell, she added:—

"What perfume is that?"

"Your own."

"Mallow, señor."

"Mallow, then."

"Because I always have a lot of them in my clothes chest. Come on, and don't think it's far: we shall take the road under

the cacaos, and when we come out on the other side, we have only a little step to go and we are there."

Fermin, laden with the gourds and strainers, preceded us. He was my godson; I was thirteen and he two when I served as godfather at his confirmation, owing to the affection his parents had always borne me.

We were leaving the court in rear of the kitchen, when my godson's mother called out to us: —

"Don't stay long, for dinner's 'most ready."

Salomé started to close the small cross-barred gate through which we had entered the cacao plantation; but I did it myself, while she said to me: —

"What shall we do with Fermín, he is so loose-tongued?"

"Attend to that yourself."

"All right: wait till we are further along, and I'll get rid of him."

We were covered with the dense gloom of the cacaos, which seemed to have no limits. Salomé's pretty feet, left visible to above the ankles by her blue chintz skirt, contrasted sharply with the dark path and the withered leaves. My godson walked behind us, throwing dry cobs and *aguacate* pips at the turtle-doves moaning amid the foliage, and at the beetles. Arriving at the foot of a *cachimbo*, Salomé halted and said to her brother: —

"What if the cows were to muddy up the water? They are certain to, for at this time of day they're always at the drinking place up above. There's no help for it but your hurrying there and driving them away: run, darling, and see that they don't eat the calabash I forgot and left in the fork of the *chiminango*. Only be careful about breaking the gourds or losing anything as you go. Off with you!"

Fermin did not wait to have the order repeated: it is true she gave it in the sweetest and most engaging manner.

"See that?" Salomé asked me, slackening her pace, and looking up into the trees with ill-feigned preoccupation.

Pretty soon she began looking at her feet, as if to count her slow steps; and I broke the silence we maintained by saying to her: —

"Now let's hear what the matter is, and what you are being ground by."

"Well, there's something that gives me — I don't know how to tell what."

"How so?"

"Why, because it makes me so very sad to-day, and—just now so solemn."

"It's your fancy. Go ahead, for afterwards you won't be able. I've got something very nice to tell you too."

"Have you? You first, then."

"No I shan't," I answered.

"Well then, what has happened is that Tiburcio has turned out a weathercock and a hateful thing, and goes around hunting up silly things to say, to make me feel bad; it is something like a month now that we haven't been on good terms, without my giving him any reason for it."

"None?—are you quite sure?"

"Look at me—I take my oath to it."

"And what has he told you makes him that way after having loved you so much?"

"Tiburcio? Conceited thing! He doesn't love me at all. At first I didn't know why he kept making himself disagreeable, and then it came into my mind it was all because he imagined I was making eyes at the first man I saw. Now tell me, can a girl stand that when she is honest? First he took to believing silliness, and then you came into the field."

"I too?"

"And then he was going to quit."

"And what did he suppose?"

"What is the good of telling you when you can guess it anyway? And all because he saw you come to the house two or three times, and because I am fond of you: how could I help being?"

"And he finally became convinced he was thinking nonsense?"

"But I had to cry and coax to bring him to reason."

"I assure you I am sorry to have been the cause of this."

"Don't mind that, for if it hadn't been you, he'd have been sure to find somebody else to think wrong of. Listen, for I haven't told the biggest one. My papa was breaking some colts for that young Justiniano, and he had to come and see some yearlings they were bargaining about: one of the times the white fellow came, Tiburcio met him here."

"Here?"

"Don't play silly: in the house. As a punishment for my sins, he happened to meet him another time."

"I think that makes twice, Salomé."

"If that had only been all! He met him again one Sunday afternoon when he came to ask for water."

"That's three."

"Those are all, for though he has come other times, Tiburcio didn't see him; but I have an idea he has been told about them."

"And all this seems to you a great fuss over nothing?"

"You harp on the same string too? Dear me! am I to blame because the white gentleman keeps coming? Why doesn't my papa tell him not to come back, if he can?"

"Because some simple things are hard to do."

"There then! that's just what I told Tiburcio; but there's a remedy for everything, and I don't dare tell it."

"That he shall marry you right away, isn't that it?"

"If he loves me enough. — But he already, though — and he can think I am that sort of a girl!"

Salomé's eyes were wet, and after taking a few steps more she stopped to wipe away the tears.

"Don't cry," I said. "I am sure he doesn't think so; it's all the result of jealousy and nothing else: let's see how we can help it."

"Don't you believe it; he ought not to be so set up. Because he has been told he is a gentleman's son, nobody is knee-high to the coxcomb now, and he fancies there's nothing greater than himself — Gracious! as if I were some negress just over, or a freed slave like him. Now he is thick with the provincial girls [Antioquians], and all just to make me provoked, for I know it very well; although it would please me to have 'ñor José show him the door."

"We mustn't be unjust. What special difference does it make that he is working in José's house? That means he is using his time profitably; it would be worse if he spent the days loafing."

"Remember I know what Tiburcio is. He ought not to fall in love so easily —"

"But because he considers you pretty, — deuce a bit of thanks to him for that, — do all the girls he sees look just as pretty to him?"

"Certainly."

I laughed at the answer, and turning her eyes toward me, she said: —

"Well ! and what is there so funny about that ?"

"Why, don't you see you are acting the same with Tiburcio, exactly the same as he is with you ?"

"Good heavens ! and how am I acting ?"

"Why, you are jealous."

"Not a particle."

"No ?"

"And suppose he wanted me to be ? Nobody can get it out of my head that if 'ñor José would consent, the fast-and-loose fellow would marry Lucia ; and only for Tránsito being engaged already, he'd marry both of them, if they'd let him."

"Then you must know that Lucia, ever since she was a girl, has been in love with one of Braulio's brothers, who is coming shortly ; and don't harbor any doubt about it, for Tránsito told me of it."

Salomé grew thoughtful. We were at the end of the cacaos, and seating herself on a fallen trunk, she said to me, as she rocked a little shrub with her hanging feet : —

"Tell me, then, what is the best thing to do ?"

"Will you give me leave to tell Tiburcio what we have been saying ?"

"No, no. By everything you love most, don't do that."

"I am only asking if you will let me."

"The whole of it ?"

"The troubles, without the grievances."

"But every time I remember what he thinks about me, I don't know what I am saying. — See here : it seems to me it is best not to let him know, because if he doesn't love me now, he'll go around telling that I cried my eyes out for him, and tried to please him."

"Then make up your mind, Salomé, that there is no way of remedying your trouble."

"Oh dear, dear !" she exclaimed, beginning to cry.

"Come, don't be a coward," I told her, taking her hands away from her face ; "tears from your eyes are worth too much for you to pour them out in floods."

"If Tiburcio thought so, I shouldn't be spending my nights crying till I fall asleep, to see him so unkind, and to see my papa getting angry with me over him."

"What do you want to bet me that Tiburcio won't come to see you and make it up to-morrow afternoon ?"

"Oh ! I confess I shouldn't know how to pay you," she

replied, pressing my hand in hers, and putting it to her cheek. "Will you promise me?"

"I must be very unlucky or very stupid if I don't succeed."

"Mind, I hold your word for it. But on your life, don't tell Tiburcio we have been so all alone and — Because then he would go back to the other day, and that would be throwing all the fat in the fire. — Now," she added, starting to climb the stake fence, "turn around so as not to see me jump, or we will jump together."

"You are getting prudish : you weren't as much so once."

"That's because I'm growing modester with you every day. Come, get over."

But as it happened that Salomé, to alight on the other side, encountered difficulties I did not encounter, she remained seated atop of the palings, saying to me : —

"Look at the boy ! Give three cheers, do ! For I can't get down unless I jump."

"Let me help you : see how late it is getting, and my comadre —"

"Perhaps she is like him ? If she were, why should you want me to get down ? Don't you see that if I get caught —"

"Stop your monkey-shines and lean here," I said, presenting my shoulder.

"Brace yourself, then, for I weigh like — a feather," she concluded, leaping lightly down. "I shall plume myself, for I know a great many white ladies that would like to jump over palings that way."

"You are very artless."

"Is that the same as sticking pins ? Because then I am going to come to blows with you."

"Going to what ?"

"Oh, gracious ! and he don't understand ? Why, I am going to get mad with you. What can I do to find out how you act when you are real mad ? It's a whim I've taken."

"And suppose you couldn't soothe me afterwards ?"

"Oh, ho ho ! Haven't I seen how your heart turns to mush when you see me crying ?"

"But that is only because I know you are not doing it out of coquetry."

"Co-ke-ry. And what does that mean ? Tell me, for you see I don't know — only it must be something bad. — Then I'll be ever so much on my guard against it, do you hear ?"

"Good thing ! You are wasting it now, though."

"Let me know, let me know ! I won't stir from here till you tell me."

"Then I'll go alone," I answered, taking a few steps.

"Gracious ! but I've a good mind to roil up the water. And what sheet would you dry on ? No, no : tell me what it is I am throwing away. It is coming to me now what it is."

"Say it."

"Can it be — can it be love ?"

"Just that."

"And what is the remedy ? for I do love that high and mighty fellow. If I were white, oh, very white ; and rich, oh, very rich — then I might love you, mightn't I ?"

"Do you think so ? And what should we do with Tiburcio ?"

"With Tiburcio ? Oh, for friendship's sake, to give a helping hand to everybody, we'd make him overseer and keep him like this," she said, closing her hand tight.

"That plan wouldn't suit me."

"Why ? Wouldn't you enjoy having me love you ?"

"It isn't that, but the fate that makes Tiburcio fancy you."

Salomé laughed with entire good will.

We had reached the brook ; and spreading the sheet on the grass which had to serve me for a seat in the shade, she knelt on a stone and began to wash her face. When she finished, she began pulling a handkerchief from her belt to dry herself, and I offered her the sheet, saying : —

"That will do you harm unless you take a bath."

"I've almost — almost a mind to take another bath, the water is so warm. But you cool yourself off a little ; and now that Fermín is coming, while you do it I'll take a dip in the pool down below."

On her feet now, she kept looking at me, and smiled slyly as she passed her wet hands through her hair. Finally she said to me : —

"Would you believe me, I have dreamed that all we have just been saying was true ?"

"That Tiburcio doesn't love you now ?"

"Nonsense ! that I was white. — When I woke up, there was such a weight on my heart that the other day — it was Sunday, in church — I couldn't think of anything but my dream all

through Mass ; and as I sat doing my washing here where you are, I fretted the whole week about the same thing, and —”

Salomé's innocent confidences were interrupted by the shouts of “chiino, chiino,” uttered by my compadre in the direction of the cacaos, calling his pigs. Salomé was slightly alarmed, and looking around her, said : —

“That Fermín has turned into smoke. — Take your bath, quick, now, and I'll go up the river to look for him, for fear he may have left without waiting for us.”

“Wait for him here ; he'll come to hunt you up. This is all because you heard my compadre. Do you imagine he doesn't like to have us talk together ?”

“Talk together, yes, but — it depends.”

Springing with the utmost agility over the great rocks on the bank, she disappeared through the leafy *carboneros*.

Her father's cries kept on, and made me think his confidence in me had its limits. No doubt he had followed us from afar through the cacaos, and only on losing us from sight had he resolved to call the swine. Custodio was ignorant that his suggestion had been punctiliously complied with, and that no heart could have been more blind and deaf to the thousand charms of his daughter than mine.

I returned to the house along with Salomé and Fermín, who were laden with gourd vessels ; she had made a rustic water-jar for her head, which, though sustained by no hand, did not prevent the graceful body of her who carried it from displaying all its lighthness and ease of movement.

When Salomé had cleared the fence as before, she thanked me with a “God reward you,” and her pleasantest smile, adding : —

“It was to pay for this that while you were bathing, I was throwing guava blossoms and other flowers into the stream above : didn't you see them ?”

“Yes, but I thought some band of monkeys was up the stream there.”

“You are just playing ignorant ; and I almost got a fall in climbing after the guavas.”

“And are you so foolish as to believe I didn't guess it was you who were strewing the river with flowers ?”

“It was because Juan Angel told me that on the ranch they throw roses into the tank when they take a bath ; so I threw the best there are in the woods into the river.”

During the dinner I had occasion to admire, among other things, the skill of Salomé and my comadre in toasting fruits and little cheeses, frying pancakes, making *pandebono*, and giving consistency to the jelly. Amid Salomé's journeys to and from the kitchen, I put my compadre in touch with what the girl really wanted, and what I thought of doing to pull them both out of their troubles. The poor man could not contain his delight; and even addressed to my companion of the walk some jokes on the heartiness with which I helped myself at table, which were a great advance after his anger with her.

The hours of heat gone by, at four in the afternoon, the house was a new edition of Noah's Ark: the ducks began to traverse the parlor in family order; the hens to raise a commotion in the court and at the foot of the plum-tree where on forked guava poles rested the trough from which my nag was eating corn; the native turkeys strutted about, inflating themselves and echoing the screeches of a couple of corn-fed parrots, who were calling a certain Benita who must have been the cook; and the pigs were squealing and trying to thrust their snouts through the bars of the self-closing gate; to all which must be added my compadre's shouts in giving orders, and his wife's in shooing away the ducks and calling the hens.

The farewells were long drawn out, as were the promises my comadre made of commending me strongly to the Miracle Shrine of Buga, that I might have a prosperous journey and return quickly. On taking leave of Salomé, who contrived at just that moment not to be with the rest, she pressed my hand warmly, and for this once looking at me more than affectionately, she said:—

"Remember I depend on you. Don't say good-bye to me on account of your stupid old journey, for if I have to crawl, I am coming out to the road to see you off, even though I get there after you have passed by. Don't forget me—you know if you do, I shan't know what to do with papa."

From the other side of one of those gully brooks that noisily descend the slopes between crooked ribbons of thicket, I heard a man's sonorous voice singing:—

"Time I ask from Time,
And Time time gives to me;
But Time himself assures
My eyes shall opened be."

The singer came out of the woods ; it was Tiburcio, who, with his poncho hung from one shoulder, and the other supporting a stick with a small bundle on the end, was cheering his path by instinctively singing his troubles to solitude. He ceased and stopped on seeing me, and after a pleasant and respectful greeting, said as soon as I came near : —

“George ! but you are coming up late and hot-foot. — When the Black sweats — Where are you from, outstripping the wind in this way ?”

“From making some calls ; and the last one, to your luck, was at Salomé’s house.”

“And you haven’t been there for a long time.”

“I was very sorry. And since when were you there ?”

The youth, with head hung down, began to switch a *lulo* bush with his stick ; then, raising his head to look at me, he said : —

“It was her fault. What did she tell you ?”

“That you were unkind and jealous, and that she is dying for you : nothing more.”

“Is that all she told you ? Then she kept back the best part.”

“What is it you call the best part ?”

“The gay times she has with that young Justiniano.”

“Now listen to me : do you believe I could fall in love with Salomé ?”

“How could I think that ?”

“Well, Salomé is as much in love with Justiniano as I am with her. You ought to value that girl at her real worth, which fortunately for you is great. You have hurt her with your jealousies ; but for all that, if you go and make up with her, she will forgive everything and love you more than ever.”

Tiburcio stood awhile in thought before he replied, with a certain accent and air of sadness : —

“See here, Master Efrain, I love her so much that she can’t imagine the torment she has kept me in this month. When a man has the nature God has given me, he can stand anything better than being taken for a cuckoldly innocent (pardon me for the bad word). I know what I’m talking about when I say the fault is Salomé’s.”

“What you don’t know is that when she told me to-day of how you had wronged her, she was in despair and cried pitifully.”

"Honest?"

"And I came to the conclusion that you were the cause of it all. If you love her as you say, why don't you marry her? Once in your house, who could see her without your consent?"

"I confess I had thought of getting married, but I couldn't make up my mind, in the first place because Salomé always thought me suspicious, and in the second because I don't know whether 'ñor Custodio wants to give her to me."

"Well, you know now what I have told you about her, and as to my compadre, I'll answer for him. You must act reasonably; and to prove that you put faith in me, go to Salomé's house this very afternoon, and without showing any sign of holding a grudge, pay her a call."

"Huh! you're in a big hurry! So you'll answer for everything?"

"I know that Salomé is the prettiest, cleverest, and most virtuous girl you can find; and as to her parents, I know they will give her to you gladly enough."

"Well, see here, I have half a mind to go."

"If you let it slip for this time, and Salomé is disposed of and you lose her, you have nobody to blame but yourself."

"I'll go, sir."

"All right, and there's no use insisting that you shall tell me how you fare, for I am sure you will be thankful to me. — Good-bye; it's getting on to five."

"Good-bye, sir, and God reward you. I shall certainly tell you what happens."

"Take care and not give those verses you were singing just now where Salomé can hear you."

Tiburcio laughed before answering: —

"Think they are ugly? Good-bye till to-morrow, and count on me."

PAPPAS NARKISSOS.

By DEMETRIOS BIKÉLAS.¹

[DEMETRIOS BIKÉLAS, the ablest writer of recent Greece, was born in 1835 at Hermopolis, on the island of Syra, of an old Macedonian family. Put into a London counting-house at fifteen, he remained in the business nearly a quarter of a century, retiring wealthy in 1874; but he had translated Racine's "Esther" into Greek at sixteen, and all through his business career he was sedulous in study and literary work. He wrote much for periodicals, papers for learned societies, and several volumes of poetry, criticism, essays, and history—all on Greek subjects, and mostly in the Greek language; some of them have been translated, and he has written some in French. After retiring from trade, he translated several of Shakespeare's plays. But in 1870 his first novel, "Loukis Laras," a remarkable historical romance of the Greek Revolution, won him instant recognition through the world, and has been translated into twelve different languages. The collection of short stories from which the one below is taken was published in 1887, having previously appeared in the *Hestia* of Athens; it has also been widely translated.]

I.

"MY DEAR," said Father Narkissos to his wife, when he had finished his dinner and crossed himself, "my dear, I feel the heat very much, and if you don't mind I'm going to take a nap."

"That's right, have a good sleep. You ought to rest after all your hard work to-day; besides, it's so hot, no one is likely to come in to disturb you;" and the priest's wife began carrying the plates and dishes to the sink to wash them, before putting them away on the shelf by the chimney.

The room served as kitchen, dining room, and parlor, all in one. Its furniture consisted of the little table at which the young couple had just been taking their simple meal, and of four chairs and a straw settee. This settee faced the chimney, and on the wall above, framed in black wood, hung a lithograph yellow with age, which represented "King Otho's Arrival at Nauplia." Opposite the front door were two other doors, one of which led to the bedroom and the other to the garden; between them was a large wooden chest painted green, upon which lay a small rug folded twice. Here the wall was ornamented by an unframed lithograph held in place by four pins. It was a rude picture of the Church of Our Lady of the Annun-

¹ By permission of A. C. McClurg & Co.

ciation at Tenos, and evidently a souvenir of some pious journey made by the priest to that place of pilgrimage. On each side of the house door was a window with the shutters closed; the little door itself was divided horizontally into two parts, of which the lower was shut, while the upper was left open, and let in the dazzling light of the noonday sun.

Rising from the table, Father Narkissos went into the bedroom for his pillow, closed the door again, and put the pillow on the couch; then he shut the upper half of the front door to make the room dark and cool, and stretched himself on the settee. In a few minutes, however, he went to get the rug from the chest, and having unfolded it and spread it over the couch carefully, he lay down again with a sigh of content, while his wife quietly went on with her housework.

Father Narkissos had really earned the right to rest this Sunday afternoon, for he had been on his feet since daybreak. As there was no assistant priest, deacon, or even reader, he had chanted the matins and performed the service alone in the one church of his little village. The service over, he had trudged to a distant part of the island with the justice of the peace and some witnesses, to settle the boundaries of a field of his, a part of which had been claimed by a neighbor. He had won his point and come back satisfied; but the walk was long, and it had grown very hot. He reached home late, a little after noon, just as his wife was beginning to fear that her dinner would be spoiled; but the hungry priest found the fare savory, and to her delight did it ample justice. This, too, helped to make his eyelids heavy.

The midday heat, now pleasantly tempered by the darkness of the room; the deep silence broken only by the even hum of the grasshoppers outside, and indoors by the careful movements of the young wife as she arranged the plates upon the shelves; the fatigue and after-dinner heaviness of the priest; the soft rug on the couch,—all invited him to slumber. With half-closed eyes he followed his wife to and fro about the room, and his blond beard scarcely hid a smile of gladness, as he thought of the cradle that in a few months would have to be added to the furniture of their bedroom. It was only the night before that she had told him this joyous news; and as his sleepy eyes rested upon her, there quickly passed before him as in a dream many incidents of his life, which floated vaguely by and added to his placid sense of happiness.

II.

For only three months had Father Narkissos enjoyed the double honor of priest and husband. He had worn the cassock from his childhood, having been destined for the Church before his birth. From time immemorial the eldest sons of his mother's race had become priests, in order to take charge of the Church of the Presentation, which belonged to the family, and was at once the ornament, the pride, and the place of pilgrimage of the whole island. The predecessor and uncle of Narkissos had had no children, and so when the old priest arranged the marriage of his only sister, — who was younger than he, — it was agreed in the contract that the first son of the marriage should be both his priestly successor and his heir. The family were therefore more pleased at the birth of a boy than is usual even in Greece, where girl babies are unjustly held in small esteem.

Little Narkissos was brought up by his mother with all the respect due to a future priest. He had rosaries and crosses for his playthings, and when he began to talk, the first words that he learned after "Papa" and "Mamma," were "Kyrie Eleison." As soon as he could walk alone, he was allowed to carry the wax taper before his uncle, who showed him his A B C's in the rubrics of the Book of Hours, and afterward taught him to read out of the Psalms. Neither study, however, nor the offices of religion repressed the young clerk's love of fun; and his mother was often obliged to administer another and very different laying on of hands, when he came home with his frock torn on the sharp rocks that he had been climbing, or in too boisterous contests with his playfellows.

In accordance with the family custom, and to prevent familiarity lessening the respect of the parishioners toward their future pastor, the boy was sent away from home when he reached his twelfth year. An old uncle of his mother had retired to the island of Andros, after having been Bishop of Tremithous. He had resigned his sacred functions, — either of his own motion or otherwise, — but not until he had acquired a fortune that enabled him to pass his closing days comfortably in the Cyclades. It was to this prelate that Narkissos was sent. The ex-Bishop of Tremithous received the new-comer with favor, and bestowed upon him the title of reader; while in order to deserve this first step in the priesthood, Narkissos continued his lessons in the Andros school, and the Bishop's vicar,

in-waiting taught him in matters ecclesiastical. Under these auspices the lad was prepared for his destined career. Some years passed by, and the reader was about to be made a deacon when the news of his uncle's death reached Andros. The inhabitants of his native village invited him to assume his sacred heritage, for although very young for full ordination, he must succeed his uncle at once to prevent the family office from passing into stranger hands. While sorry to lose his reader and intended deacon, the ex-Bishop of Tremithous would not spoil his young charge's future, and so sent the youth away to be married before going into holy orders.¹

Narkissos obeyed without the least unwillingness, for his choice had long been fixed. From his tenderest infancy he had been wont to regard the little Arétoula as his future wife. The parents had assented to this marriage half in earnest and half in jest; but the boy had taken the matter seriously from the first, and had always honored his sweet little playmate with a chivalrous protection. When he had to go away to Andros, they exchanged vows, and on his return after eight years of absence, he found Arétoula grown to be a beautiful and charming maiden; nor did his own fair face lack comeliness under his reader's cap. The old Bishop, who had accompanied his nephew home, blessed the young couple, ordained his reader first deacon and then priest, and returned to Andros.

III.

So Narkissos had been married and a priest for three months.

Everything went to his heart's content. Well pleased with his sonorous voice in church and with his fine presence and manners, the villagers showed their pastor a respect to which his years hardly entitled him; his wife promised him an heir; his fields gave assurance of a rich yield; the revenues of the parish had not decreased under his care, — what more could he desire? Besides all this, he had thus far been spared the most painful of a priest's duties; during these three months no one had died in the island.

Here, however, Father Narkissos felt a strange dread. Here was the only cloud — a very dark one — that cast its shadow

¹ No unmarried man can serve as a parish priest in the Greek Church; and no priest is permitted to marry after his ordination.

on a career in which he otherwise seemed to find nothing but peace and happiness. His childhood had been beset with a fear of death. From the time when, as a little boy, he had kissed his father's cold and sunken eyelids, an unreasoning terror of death had taken possession of him. Growing up in the Church and always living among priests, he had had to take part in funeral services; but he always managed to avoid the sight of the dead, sometimes by looking steadfastly at his candle or the prayer-book in his hands, and sometimes by keeping his eyes fixed upon the ground. He had never dared to look at the corpse lying on the bier; he had never complied with the ghastly custom of giving a last kiss to the soulless clay. Once a full priest, however, how could he avoid contact with death, or how inure himself to the dreadful sight? He had of course confessed his fears to the Bishop, had avowed his weakness, and explained his scruple. The old man had advised, encouraged, and upbraided him; had urged that time would accustom him, like all other priests, to this horror of death; had tried to inspire him by dwelling upon the sanctity and grandeur of his office at the bedside of the dying and the coffin of the dead. Narkissos allowed himself to be persuaded.

He had allowed himself to be persuaded, but his dread continued none the less. During these three months, when any one called to see him, his heart beat fast with fear that the visitor had come to announce a death. Even now, while his eyes were gently closing in sleep, the sweet images that passed before him were darkened by the vision of a last confession. But gradually all his ideas became confused and his senses dull; his half-open lids closed together, his hand fell heavy on the rug, his cheek sank deeper into the pillow, and the cool quiet of the room was filled with the sonorous and regular breathing of the priest.

When her work was done, the young wife went into the next room, on tiptoe so as not to disturb her husband's slumber, and brought out a little bundle. She sat down quietly on a stool by the empty fireplace, unrolled the bundle, and spread out its contents on her lap piece by piece. They were tiny garments, borrowed from a neighbor, to serve as patterns for the work that she was about to do. She examined them slowly; but they did not wholly fill her thoughts, for now and then she cast a look of dreamy tenderness toward her husband, who slept on peacefully.

IV.

Suddenly the silence outside was broken by heavy footsteps coming toward the house. They stopped before the door, the upper half of which was pushed ajar from without, and a bright ray of light shot into the room. The priest's breathing changed its rhythm, but did not stop; and his young wife, turning to the door, laid a finger on her lips in token of silence. In the square space of sunlight she saw the head and breast of an old peasant. Around his shabby fez was twisted a white cotton handkerchief, the ends of which hung down behind to protect his wrinkled neck. Below the fez shone the bright eyes of the old man from under his white and shaggy brows. The sweat was dropping from his forehead; over his right shoulder he held a staff, and from the top of it hung a basket covered with cabbage leaves. The priest's wife rose and went to the door without making any noise.

"Good day, Thanasi," she whispered; "the father is asleep."

"So I see," replied the old man, with a vain effort to soften his heavy voice. "I'm very sorry, but we must wake him up."

"Why, what's the matter? What do you want of him?"

"It isn't me, thank Heaven: it's the leper who wants him."

"*Kyrie Eleison!* The leper?" repeated the young wife; and she instantly thought of her husband's fear. The mere idea that his trials must begin with the death of a leper made her tremble, without thinking of the distance, although it was quite at the other end of the island that the poor wretch passed his solitary life, and the heat was almost unbearable that summer day.

"He's not long for this world, I think," said the old peasant.

"*Kyrie Eleison!*" again exclaimed the wife, looking anxiously toward the settee; she could find no other phrase to express her anguish.

The priest had heard it all, — as in a dream. The opening of the door had disturbed his sleep, but his senses were still torpid and his impressions confused; through his closed eyelids he had felt the light as it broke into the room: he knew that his wife was speaking to old Thanasi, and understood that the leper had sent for him; but when he heard the old man's last words and the second *Kyrie Eleison* of his wife, a cold sweat broke out on his brow. He raised his head, let his feet fall to the floor, and leaning with his hands upon the rug, he sat there

stunned and motionless, with parted lips and eyes fixed upon the door. He saw before him that lonely rock high up above the sea, that wretched hut to which years ago he had been drawn by childish curiosity to know what kind of thing a leper was. Once more he seemed to see the unhappy creature sitting on the ground under a cedar tree, dressing a meal of wild herbs in a coarse earthen pot; once more he saw that loathsome face as it turned toward him for a moment before he fled back to his playfellows, who were waiting at a safe distance.

"Pardon, father, for waking you," said old Thanasi; "but the leper is dying, and wants to see you. It's a long way over there, and perhaps you won't reach him in time after all."

Father Narkissos rose to his feet. "Wife, my cap and cloak."

Obedient without a word, she went into the bedroom and brought them out. "You surely aren't going on foot?" said she, gently.

"Oh, no," said old Thanasi, "I'm going to fetch a donkey. I'll be back in a moment."

"Are you going with me?" the priest asked him.

"Yes, indeed!" and the old man hurried off to get the donkey.

"There," said the priest to his wife, as he washed his face and hands at the sink, "there's old Thanasi come all the way on foot; he has seen the leper, he has ministered to the poor man's wants, and yet is ready to go back with me out of pure kindness of heart," and his voice trembled a little, "while I, — I keep thinking of the horror of seeing a Christian's dying agony, and falter at my duty."

The woman made no reply, but offered her husband a towel in silence. Having wiped his face and hands, he took his cloak, put on his cap, then kissed his wife on the forehead and went out with the church key in his hand.

His house was the last one in the village, and stood alone at the foot of a steep hill, up which straggled the other houses of the hamlet, one above another. In the middle was the little Church of the Presentation, an old Byzantine structure with a tower-like cupola rising above the humble roofs of the village. The narrow street wound up the hill from the priest's house to the church. The sun's rays fell vertically, and made the ascent even more toilsome than usual. The cottage windows on either side were tightly closed; but here and there the upper half of

a door was open, and the master or mistress stood leaning on the lower part, as if waiting for the priest. Thanasi had told them that the leper was dying, and the news spread quickly.

Father Narkissos greeted his parishioners :—

“Good day to you, friend Yanni. Good day, Dame Thano.”

“Your blessing, father.”

They would have been glad to have a chat, but the priest made haste. He reached the church in a sweat, unlocked the door, and entered the cool interior. Reverently he took from the altar the consecrated vessel and his prayer-book, and first wrapping them in his stole, he covered the bundle with a square piece of black cloth, and went out. He had hardly fastened the door when he heard the voice of old Thanasi urging on the donkey, who seemed disinclined to rapid motion in the heat. Narkissos went to the beast's head, patted it, and mounted, putting the precious parcel in the breast of his cassock ; he then began his journey, the old peasant following on foot. Other house doors were opened, and the pious villagers, knowing what sacred things the priest carried under his robe, made the sign of the cross as he went by. On the threshold of his own home his wife was waiting for him, shielding her eyes with her hand. A smile of gladness shone on the face of the priest ; he stopped the donkey at the door and started to speak, but the words would not come. She also said nothing, but tried to return his smile ; then he nodded to her, and striking the donkey's neck with the cord that served as a rein, went on again with the old man.

His wife's smile faded, and with her thumb she brushed away a tear.

V.

The road led down between the fields and vineyards that bordered on the village, and then up again through a thick olive wood to the crest of the opposite hill, where two wind-mills stood waiting for a breeze to turn their sails. From here there stretched a sloping plain, which terminated in steep rocks at the southern end of the island. It was a rough and ill-kept road, but old Thanasi and the donkey seemed familiar with the stones that cumbered it. On each side a low wall of loose masonry skirted the vineyards, which farther on gave place to fields already harvested. Beyond the cultivated land the plain

rose at the left in a series of hills covered with brushwood, while on the right it slanted gently toward the seashore, from which spread the blue waves of the Ægean, dotted with the mountain tops of distant islands. It was a glorious view, but the priest did not see it; his eyes saw nothing but the hideous face of the leper.

When a man is following the steps of a robust donkey, under a broiling sun and along a bad road, he is hardly in the mood for conversation, even if he be younger than Thanasi; so the old man kept silent. At last he began to pant audibly. Father Narkissos pulled the cord to his breast and brought the animal to a halt.

The peasant hurried up to him. "What's the matter, father? What are you stopping for?"

"I'm going to get down, my friend; you must take my place, and then we'll change again when I am tired."

"What! I ride the donkey and let you go on foot?"

"But you are tired."

"I tired? Pshaw! I'm still fresh; don't worry about me. Who ever saw a priest carrying the holy sacraments, walking behind his donkey, and his donkey driver riding in the saddle! Go on, little beast!"

There was small opportunity to discuss the point, for the donkey, moved by the suasion of Thanasi's voice and a smart blow on the crupper from his fist, had started briskly again.

The priest soon slackened his pace again to allow the old man to follow more comfortably.

"Do you think we shall find him alive?"

"Who can tell? He was very low."

"Just how was he when you left him?"

"Why, like a dying man."

This was precisely what the priest wanted to know,—how a man looks when he is dying. The old peasant's reply gave him no help. He yearned to have some one describe the sight that he so dreaded before seeing it, for in that way perhaps he might hope to lessen the horror of it. In his soul a struggle was waging between fear and duty. The peasant's calmness in speaking of the matter, and eagerness to return to the dying leper, made the priest in his heart only the more ashamed of his own lack of courage.

"Tell me, Thanasi, why did you come back with me? Was it to keep me company?"

"Yes, — but more than that, to comfort the leper in his last moments. You, father, will give him the sacraments, and then you'll come away; I shall stay behind. The poor fellow has been alone all his life, and it's only right he should have a Christian with him at his death-bed."

The priest felt a choking in his throat.

"You are a good Christian, Thanasi, — God bless you; but that duty is mine; I shall close his eyes."

The old man made no reply, and the two kept on in silence. The road was no longer lined with walls, but passed through bushes of arbutus and wild myrtle as it descended toward the steep shore. Soon it made a turn to the left, winding around a bare hill; and all at once the priest saw the lonely cedar tree that shaded the leper's hut.

Fifteen years ago, in the shadow of this same cedar, he had seen the poor wretch whose solitary life had been spent at this solitary spot, — alone, abandoned, far from all human company, seeing the sun rise and set, day after day, without bringing any change to his sad existence, cursed with an hereditary disease, without aim, without consolation, without hope. A poor and friendless orphan, he had been stricken while yet young with the hideous malady. His fellow-villagers had forced him to isolate himself, and to take the place of another leper who had died in the same hut. In promising him food and clothing, they had assumed no heavy burden.

Old Thanasi owned some patches of land beyond the leper's hut, and brought him his supplies once a week; but the peasant's kindness did not stop there. The old man helped him to grow his little garden, mended his tools, found seed for him, and gave him advice. But Thanasi's mere presence was the greatest boon of all, for he was in the habit of talking with the poor outcast across the garden wall, — having at last grown used to the terrible disease, — and the leper would count the days and hours until his next visit. Thanasi was the only tie that joined him to the outside world; no other living creature dared come near him. Now and then, to be sure, some peasants passing by would speak to him from a distance, or even leave a penny for him on a rock where he could see it; but no one ventured to look upon him close at hand. In this way his life had passed, and one after another his days had rolled by, long and lonely.

The garden about his cottage was inclosed by a hedge which he had made himself, and in which he had planted myrtles,

laurel-roses, and furze. On the side toward the sea the hedge was partly open, and two stones marked the entrance. Seated on these stones, with the Cretan sea spread out before him, how often he had seen the waves break angrily on the rocks, or die away in a murmur at his feet! How often he had watched the white sails in the distance, and envied the lot of those strong, hardy sailors, battling with the elements, cruising from shore to shore, and at last returning to their dear ones at home, while he, bound to his barren rock, could only await his end in dreary solitude!

VI.

Father Narkissos dismounted at the entrance of the garden. Having hobbled the fore legs of the donkey with the cord, old Thanasi led the way toward the cabin, but came back after taking a few steps.

"Sit down a moment on this stone, father," said he; "I'll go in and see how he is."

The priest stopped, and drawing the precious packet from his robe, he undid the cord, — his hands trembling a little, — carefully placed the stole and its contents on the stone, then laid aside his cap, and stood bareheaded with his arms crossed upon his breast, waiting for the old man's return. He was very pale. In spite of himself, an eager wish, a guilty hope, filled his heart. "If the leper were but dead! If Thanasi would only come to tell me all is over!" He tried to keep down this wicked thought; he implored help from above; he made the sign of the cross, and taking the book from the folded stole, began to read the beautiful prayers in the service for the dead. His eyes saw the words, but his thoughts were in the hut. "Why does old Thanasi stay so long?" He started toward the door, but stopped half way, hesitating. He would have called to the old man, but was afraid to lift his voice. At last Thanasi came out, and the priest looked at him questioningly.

"He was drowsy; I could hardly wake him. You can just hear his voice; but he brightened up when I told him you were here. Go in, father."

The priest went back to the entrance of the inclosure, put on his stole, reverently took the holy sacraments in his hand, and walked firmly toward the hut. Only his paleness gave sign of the struggle within him. As he reached the door the

old man, who had followed him, touched his robe gently; the priest turned with one foot on the doorstep, his long hair floating about his neck.

"Father," said Thanasi, "don't move the linen that covers his face; he asked me to put it there, so that you might not see him."

"It is well," said the priest, gravely. "Do not come in until I call you;" and he went into the cottage.

The peasant sat on the stone by the entrance, and waited. He waited long, wondering that the priest did not come out or call. He would go and look, but he remembered the tone in which Father Narkissos forbade him, and dared not disobey. So he waited in patience, looking off over the blue sea rippled by the breeze that was springing up. The sun was setting; the bushes gave forth a sweet scent; the larks soared in the sky and filled the air with their song; everything was calm and peaceful, — while the leper lay dying in his hut.

Suddenly the old peasant heard a light footfall, and turning in surprise he saw the priest's wife coming toward him. He rose and went to meet her.

"But, mistress, what has brought you so far afoot?"

"I expected to meet you half way," she said, "but little by little I came on, and so I — I'm here. Where is the father?"

"Inside — with the leper."

"Is he still alive, or is he dead?"

"I don't know."

"Won't you go and see?"

"The father has forbidden me."

The young wife was silent for a moment; then she began uneasily, "It will soon be night."

"That won't matter, there'll be a moon. But why did you come?"

"I brought his cloak," and she pointed to her husband's Sunday mantle carefully folded on her arm.

"What's that for? He has one with him, and it isn't cold."

"He may need it," said the wife.

After thinking some minutes Thanasi asked, "Perhaps you didn't care to touch the other?"

"Perhaps. It's a terrible disease."

They had now come to the entrance of the garden.

"Sit down here on this stone: you must be tired."

"No," she answered, "I'm not tired." Then after a moment, "What if I were to go in?" she asked.

"Well, if you think best; but the father mayn't like it."

She sat down on the stone, but kept glancing uneasily at the cottage. Her anxiety was plain. Perhaps the old man shared it; at any rate he pitied her.

"Just stay here," he said to her, "and I'll go very softly and see what's going on."

He went slowly toward the hut, bending forward to listen at every step, but he heard nothing. At the door he stopped. The priest was speaking, but in a voice so low that Thanasi could hardly distinguish the sound. Although he leaned inside, he could not see the head of the dying man, for it was hidden by the priest's shoulders. Father Narkissos was kneeling on the ground, his head bowed in prayer. The white linen placed by Thanasi over the leper's face had been thrown upon the ground, and lay there at his feet.

The old peasant drew back very softly and stepped toward the entrance of the garden. The young wife had followed him with her eyes, but had not stirred from her stone, waiting for his return.

"What did you see?"

"Nothing."

Just then the priest came out of the cottage and walked slowly across the garden. He had no cloak. In his upraised hands he carried the holy book and consecrated vessel. He came forward with head erect and look of peace, his long hair floating in the breeze. He looked like one transfigured.

He showed no surprise at seeing his wife with the old peasant; and neither of the two moved to meet him, or asked him any question; they waited for him to speak.

"He is dead," said the priest.

They made the sign of the cross.

"To-morrow morning we will come to bury him," he added. His voice had a grave and solemn tone that his wife had never heard before, and as she listened the tears came to her eyes. She felt that the trial had strengthened her husband's soul forever.

"Shall I stay for the night?" asked old Thanasi.

"Yes, stay if you will. I shall come early in the morning."

Then he saw the cloak which his wife offered him, and said, —

"You were right to bring it for me. I laid the other on the dead man — to cover him."

And the priest and his wife walked home side by side.

IN THE DAYS OF THE TURKS.

BY IVAN VAZOFF.

[IVAN VAZOFF, the chief of Bulgarian writers, was born in 1850 at Sopot in the Strema valley, near the Balkans; the son of a prosperous merchant who vainly tried to have him follow a business career. Besides native literary gifts and bent, he has also been ever an ardent patriot, devoted to uplifting Bulgarian national pride, and developing its intellectual standard on national lines. He was a schoolmate of the martyr patriot Boteff, who perished fighting the Turks in 1876. In 1870, the year of the recognition by Turkey of the Bulgarian Church, Vazoff published his first poem, "The Pine Tree," an allegory of the old Bulgarian kingdom destroyed by the Turks in the fourteenth century. In 1877 the Turks burnt his native village, put his father to death, and imprisoned his mother and sister in a monastery. He was now, however, in rapid literary production; he wrote the "Epic of the Forgotten" about this time, edited a paper called *Knowledge*, and collaborated in a large Bulgarian anthology, as well as in translating foreign classics into Bulgarian. After independence was won by the help of Russia, he became a deputy to the national assembly; but was banished in 1886 for his share in the movements that united East Rumelia to Bulgaria. In 1889, at Odessa, he finished his masterpiece, "Pod Igoto," (Under the Yoke), a novel of the futile struggle against the Turks which provoked the horrible massacres at Batak and brought on Russian intervention. The same year he was recalled and settled in Sofia, where he has since lived, a fertile producer of both prose and poetry in various kinds. Among them are "The Great Solitude of the Rilo" and "New Ground." In 1895, the quarter-centenary of his first poem, a national jubilee was held in his honor at Sofia.]

I.

DRIPPING with water and blinded by the lightning, while the crashing thunder still rang in his ears, Kralich wandered on at random among the fields, orchards, and gardens, where no refuge was to be had. At last the plashing of a waterfall overcame all other sounds and reached his ears. It was a mill-stream. On a sudden a new flash disclosed to him the roof of the mill, nestling among drooping willows. Kralich stopped under the eaves. He pushed at the door, which opened. He entered. The mill was dark and silent. Outside, the storm had calmed down: the rain was slowly ceasing, and the moon began to appear behind the clefts in the clouds. The night had cleared up. These rapid changes in weather are usual only in May.

Soon steps were heard approaching from outside, and Kralich hastened to hide in a narrow space between the granary and the wall.

"There now — the wind has blown the door open," said a

Bab-il, the Highest Mound in Babylon



rough voice in the darkness, and a petroleum lamp was at once lighted.

Kralich, hidden in his corner, stooped and saw the miller, a tall gaunt peasant, and with him a barefooted girl in a short blue dress, probably his daughter, who was closing and trying to bolt the door. She was about thirteen or fourteen years old, but still quite a child, and her black eyes peeped out with childish innocence from under her long lashes. Despite her neglected dress, her figure gave promise of future gracefulness. They seemed to have come from some mill close at hand, for they were dry. The miller added:—

“It’s a good thing we turned off the flume, or this storm would have smashed it. Old Stancho’s stories never come to an end. It’s a blessing no robber came in.” He looked round him. “Now, Marika, you go off to bed. I wonder why your mother sends you here? Only for me to have the more anxiety,” added the miller, hammering down the plank in the flume, and humming a tune to himself. Marika, without waiting any longer, went to the far end of the mill, said her prayers, shook out some blankets, and lay down to sleep: in a moment she was slumbering peacefully.

Kralich watched the scene with lively curiosity. The miller’s rough but kindly face inspired him with confidence. It was impossible that a traitor’s soul could lurk behind that straightforward and honest countenance. He decided to come out and ask him for aid and counsel. But at that very minute the miller stopped humming, drew himself up, and listened to sounds of voices outside. A loud knock was heard at the door.

“Open the door, miller,” cried some one in Turkish.

He went to the door, fastened the bolt securely, and returned pale with terror.

The hammering at the door continued, and a fresh summons was made, followed by the bark of a dog.

“Turks out hunting,” muttered the miller, whose ear had recognized the bark of a greyhound. “What do the brutes want? It must be Yemeksiz Pehlivan.”

Yemeksiz Pehlivan, the wildest of midday and midnight marauders, was the terror of the neighborhood. A fortnight before he had murdered the whole family of Gancho Dagkli in the village of Ivanovo. They said—and not without some ground—that it was he who had cut off the child’s head which had been brought to the town the day before.

The door shook under the knocking.

The miller remained for a moment plunged in thought, clasping his head with both hands, in doubt as to what course he should follow. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Suddenly he moved to a dusty shelf from under which he took an ax, and then went to the door, which was nearly beaten in by the knocking. But his momentary decision vanished as soon as he glanced at his daughter. A terrible hopelessness, torture, suffering, were depicted on his face. The paternal feeling overcame his perturbed conscience. He thought of the Bulgarian proverb: "The sword does not strike the bowed head," and decided, instead of resistance, to beg for mercy—from the merciless. He hurriedly replaced the ax behind the granary, where Kralich was hidden, covered up Marika carefully, and opened the door.

On the threshold stood two armed Turks in hunting costume. One held a greyhound in a leash. The first, who was in truth the bloodthirsty Yemeksiz Pehlivan, cast an inquisitive glance round the mill, and entered. He was tall, lame, cadaverously thin, and beardless. His face was not as terrible as his name and his deeds would imply; but his small, gray, almost colorless eyes twinkled with evil cunning, like a monkey's. His companion was a short, thick-set, muscular man, with a face of bestial expression, in which the lowest animal instincts and ferocity were apparent; this man followed with the greyhound, and stood by the door.

Yemeksiz Pehlivan looked angrily at the miller.

The two men took off their dripping overcoats.

"Why didn't you open, miller?" he asked. The miller muttered some excuse, bowing to the ground, and casting an uneasy glance at the end of the mill where Marika lay sleeping.

"Are you alone here?" and Yemeksiz looked round.

"Quite alone," was the hurried reply; then, thinking a lie was useless, the miller added, "and the child is asleep over there."

Just then Marika moved, and turned her face towards them. The pale light of the lamp shone on her white throat. The Turks cast eager glances at the sleeping girl. A cold sweat moistened the miller's forehead.

Yemeksiz turned to him with an assumed kindness. "Guv'nor," he said, "sorry to trouble you. Go and buy us a bottle of raki."

"But, Pehlivan Aga, all the shops are shut now — it's midnight," answered the miller, trembling at the terrible idea of leaving Marika alone in such company.

The lame man replied: "Go along with you! no shop will refuse to serve you if you say it's for me. I want you to treat us — that's the way to make friends."

He said this in jest, being certain of obtaining his end. He did not even seek to hide his intention from the unhappy father.

Yemeksiz glanced at the sleeping child in her careless and innocent attitude. Seeing that the miller did not move, he began to grow impatient, but still retained his assumed gentleness, and said quietly: —

"Mashallah! that's a pretty girl of yours, guv'nor. Off you go; we're your guests, you know — you must treat us. You fetch the raki, and we'll look after the mill." Then he added in a threatening tone: "Don't you know Yemeksiz Pehlivan?"

The miller had understood from the first the abominable design screened by that shallow trick. His whole nature revolted at the thought. But he was caught in the trap — he was alone against two armed men. To resist was foolish and useless: his death, which was now a matter of indifference to him, could not save his child. He tried again by prayers to soften his enemies: —

"Gentlemen, I'm an old man — take pity on my poor old bones. I'm worn out by my day's work: let me sleep in peace. Don't blacken my face."

He was addressing deaf ears. The lame Turk exclaimed: "Come, come, man, we're thirsty — you talk too much. Don't you live in the mill? Go for the raki!" And he pushed him to the door.

"I won't leave my mill at this time of night! Let me alone!" said the miller, hoarsely.

The two Turks then threw aside their feigned gentleness of manner, and their eyes flashed furiously on the miller.

"What! he shows his tusks, the pig!" cried Yemeksiz, drawing his yataghan, while his eyes became bloodshot.

"You may kill me, but I won't leave my child alone," said the miller, humbly but decidedly.

Yemeksiz stood up. "Topal Hassan," he said, "throw the dog out — I don't want to dirty my knife."

The other rushed at the miller, seized him, and forced him to the door, whence he tried to spurn him with his foot. The

millar rose to his feet and sprang in again, crying, "Mercy! mercy!"

The noise woke Marika, who stood up in terror. When she saw the Turk's drawn sword she shrieked and fled to her father.

"Mercy, mercy, gentlemen!" cried the unfortunate father, clasping his child in his arms.

At a sign from Yemeksiz the powerful Topal Hassan threw himself like a tiger on the miller, seized his hands, and bound them.

"That's it, Topal Hassan; let's tie up the old rat of a miller; since he wants to stop here, let him stay and see the show — that's what a fool like that deserves. He shall remain tied up, and when we set fire to the mill it'll be our turn to look on and enjoy ourselves."

And the two brigands, paying no attention to his cries, forced the miller up to a beam and began to tie him with ropes.

The miller, frenzied with terror at the thought of what he was going to see, roared for help like a wild beast; but no help was to be hoped for in that lonely place.

Marika opened the door and began to shriek and wail. But only the echoes replied.

"Here, miss, you come in. We want you," cried Yemeksiz, as he fetched her in. "Help, help!" cried the miller in despair. "Is there no one? Marika, come, dear," he shouted in his frenzy — calling on his child for help.

Kralich had all the while been watching the scene motionless; his legs trembled unnaturally, his hair stood on end, and the cold dew was on his face.

All that he had seen and undergone that evening, from leaving Marko's house till that moment, was so strange and fearful that it seemed to him like a dream. The whistling of the bullets, the roar of the thunder, were still echoing in his ears. His thoughts were confused. At first he had made sure the Turks had come for him, and that his fate was sealed. The conviction of his utter helplessness had quenched all his energy, and left him only enough to give himself up to the Turks, so as to save the miller. But now that he saw he was to be a spectator of something far more terrible, and when he heard the miller call Marika to his assistance, a blind rage and despair fired his very soul. He had never looked on blood before, but

the Turks seemed to him like flies. Fatigue, weakness, doubt—all disappeared. He stretched out his hand mechanically and seized the ax; he passed along mechanically, stooping behind the wheat-sacks; rose up, pale as death, rushed at Yemeksiz, who stood with his back to him, and plunged the ax into his body. All this he did as in a dream.

The Turk fell to the ground without a groan.

At sight of this sudden and dangerous foe, Topal Hassan left the rope with which he was fastening up the miller, drew his pistol, and fired it at Kralich. The mill was filled with smoke, the action of the shot put out the lamp, and all were plunged in darkness. Then in the dark began a terrible struggle, with the hands, nails, feet, teeth. The combatants, at first two, but soon three in number, rolled in the dark with wild cries and groans, mingled with the loud bark of the dog. Topal Hassan, as strong as a bullock, resisted desperately his two antagonists, who on their part knew they must conquer or meet a fate which was only too certain.

When the lamp shone again, Hassan was writhing in his death-agony. Kralich had during the fight managed to get hold of his knife and plunge it in his breast. The two bodies were weltering in blood.

Then the miller rose and looked with wonder at the unknown assistant who had come to his rescue. Before him stood a tall young man, deadly pale, thin, with piercing black eyes, long shaggy hair, covered with dust; his coat was torn, stained with mud, and wet; his waistcoat had lost its buttons, and showed that he had no shirt; his trousers were in rags, and his boots scarcely held together. In a word, it was a man either just out of jail or on his way thither. The miller took him as such. But he cast a look of sympathy on him, and said earnestly:—

“Sir, I don’t know who you are or how you come to be here. But as long as I live I can’t pay you back for this. You’ve saved me from death and from worse than death; you’ve spared my gray hairs from shame. May God bless and reward you. The whole nation will honor you for what you’ve done. Do you know who he is? (pointing to Yemeksiz). He’s made mother and daughter weep before now. Now the world’s free of the monster. God bless you, my son!”

Kralich listened with tears in his eyes to these simple and sincere words—then, much moved, he said:—

"I haven't done much, father: we have killed two, but there are thousands and thousands more such monsters. The Bulgarian nation can only free itself and live in peace if all seize their axes and cut down the enemy. But tell me, where are we to bury these bodies, so as to leave no trace?"

"I've got a grave ready for the unbelievers: only help me to carry them out," said the old man.

Then the two men, between whom that night of blood had placed an eternal bond of union, carried the corpses out to an old pit behind the mill, and threw them in, covering them over carefully with earth so as to leave nothing showing. On returning to the door with the pickax and shovel, something white bounded round them.

"Ah, the dog!" cried Kralich; "it will lurk round here and betray us. I must knock it over the head," and he struck it with the ax. The dog fell yelping by the water. Kralich pushed it into the mill-stream with his ax, and it sank there.

"We ought to have buried it by the other two dogs," said the miller.

They removed the blood-stains from their clothes, and covered the ground over with leaves.

"Why, what's that running from you?" asked the miller, seeing that Kralich's hand was bleeding.

"Nothing; only where the brute bit me while I was stabbing him in the heart."

"Let me bind it up for you at once," said the miller, tying it up with a rag. Then, leaving his hand, he looked him straight in the face, and said:—

"I beg your pardon, my son, but where do you come from?" And he cast another look of surprise at the stranger.

"I'll tell you later on, father; and all I can say is that I'm a Bulgarian, and a good Bulgarian. Have no doubts on my score."

"My God! I should think you were. You're a real Bulgarian and no mistake, and for such as you I'd give my life."

"Tell me now where I can get clothes and find a shelter for the night?"

"Let's go to the monastery to Deacon Vikenti. He's a relation of mine. That man has done no end of good. And he's a real Bulgarian too. Come along; we'll all sleep there. It's a good thing no one saw us." Father Stoyan was mistaken: behind the walnut-tree the moon now showed a tall human

figure which had witnessed, motionless, the burial of the two Turks. But neither he nor Kralich had noticed it.

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II.

As they walked on the two came to the mill of the terrible night. The mere sight of it brought deep furrows to Ognianoff's brow.

The mill was now closed. Stoyan the miller had left it and taken another, situate, as we have already seen, on the monastery stream.

The mill, deserted and covered with moss, resembled a grave in that beautiful spot.

At that moment Mouncho had stealthily approached; he stopped and fixed his eyes on Ognianoff. A strange smile played over his idiot's countenance. In that look, bereft of reason, could be read the mingled affection, fear, and surprise which Boïcho [Ognianoff] had awakened in his mind. Years before, he had cursed Mohammed before an on-bashi [corporal of police], who had beaten him till he lay senseless on the ground. From that time his obscured conscience had retained only one feeling, one thought—a terrible, demoniacal hatred of the Turks. He happened to witness the slaughter of the two ruffians in the mill and their burial afterwards, and had conceived an unbounded admiration and reverence for Ognianoff. This feeling amounted almost to worship. He called him the Russian for some inexplicable reason. The first night he had been terribly scared by confronting him on the veranda, but he had since become accustomed to Ognianoff's frequent visits to the monastery. He seemed fascinated by him—could not take his eyes off him, and regarded him as his protector. Whenever the servants teased him he would threaten them with the Russian. "I shall tell the Russian to kill you too," drawing his fingers across his throat. But nobody understood what he meant by these words; fortunately, for he would repeat them in the town when he went there. The higoumen [prior] and Boïcho paid no heed to Mouncho, who continued shaking his head and smiling amiably.

"Look! there's the on-bashi coming this way," said the higoumen.

In truth, the on-bashi was approaching with his gun on his shoulder and a knapsack slung round his back. He was going out shooting.

The on-bashi was about thirty-five years of age, with a yellow, bloated face, a high projecting forehead, small gray eyes, and an inert, sleepy look. He was evidently an opium-eater. After a few words of greeting and a little talk on the prospects of sport that year, the on-bashi took the higoumen's rifle, examined it carefully, as every sportsman does, and said:—

"That's a good rifle, your worship—what are you going to fire at?"

"Well, I was just thinking, Sherif Aga. I haven't had it in my hand for a year, and I thought I'd have a shot this morning."

"What's to be the mark?" asked the on-bashi, eagerly taking his Martini from his shoulder and evidently desirous of showing his skill.

"Well, that great thistle on the bank, near the clay-pit there," said the higoumen.

The on-bashi looked surprised.

"That's a very long way off," he said: however, he walked to a rock in the field, steadied his rifle on it, aimed for about ten seconds, and fired. The bullet struck some paces distant from the mark.

Sherif Aga reddened and showed some uneasiness.

"Let's have another shot," he said, again leaning against the stone and aiming for nearly a minute. When the gun went off he rose and ran towards the bank, but the thistle was still towering above it.

"Confound the thing," he said angrily, "it's no good aiming at a mark so far off. You fire now, Higoumen Effendi, only I warn you that you're wasting your cartridge. However, try and hit the thistle!" he added ironically.

The higoumen raised his gun to his shoulder, ran his eye along the barrel, and fired.

The weed had disappeared.

"The good old gun hasn't played me false," said the higoumen.

"It's a fluke," cried the on-bashi, "try again."

The higoumen now aimed at the next thistle and fired. The bullet again struck the mark. The on-bashi grew pale with rage:—

"Your eye's wonderfully true, Higoumeh Effendi, but I'd lay a wager it's not a year since you fired that rifle. Well, you might give a few lessons to these youngsters of yours who're here firing all day long." Then he added maliciously, "They seem very excited about something. But in the end they'll get a devilish good hiding—mark my words." And the on-bashi's look became fiercer and more ominous, as he turned to Ognianoff.

All this time Mouncho had stood at a respectful distance, but his features were distorted out of all shape with abject terror accompanied at the same time by bestial hatred. He now cast a threatening look at the on-bashi, gnashing his teeth and clenching his fists like a man about to attack some one. The on-bashi mechanically turned towards him and glanced at him contemptuously. The idiot thereupon became still more fierce of aspect, and cried, foaming with rage:—

"The Russian'll kill you too!" cursing him and his mother. The on-bashi understood a little Bulgarian, but could make nothing of Mouncho's gibberish.

"What's the matter with the fool?" he asked of the higoumen.

"He means no harm, poor fellow!"

"What's Mouncho so excited about now when he's here? In town he's always quiet enough."

"Why, every cock crows on his own dunghill!"

Just then a huge greyhound, with a leather collar round its neck, from which hung the fragments of a leash, ran towards them across the field.

They all turned to look at the dog.

"The dog's run away from somewhere," said the higoumen.

"There must be some sportsmen near."

Ognianoff trembled involuntarily.

The hound had run to the mill and sniffed at the door, after which it wandered round the house, whining piteously.

"Why, that's poor Yemeksiz Pehlivan's dog!" cried the on-bashi.

The dog, which Ognianoff recognized only too well, was wandering round and round the mill, sniffing suspiciously, and every now and then scratching with his paws. Finally, it raised its head in the air and began to howl piteously. The sound struck on Ognianoff's ear like a knell. He glanced anxiously at the higoumen. The on-bashi watched the scene

with surprise, and his face was expressive of doubt and suspicion.

Suddenly the dog rushed at Ognianoff. He recoiled, growing deadly pale. The dog made a wild spring at him, growling desperately.

He drew his knife mechanically to defend himself against the infuriated animal, which the higoumen was unsuccessfully trying to frighten away.

The on-bashi watched the scene in silence, casting suspicious and evil glances at Ognianoff and his glittering knife. But seeing that Ognianoff would perhaps in self-defense wound the dog, he interposed and drove it away. Then he turned to Ognianoff, who was red and heated by his efforts and anxiety.

"That's odd! How comes this dog to be so furious against you?"

"I think I must have hit it with a stone once," replied Ognianoff, with assumed unconcern.

The on-bashi looked at him incredulously and inquisitively. He was evidently not satisfied with the reply. An undefined suspicion formed in his mind. But he determined to look into the matter, and, in order to show that he thought Ognianoff's answer quite satisfactory, added: "That breed of dog is very vindictive." He saluted the higoumen and proceeded on his way, soon disappearing in the Balkan ridge.

The greyhound was already beyond the field on its way to rejoin its new master.

"Didn't you kill the brute?" asked the higoumen.

"I threw it half dead into the stream to drown, but here it is alive again, worse luck," muttered Ognianoff, angrily. "Old Stoyan was quite right in saying we ought to have buried it with the other two dogs. Just my luck for that lot of a Sherif to come to this very spot, too. Trouble comes when you least expect it."

"Are you sure you killed them thoroughly, and that they won't rise again like the dog?" asked the higoumen, severely. "When a man undertakes a business of this kind he ought to carry it out to the bitter end, and leave nothing undone. You're a novice at the trade as yet, Boïcho. However, there's no cause for dismay. The rumor we spread at the time calmed people down. But I shall keep my eyes open."

Meanwhile Ognianoff was carefully inspecting the place where the two Turks were buried. To his surprise he saw that

a considerable heap of stones was now on it. Neither he nor the miller Stoyan had put the stones there. He expressed his astonishment to the higoumen, who tried to calm him by suggesting that they had probably been put there by chance. They did not know that Mouncho went there every day, stone in hand, to fling at the grave of the Turks, so much so that quite a heap had by this time been raised there.

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III.

Tsanko hastened to Ognianoff in the dark closet.

"Well, Boicho, how did you like our party?"

"Oh, it was wonderful, delightful, Tsanko."

"Did you take down the words of the songs?"

"How could I? There's no light to write by."

In came Tsanko's wife with a candle in her hand.

"There's some one knocking at the door," said she.

"That'll be some one from Staïka, most likely. Perhaps she wants our Donka to go to her, you must send her."

But Donka came in and said that there were two zaptiés outside, brought by old Deïko, the village mayor.

"The devil take them, zaptiés, old Deïko, and all! Where am I to put the swine? They've not come after you," he said to Ognianoff, reassuringly, "but you'd better hide. Wife, just show the teacher where to go."

And Tsanko went out. Soon he brought in the two zaptiés, muffled up in their cloaks, and drenched with snow. They were furious.

"What do you mean by keeping us an hour at the door, you cuckold?" cried the first, a one-eyed zaptié, as he shook the snow from his cloak.

"You left us freezing outside while you were making up your mind to open," grumbled the other, a short, stout man.

Tsanko muttered some excuse.

"What are you muttering about? Go and kill a chicken for us, and get some eggs fried in butter at once!"

Tsanko tried to say something. The one-eyed zaptié burst out:

"None of your talk, ghiaour; go and tell your wife to get supper ready at once. Do you suppose we're going to finish up your d—d jam tart crumbs and nutshells for you?" he said,

with a contemptuous look at the remains of the little feast, not yet cleared up.

Tsanko moved helplessly towards the door to carry out his orders. The short one called after him:—

“Stop a minute, what have you done with the girls?”

“They went home long ago; it’s late,” answered Tsanko, trembling all over.

“Just you go and fetch them back to have supper with us and pour out our raki. What do you mean by sending them home?”

Tsanko gazed at him in terror.

“Where’s your daughter?”

“She’s gone to bed, Aga.”

“Make her get up to wait on us,” said the one-eyed zaptié, taking off his boots to dry them at the fire, while the water dripped from them and a cloud of steam rose.

The mayor just then came in and stood humbly by the door.

“You infernal pig! you’ve led us round twenty houses, knocking at door after door, like beggars—where have you hidden your—”

And he called the girls by a foul epithet.

The Bulgarians remained silent. They were used to this. Centuries of slavery had taught them the proverb, so degrading for humanity, “The sword does not strike the bowed head.” Tsanko only prayed Heaven that they might not molest his daughter.

“Look here,” asked the one-eyed zaptié, “are you preparing for a rebellion?”

Tsanko boldly denied the charge.

“Well, what’s this doing here, then?” asked the short one, taking up Petr Ovcharoff’s long knife, which had been forgotten on the floor.

“Oh! you’re not preparing for a rebellion, aren’t you?” asked the first, with a diabolical smile.

“No, Aga; we’re peaceful subjects of his Majesty,” answered Tsanko, trying to keep calm; “the knife must have been left behind by one of the guests.”

“Whose is it?”

“I don’t know.”

The zaptiés began examining the blade, which was engraved with letters inlaid with gold, surrounded by a fancy pattern.

“What do these letters mean?” they asked Tsanko.

He looked at the knife: on one side there was a wreath of flowers engraved, towards the blunt edge, containing the words "Liberty or Death"; the other side bore the owner's name.

"It's only an ornament," said Tsanko.

The one-eyed zaptié struck him in the face with his muddy boot.

"Ghiaour! Do you suppose I'm blind because I've got only one eye?"

Tsanko's reply had aroused their suspicions.

"Mayor; just come here."

The mayor came in with a cake of bread on a brass platter, which he was bringing to be baked in Tsanko's oven. He trembled when he saw the naked dagger in the zaptié's hand.

"Read this!"

The mayor looked at it and drew himself up in dismay.

"I can't make it out properly, Aga!"

The short one took his Circassian whip. The lash hissed in the air and curled twice round the mayor's neck. A stream of blood flowed from his cheek.

"You're all a set of traitors."

The mayor wiped away the blood silently.

"Read it out, or I'll stick the knife into your throat!" cried the zaptié. The bewildered mayor saw there was no help for it—he must bow before them.

"Petr Ovcharoff," he read with assumed hesitation.

"Do you know him?"

"He belongs to our village."

"Is that the fellow they call Petr the shepherd?" asked the one-eyed one, who evidently knew a little Bulgarian.

"Yes, Aga," said the mayor, handing him the knife, with a silent prayer of thanksgiving to the Holy Trinity that the terrible words on the other side had been passed over. But he went too fast.

"Now see what it says on the other side," said the zaptié.

The mayor bent in abject terror over the other side. He hesitated for some time. But when he saw that the short zaptié was getting his whip ready again, he cried:—

"It says, 'Liberty or Death,' Aga."

The one-eyed zaptié started. "What, liberty, eh?" he said, smiling ominously. "Who is it who makes these knives? Where's Petr the shepherd?"

"Where should he be, Aga? At home, of course."

"Go and fetch him."

The mayor moved off.

"Wait; I'll come with you, you fool!"

And the short zaptié took up his cloak and went out with him.

"That's right, Youssouf Aga: this shepherd seems a thorough brigand," said the other.

Meanwhile, Tsanko passed into the kitchen, where his wife was preparing the supper, cursing the Turks as she did so: "May God destroy them — may he cut them off root and branch — may the pestilence fall on them and rot their bones — may they die of poison! To think that I should be cooking meat and butter for them just before Christmas! What brought the accursed heathen here, to terrify and destroy us?"

"Donka, dear," said Tsanko to his daughter, who stood, pale and terrified, at the door, "you'd better slip out by the back way and go and sleep at your uncle's."

"And what does Deïko mean by bringing them here again? It was only last week he brought us two," murmured his wife.

"What's he to do, poor fellow?" said Tsanko. "He took them everywhere. They wanted to come here — they'd heard the songs. As it is, he's had five or six cuts of the whip."

Tsanko went back to the one-eyed zaptié.

"Chorbaji, where have you been to? Just bring a little salad and some raki."

"The shepherd's not there," cried the short zaptié at that moment, as he returned with the mayor.

"Well, we must find the rascally 'Komita,' if we have to turn the whole village upside down," said the one-eyed man, drinking.

"What do you say to giving the old boy another taste of the stick?" asked the short one, in a low voice, adding something in a whisper. His comrade winked with his only eye, in assent.

"Mayor, go and fetch the father here: we want to ask him something — and fill this at the same time," said Youssouf Aga, handing him the empty raki bottle.

"It's too late for that, Aga — the shop's shut."

The only reply was a blow in the face from the one-eyed zaptié. He was naturally a little more humane than the other, but drink, or the desire for it, maddened him in a moment.

A quarter of an hour afterwards old Storko appeared. He

was about fifty years of age, with a sharp and intelligent countenance, expressive of determination and obstinacy.

"Stoïko, tell me where your son is — you know where you've hidden him — or it will be the worse for you."

As the one-eyed zaptié said this, he poured out and gulped down a glass of raki. His eye flashed as he did so. Then he handed the glass to his comrade.

"I don't know where he is, Aga," replied the old man.

"You do, ghiaour; you know quite well," cried the zaptié, enraged.

The old man again repeated his denial.

"You know, and you'll tell us, or we'll pull out your eye teeth for you; and if you won't say then, I'll tie you behind my horse, and you'll come with us to-morrow," roared the infuriated zaptié.

"You can do what you like to me, I've only got one life," answered the old man, firmly.

"Go over there and think it over a little, then we'll talk to you again," the one-eyed zaptié said with pretended gentleness. Their object was to extract a bribe from old Stoïko, to be suggested to him by the mayor. It was brigandage of the worst description, but they wished to give it the appearance of a voluntary gift; it was the system usually followed in such cases.

But old Stoïko did not move.

They looked at each other, astonished at his firmness, and cast ferocious glances at the old man.

"Did you hear what I said, you old fool?" cried the one-eyed zaptié.

"I've nothing to think about — let me go home," he answered, hoarsely.

The zaptiés could not contain themselves. "Mayor, throw the old fool down," cried the one-eyed ruffian, seizing his kourbash.

The mayor and Tsanko begged for mercy for the old man.

The only reply was a kick, which felled Stoïko to the ground.

Then blows followed fast on his body. Old Stoïko groaned heavily for some time, then became silent: he had fainted; his forehead was drenched with a cold sweat, he was worn out by his day's work.

They undressed him to bring him to his senses.

"When he comes to himself, let me know — I'll make him

"For God's sake, Hajji Aga, I entreat you, have pity on the poor old man, he can't stand any more pain, he'll die," said Tsanko, entreatingly.

"Long live the Sultan, you rebel!" cried the short zaptié in a passion. "You deserve to be hanged yourself for harboring rebels in your house; you're very likely hiding the shepherd here somewhere. Let's search the house!"

Tsanko's face fell involuntarily. Although frenzied with drink, the zaptiés saw his confusion. He turned at once to the short one: —

"Youssouf Aga, there's something wrong here — let's search the ghiaour's house." And he rose.

"At your service," said Tsanko, hoarsely, showing the way with a lantern.

He led them all over the house, leaving the closet to the last. Finally, he lighted them there too. In the blackened ceiling there was a trap-door which led to the rafters and so outside on to the roof. When it was closed it could not be noticed. Tsanko knew that Ognianoff had climbed up through it to the rafters and replaced the cover. So he led the Turks in with the utmost confidence. His first glance was towards the ceiling.

What was his surprise to find the trap-door open!

Tsanko remained petrified where he stood. The Turks searched the closet.

"Where does that opening lead to?"

"To the rafters," muttered Tsanko. His legs trembled under him and he had to cling to the wall for support.

The short zaptié noticed his terror.

"Just give a light here while I get up, will you?" he said; but a sudden thought crossed his mind, and he called to his comrade: —

"Hassan Aga, you're taller than I am, get on the mayor's back."

Hassan Aga knew no fear when he had got his skinful; drink made a hero of him. He at once climbed up over the mayor's shoulders.

"Now then, bring the light, confound you!"

Tsanko, white as a sheet, handed him the light mechanically.

The zaptié first held the lantern in front of him, then put his head within the opening. From the motion of his body one could see he was searching with the light on every side.

At last he reappeared, jumped down, and said : —

“ Who is it you’ve been hiding there ? ”

Tsanko looked blankly at him. He did not know what answer to give ; he had suffered so much that evening that he had almost lost his senses. His thoughts became confused ; the question was repeated, he stammered out some meaningless reply.

“ The rebel will give a proper answer at Klissoura. There’s a better prison there : he can stop here for the night.” And the zaptiés locked him up in the dark and chilly closet.

Tsanko was so overwhelmed with terror and confusion that it was some minutes before he could collect his thoughts. He clasped his head with both hands, as if to retain his presence of mind. He was lacking in determination, and suffering had at once crushed him. He sobbed and groaned in despair.

There was a knock at the door, and Deiko’s voice was heard : —

“ What are you going to do now, Tsanko ? ”

“ I don’t know, Deiko. Tell me what’s best.”

“ Come, you know the ‘ Turks ’ weakness. You must give them something ; it’s the only way to get out of it ; else they’ll drag you from one court-house to another till you’re utterly ruined. Poor old Stoïko could have spared himself this with a trifle. Give, Tsanko ! give ’em your white silver to get off black sorrow.”

His wife came too, weeping bitterly : —

“ Let’s give them what we can ! Never mind, Tsanko ; it’s the only way to get out of the murderers’ hands. They’ve killed poor old Stoïko. Dear, dear ! to think I should live to see it.”

“ But what are we to give, wife ? You know we haven’t any money.”

“ Let’s give the necklace ! ”

“ What ? Donka’s necklace, with the coins ? ”

“ Yes, yes ; it’s all we have ; it’s the only way to get rid of them. Why, they’re asking for Donka now, the cursed brutes.”

“ Do what God thinks best, wife. I’m all of a muddle,” muttered Tsanko from his prison.

His wife and Deïko went away.

Soon after a light shone through the chinks in the boards of the closet, and the door was unlocked.

"Come out, Tsanko, you're free," said Deïko. "The Agas were good fellows after all. They've given you back the knife as well, so there's no cause for fear. You've got off cheap."

And, bending to his ear, he whispered low:—

"It can't last much longer; either they'll finish us off, or we must them. This life can't go on like this."

TO MY GODSON.

By LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE.

(Translated for this work.)

[LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE, the chief of French Canadian poets, was born in Quebec about 1839. He has written several volumes of narrative and lyric poems, odes, etc.; his "Flowers of the North" and "Snow-Birds" were crowned by the French Academy. Among others are "The Legend of a People" and "My Leisure Hours." He has also translated several of Shakespeare's plays for the Théâtre Français.]

Thou! scarce down-fluttered from life's wing of snow,
That still within thine eyes the rosy glow

Of innocence dost keep!
Babe! all whose days are full of soft delight,
Nor seest the rosy visions of the night
That lean above thy sleep!

Thou who dost still her infinite tenderness taste
Before whom like a shadow are effaced

Our friendships of an hour,—
Who, sateless and with pure devotion rife,
Gives her blood to us, and makes sweet our life
As kisses in love's bower!

Thou who but know'st thy haps, not whence they rise,
And smil'st to see the gloom in older eyes

Lift at thy frolic play;—
Whose soul is like to waters crystal clear,
And ignorant still thy simple trust that here
Such sorrows have their way!

List! a time cometh in our human stage
When, weighted by the burden of old age,
The forehead bows with care;

When the heart withers, when the spirit dead,
 Even as a flower uprooted, can but shed
 Its petals on the air!

A time when cares with naked talons trace
 Their lines of weary struggle on the face
 Amid a pallor new;
 When the sere frame that toward its ending sinks
 Behind it trails a shadowy chain, whose links
 Are forged of grief and rue!

An epoch often when with wail and wounds,
 Though from the sky that sole its fancy bounds
 It saw white visions glide,
 The human soul, lost on the devious route,
 Gropes blindly through the copsewood paths of doubt,
 No more illusion's bride!

Thou know'st not yet by what mysterious doom
 On features of the mighty ones are gloom
 And thought's deep shadow flung:
 Trust me, not even these need envied be,
 For oft the comeliest fruits from life's fair tree
 Lie bitter on the tongue!

Ah! could the angel that thy thread must sever,
 Halting the current of thine years forever
 By sovereign grace and power,
 Eternal 'neath thy moistened lids one day
 Fix in thine eyes the pure and holy ray
 From thy white soul their dower!

If thou couldst but thine infant softness save!—
 But thou wilt age too, and thy brow grow grave;
 Soon will thy reason sorrow
 At earthly secrets that we all must learn
 Soon or late, angel!—It may be thy turn
 To suffer on the morrow!

No! with gold honey still thy cup is brimmed;
 Smile on the future; see the dawn undimmed
 Shine with a splendor wild!
 But not on over-blindness be thou set,
 And late arrive the day thou shalt regret
 The days thou wast a child!

PRETTY DICK.

By MARCUS CLARKE.

[MARCUS ANDREW CLARKE, the leading novelist of Australia, was born at London in 1846, a lawyer's son; emigrated to Victoria in 1863, and spent four years on a ranch to qualify him for sheep farming; but changed his purpose, and in 1867 went to Melbourne and joined the staff of the daily *Argus*. While so engaged, he wrote a series of papers collected in 1868 as "The Peripatetic Philosopher," in 1869 the novel "Long Tom," and in 1870 a pantomime, "Little Bo-Peep." Still retaining his work as dramatic critic of the *Argus*, and writing for the other leading papers of the city, he became in 1872 secretary to the trustees of the Public Library, and in 1876 assistant librarian. He produced the successful drama "Plot" in 1873, and at Christmas of the same year the most successful pantomime ever given in Australia, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." In 1874 he published his masterpiece, "His Natural Life," a powerful story, and terrific indictment of the prison and convict system of Australia; it was reprinted in several countries, and the author entirely rewrote it for a second edition. In 1878 he issued a volume of collected sketches called "Holiday Peak"; the one given below is said to be the best description ever written of Australian scenery. He died in 1881.]

A HOT day. A very hot day on the plains. A very hot day up in the ranges, too. The Australian sun had got up suddenly with a savage swoop, as though he was angry at the still coolness of early morning, and was determined to drive the cattle, who were munching complacently in the long rich grass of the swamp, back up under the hill among the thick she-oaks. It seemed to be a settled thing on the part of the sun to get up hotter and hotter every morning. He even went down at night with a red face, as much as to say, "Take care, I shall be hotter than ever to-morrow!"

The men on the station did not get into smoking humor until he had been gone down at least an hour, and as they sat on a bench and a barrel or two outside the "men's hut" on the hill, they looked away across the swamp to that jagged gap in the ranges where he had sunk, and seeing the red flush in the sky, nodded at one another, and said, "We shall have a hot day to-morrow." And they were right. For when they had forgotten the mosquitoes, and the heat, and the many pleasant things that live in the crevices between the slabs of the hut, and gone to sleep, up he came again, hotter than ever, without the least warning, and sent them away to work again.

On this particular morning he was very hot. Even King Peter, who was slowly driving up the working bullocks from

the swamp, felt his old enemy so fierce on his back that he got up in his stirrups and cracked his whip, until the hills rang again, and Strawberry and Punch, and Doughboy, and Damper, and all (except that cynical, wicked Spot, who hated the world and always lived away by himself in a private clump of she-oak) straightened their tails and shook their heads, and galloped away up to the stockyard in mortal terror. The horses felt the heat; and King Peter's brother, who was looking for them on the side of the Stony Mount, had a long ride up and down all sorts of gullies before he found them out, and then they were unusually difficult to get together. The cockatoos knew it was hot, and screamed themselves away into the bush. The kangaroos, who had come down like gigantic shadows out of the still night, had all hopped away back into the scrub under the mountains, while the mist yet hung about the trees around the creek-bed. The parrots were uneasy, and the very station dogs got under the shadow-lee of the huts, in case of a hot wind coming up. As for the sheep — when Pretty Dick's father let them out in the dawn, he said to his dog, "We shan't have much to do to-day, old woman, shall we?" At which Lassie wagged her tail and grinned, as intelligent dogs do.

But who was Pretty Dick?

Pretty Dick was the seven-year-old son of Richard Fielding, the shepherd. Pretty Dick was a slender little man, with eyes like pools of still water when the sky is violet at sunset, and a skin as white as milk — that is, under his little blue and white shirt, for where the sun had touched it it was a golden brown, and his hands were the color of the ripe chestnuts his father used to gather in England years ago. Pretty Dick had hair like a patch of sunlight, and a laugh like rippling water. He was the merriest little fellow possible, and manly too! He understood all about milking, did Pretty Dick; and could drive up a refractory cow with anybody. He could chop wood too — that is, a little, you know, because he was not very strong, and the ax was heavy. He could ride, not a buck-jumper — that was his ambition — but he would take Molly (the wall-eyed mare) into the home station for his father's rations, and come out again quite safely.

He liked going into the station, because he saw Ah Yung, the Chinaman cook, who was kind to him, and gave him sugar. He had all the news to hear too. How another mob of traveling sheep were coming through the run; how the gray mare

had slipped her foal ; how the bay filly had bucked off Black Harry and hurt his wrist ; how Old Tom had "got the sack" for being impudent to the overseer, and had vowed to fire the run. Besides, there was the paper to borrow for his father, Mr. Trelawney's horses to look at, the chat with the carpenter, and perhaps a peep at the new buggy with its silver-mounted harness (worth, "oh, thousands of pounds !" Pretty Dick thought) ; perhaps, too, he might go down to the house, with its garden, and cool veranda, and bunches of grapes ; might get a little cake from Mary, the cook ; or even might be smiled upon by Mrs. Trelawney, the owner's young wife, who seemed to Dick to be something more than a lady — to be a sweet voice that spoke kindly to him, and made him feel as he would feel sometimes when his mother would get the big Bible, that came all the way from England, and tell him the story about the Good Man who so loved little children.

He liked to go into the station, because every one was so kind to him. Every one loved Pretty Dick ; even Old Tom, who had been a "lag," and was a very wicked man, hushed the foul jest and savage oath when the curly head of Pretty Dick came within hearing ; and the men always felt as if they had their Sunday clothes on in his presence. But he was not to go into the station to-day. It was not ration-day ; so he sat on the step of his father's hut door, looking out through a break in the timber-belt at the white dots on the plain that he knew to be his father's sheep.

Pretty Dick's father lived in the log hut, on the edge of the plains, and had five thousand sheep to look after. He was away all day. Sometimes, when the sheep would camp near home, Pretty Dick would go down with some fresh tea in a "billy" for his father, and would have a very merry afternoon watching his father cut curious notches on his stick, and would play with Lassie, and look about for 'possums in the trees, or, with craning neck, cautiously inspect an ant-hill. And then, when evening came, and Lassie had got the sheep together, — quietly, without any barking, you know, — when father and son jogged homeward through the warm, still air, and the trampling hoofs of the sheep sent up a fragrance from the crushed herbage round the folding ground, Pretty Dick would repeat long stories that his mother had told him, about "Valentine and Orson," and "Beauty and the Beast," and "Jack the Giant Killer" ; for Pretty Dick's mother had been maid in the rector's

family in the Kentish village at home, and was a little above Pretty Dick's father, who was only a better sort of farm laborer. But they were all three very happy now in their adopted country. They were alone there, these three — Pretty Dick, and mother and father — and no other children came to divide the love that both father and mother had for Pretty Dick. So that when Pretty Dick knelt down by his little bed at night, and put his little brown hands together, and said, "God bless my dear father and mother, and God bless me and make me a good boy," he prayed for the whole family, you see. So they all three loved each other very much — though they were poor people — and Pretty Dick's mother often said that she would not have any harm happen to Pretty Dick for Queen Victoria's golden crown. They had called him Pretty Dick when he was yet a baby on board the *Star of Peace*, emigrant ship, and the name had remained with him ever since. His father called him Pretty Dick, and his mother called him Pretty Dick, and the people at the home station called him Pretty Dick; and even the cockatoo that lived on the porch over Lassie's bark kennel would call out "Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick!" over and over again.

Now, on this particular morning, Pretty Dick sat gazing between the trunks of the gum trees into the blue distance. It was very hot. The blue sky was cloudless, and the sun seemed to be everywhere at once. There was a little shade, to be sure, among the gum-tree trunks, but that would soon pass, and there would be no shade anywhere. The little fenced-in water-hole in the front of the hut glittered in the sunlight like a piece of burnished metal, and the tin milk-pail that was turned topsy-turvy on the pole paling was quite dazzling to look at. Daisy, the cow, stood stupidly under the shade of a round, punchy little she-oak close by, and seemed too lazy even to lie down, it was so hot. Of course the blow-flies had begun, and their ceaseless buzz resounded above and around, making it seem hotter than ever, Pretty Dick thought.

How hot father must be! Pretty Dick knew those terrible plains well. He had been across them two or three times. Once in the early spring, when it was pleasant enough with a cool breeze blowing, and white clouds resting on the tops of the distant mountains, and the broad rolling levels of short crisp grass land sweeping up from their feet to the horizon unceasingly. But he had been across them once in the summer, when

the ground was dry and cracked, when the mountains seemed so close that he almost thought he could touch them with his hand, when the heavens were like burning brass, and the air (crepitant with the ceaseless chirping of the grasshopper) like the flame of a heated furnace. Pretty Dick felt quite a fresh accession of heat as he thought of it, and turned his face away to the right to cool himself by thinking of the ranges. They were deep in the bush, past the creek that ran away the other side of the sandy rises; deep in the bush on the right hand, and many a weary stretch of sandy slope, and rough-grassed swamp, and solemn wood, and dismal, deserted scrub, was between him and them. He could see the lofty purple peak of Mount Clear, the highest in the range, grandly rising above the dense level tops of the gum-tree forest, and he thought how cool it must be in its mighty shadow. He had never been under the mountain. That there were some strange reaches of scrub, and sand, and dense thickets, and tumbled creeper-entwined rock in that swamp-guarded land, that lay all unseen under the shadow of the hills, he knew, for he had heard the men say so. Had he not heard how men had been lost in that awesome scrub, silent and impenetrable, which swallowed up its victims noiselessly? Had he not heard how shepherds had strayed or slept, and how at night the sheep had returned alone, and that search had been in vain, until perhaps some wandering horseman, all by chance, had lighted upon a rusty rag or two, a white skull, and perhaps a tin pannikin with hopeless scratchings of name and date? Had he not been told fearful things about those ranges? How the bushrangers had made their lair in the Gap, and how the cave was yet visible where their leader had been shot dead by the troopers; how large sums of stolen money were buried there, hidden away behind slags and slabs of rock, flung into fathomless gullies, or crammed into fissures in the mountain side, hidden so well that all the searching hands and prying eyes of the district had not yet discovered them? Did not Wallaby Dick tell him one night about the murder that had been done down in the flat under the large Australian moon — when the two swagmen, after eating and drinking, had got up in the bright, still night, and beaten out the brains of the traveling hawker who gave them hospitality, and how, the old man being found beside his rifled cart, with his gray hairs matted with blood, search was made for the murderers, how they were taken in a tap-room in distant Hamilton town,

bargaining with the landlord for the purchase of their plunder?

What stories had he not heard of wild cattle, of savage bulls, red-eyed, pawing, and unapproachable? What hideous tales of snakes, black, cold, and deadly, had not been associated in his mind with that Mountain Land? What a strange, dangerous, fascinating, horrible, wonderful place that Mountain Land must be, and how much he would like to explore it! But he had been forbidden to go, and he dismissed, with a childish sigh, all idea of going.

He looked up at his clock — the sun. He was just over the top of the big gum-tree — that meant ten o'clock. How late! The morning was slipping away. He heard his mother inside singing. She was making the bread. It would be very hot in the hut when the loaf was put in the camp oven to bake. He had nothing to do either. He would go down to the creek, it was cool there. So he went into the hut and got a big piece of sweet cake, and put it in the pocket of his little jumper.

"Mother," said Pretty Dick, "I am going down to the creek."

"Take care you don't get lost!" said she, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Lost! No fear!" said Pretty Dick.

And when he went out, his mother began to sing again.

It was beautifully cool down by the creek. Pretty Dick knew that it would be. The creek had come a long way, and was tired, and ran very slowly between its deep banks, luscious with foliage, and rich with grass. It had a long way to go too. Pretty Dick knew where it went. It ran right away down to the river. It ran on into the open, desolate, barren piece of ground where the road to the station crossed it, and where its bright waters were all red and discolored with the trampling of horses and cattle. It ran by the old stockyard, and then turned away with a sudden jerk, and lost itself in the Five Mile Swamp, from whence it reappeared again, broader and bigger, and wound along until it met the river.

But it did not run beyond the swamp now, Dick knew, because the weather had been so hot, and the creeks were all dried up for miles around — his father said — all but this one. It took its rise in the mountains, and when the rainfall was less than usual, grew thinner and thinner, until it became what it was now, a slender stream of water, trickling heavily between

high banks — quite unlike the dashing, brawling, black, bubbling torrent that had rushed down the gully in flood-time.

Pretty Dick took off his little boots, and paddled about in the water, and found out all kinds of curious gnarled roots of old trees, and funny holes under the banks. It was so cool and delicious under the stems and thick leaves of the water frondage, that Pretty Dick felt quite restored again, and sang remembered scraps of his mother's songs, as he dodged round intervening trees, and slipped merrily between friendly trunks and branches. At last he came out into the open. Here his friend, the creek, divided itself into all sorts of queer shapes, and ran here, and doubled back again there, and twisted and tortured itself in extraordinary manner, just out of pure fun and frolic.

There was a herd of cattle camped at this place, for the trees were tall, and big, and spreading. The cattle did not mind Pretty Dick at all, strange to say. Perhaps that was because he was on foot. If he had been on horseback, now, you would have seen how they would have stared and wheeled about, and splashed off into the scrub. But when Pretty Dick, swinging a stick that he had cut, and singing one of his mother's songs, came by, they merely moved a little farther away, and looked at his little figure with long, sleepy eyes, slowly grinding their teeth from side to side the while. Now the way began to go up hill, and there were big dead trees to get over, and fallen spreading branches to go round, for the men had been felling timber here, and the wasted wood lay thick upon the ground. At last Pretty Dick came to the Crossing Place. The Crossing Place was by the edge of the big swamp, and was a notable place for miles round. There was no need for a crossing place now though, for the limpid water was not a foot deep.

Pretty Dick had come out just on the top of a little sandy rise, and he saw the big swamp right before him speckled with feeding cattle, whose backs were just level with the tall rushes. And beyond the big swamp the ranges rose up, with the sunlight gleaming here and there upon jutting crags of granite, and with deep, cool shadows in other places, where the noble waving line of the hills sank in, and made dark recesses full of shade and coolness. The sky was bluer than ever, and the air was heavy with heat; and Pretty Dick wondered how the eagle-hawk that was poised—a floating speck above the moun-

tain top—could bear to swoop and swing all day long in that fierce glare.

He turned down again, and crossing the creek, plunged into the bush. There was a subtle perfume about him now ; not a sweet, rich perfume like the flowers in the home station garden, but a strange intoxicating smell, evolved from the heat and water, and the many-coloured heath blossoms. The way was more difficult now, and Pretty Dick left the bank of the creek and made for the open space—sandy, and hunched with coarse clumps of grass. He went on for a long time, still upwards, and at last his little feet began to tire ; and, after chasing a dragon-fly or two, and running a long way after a kangaroo cat, that started out from a patch of bloom, and ran in sharp diagonal lines away to hide itself in among the roots of a she-oak, he began to think of the piece of sweet cake he had in his pocket. So when, after some little time, emerging from out a dense mass of scrub, that scratched and tore at him as though it would hold him back, he found himself far up in the hills, with a great gully between him and the towering ranges, he sat down and came to the conclusion that he was hungry. But when he had eaten his sweet cake, he found that he was thirsty too, and that there was no water near him. But Pretty Dick knew there was water in the ranges ; so he got up again, a little wearily, and went down the gully to look for it. But it was not so easy to find, and he wandered about for a long time, among big granite boulders, and all kinds of blind creeks, choked up with thick grass and creeping plants, and began to feel very tired indeed, and a little inclined to wish that he had not left the water-course so early. But he found it at last—a little pool, half concealed by stiff, spiky rush-grass, and lay down, and drank eagerly. How nice the first draught was ! But at the second, the water felt warm ; and at the third, tasted quite thick and slimy. There had been some ducks paddling about when he came up, and they flew away with a great quacking and splashing, that almost startled him. As soon as they had disappeared, though, the place was quite still again, and the air grew heavier than ever. He felt quite drowsy and tired, and laid himself down on a soft patch of mossy grass, under a tree ; and so, after listening a little while to the humming of the insects, and the distant crackling of mysterious branches in the forest, he put his little head on his little arm, and went fast to sleep.

How long he slept Pretty Dick did not know ; but he woke up suddenly with a start, and a dim consciousness that the sun had shifted, and had been pouring its heat upon him for some time. The moment he woke he heard a great crashing and plunging, and started up just in time to see a herd of wild cattle scouring off down the side of the range. They had come up to drink while he was asleep, and his sudden waking had frightened them. How late it must be ! The place seemed quite changed. There was sunlight where no sunlight had been before, and shadow where had been sunlight. Pretty Dick was quite startled at finding how late it was. He must go home, or mother would be frightened. So he began to go back again. He knew his way quite well. No fear of his losing himself. He felt a little tired, though, but that would soon wear off. So he left the little pool and turned homewards. He got back again into the gully, and clambered up to the top, and went on sturdily. But the trees did not seem familiar to him, and the succession of dips in the hills seemed interminable. He would soon reach the Big Swamp again, and then he could follow the creek. But he could not find the swamp. He toiled along very slowly now, and at last found the open plot of ground where he had stopped in the morning. But when he looked at it a little, it was not the same plot at all, but another something like it, and the grim ranges, heavy with shadow, rose all around him.

A terrible fear came into poor little Pretty Dick's heart, and he seemed to hear his mother say, quite plainly, "Take care you don't get lost, Pretty Dick !" Lost ! But he put the feeling away bravely, and swallowed down a lump in his throat, and went on again. The cattle track widened out, and in a little time he found himself upon a jutting peak, with the whole panorama of the bush at his feet. A grand sight ! On the right hand towered the ranges, their roots sunk deep in scrub and dense morass, and their heads lifted unto the sky, that was beginning to be streaked with purple flushes now. On the left, the bush rolled away beneath him — one level mass of tree tops, broken here and there by an open space of yellow swamp, or a thin line of darker foliage that marked the meanderings of some dried-up creek. The sun was nearly level with his face, and cast a long shadow behind him. Pretty Dick felt his heart give a great jump, and then go on beating quicker and quicker.

But he would not give in. Lost! — Oh no, he would soon be home, and telling his mother all the wonders of the walk. But it *was* so late! He must make haste. What was that? — somebody on horseback. Pretty Dick shaded his eyes with his little hand, and peered down into the valley. A man with a white puggaree on his hat was moving along a sort of cattle-track. Joy! — It was Mr. Gaunt, the overseer. Pretty Dick cooed. No answer. He cooed again, and again, but still the figure went on. Presently it emerged from the scrub, and the poor little fellow could see the rays of the setting sun gleam redly for an instant on a bright spur, like a dying spark. He gave a despairing shout. The horseman stopped, looked about him, and then, glancing up at the fast-clouding heavens, shook his horse's bridle, and rode off in a hard gallop.

Poor Pretty Dick! He knew that his cry had been unheard — mistaken, perhaps, for the scream of a parrot, the cry of some native bear, or strange bird; but in his present strait the departure of the presence of something human felt like a desertion. He fairly gave way, and sat down and cried. By and by he got up again, with quite a strange feeling of horror and terror and despair; he ran down the steep side of the range in the direction in which Mr. Gaunt had gone, and followed his fast-fading figure, calling, and crying with choked voice. Presently he lost him altogether, and then he felt his courage utterly fail. He had no idea of where he was. He had lost all power of thought and reason, and was possessed but by one overpowering terror, and a consciousness that whatever he did, he must keep on running, and not stop a moment. But he soon could run no longer. He could only stagger along from tree to tree in the gloomy woods and cry, "Mother! Mother!" But there was no mother to help him. There was no human being near him, no sound but the hideous croaking of the frogs in the marshes, and the crackling of the branches under his footsteps. The sun went down suddenly behind the hills, and the air grew cool at once. Pretty Dick felt as if he had lost a friend, and his tears burst forth afresh. Utterly tired and worn out, he sat down at the foot of a tree, and sobbed with sheer fatigue. Then he got up and ran round and round, like some hunted animal, calling, "Mother! Mother!"

But there was no reply. Nothing living was near him, save a hideous black crow who perched himself upon the branch of a

withered tree, and mocked him, seeming to the poor boy's distorted fancy to say, "Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Walk! walk! walk!"

In a burst of passionate, childish despair, he flung a piece of stick at the bird, but his strength failed him, and the missile fell short. This fresh failure made him cry again, and then he got up and ran — stumbling, and falling, and crying — away from the loathsome thing. But it followed him, flapping heavily from tree to tree, and perched quite close to him at last, croaking like an Evil Presence — "Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick! Walk! walk! walk!"

The sweet night fell, and the stars looked down into the gullies and ravines, where Pretty Dick, all bruised, bleeding, and despairing, was staggering from rock to rock, sick at heart, drenched with dew, hatless, shoeless, tear-stained, crying, "Mother! mother! I am lost! I am lost! Oh, mother! mother!"

The calm, pitiless stars looked down upon him, and the broad sky spread coldly over him, and the birds flew away, terrified at him; and the deadly chill of loneliness fell upon him, and the cold, cruel, silent Night seemed to swallow him up, and hide him from human sympathy.

Poor Pretty Dick! No more mother's kisses, no more father's caresses, no more songs, no more pleasures, no more flowers, no more sunshine, no more love — nothing but grim Death, waiting remorselessly in the iron solitude of the hills. In the sad-eyed presence of the speechless stars, there amid the awful mystery and majesty of Nature, alone, a terrified little human soul, with the eternal grandeur of the forests, the mountains, and the myriad voices of the night, Pretty Dick knelt trembling down, and, lifting his little tear-stained face to the great, grave, impassable sky, sobbed: —

"Oh! take me home! Take me home! Oh! please, God, take me home!"

The night wore on — with strange sounds far away in the cruel bush, with screamings of strange birds, with gloomy noises, as of the tramlings of many cattle, with movements of leaves and snapping of branches, with unknown whirrings as of wings, with ripplings and patterings as of waterfalls, with a strange heavy pulsation in the air as though the multitudinous life of the forest was breathing around him. He was dimly conscious

that any moment some strange beast — some impossible monster, enormous and irresistible, might rise up out of the gloom of the gullies and fall upon him ; that the whole horror of the bush was about to take some tangible shape and appear silently from behind the awful rocks which shut out all safety and succor. His little soul was weighed down by the nameless terror of a solitude which was no solitude, but a silence teeming with monsters. He pictured the shapeless Bunyip lifting its shining sides heavily from the bottomless blackness of some lagoon in the shadow of the hills, and dragging all its loathsome length to where he lay. He felt suffocated ; the silence that held all these indistinct noises in its bosom muffled him about like a murderous cloak ; the palpable shadows of the immeasurable mountains fell upon him like a gravestone, and the gorge where he lay was like the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He screamed to break the silence, and the scream rang around him in the woods, and up above him in the mountain clefts, and beneath him in the mute mystery of the glens and swamps, — his cry seemed to be reëchoed again and again by strange voices never heard before, and repeated with indistinct mutterings and moanings in the caverns of the ranges. He dared not scream a second time lest he should wake some awful sound whose thunder should deafen him.

All this time he was staggering on, — not daring to look to right or left, or anywhere but straight on, — straight on always. He fell, and tore his hands, and bruised his limbs, but the bruises did not hurt him. His little forehead was cut by a sharp stone, and his bright hair was all dusty and matted with blood. His knees shook and trembled, and his tongue clove to his mouth. He fell at every yard, and his heart seemed to beat so loud that the sound filled the air around him.

His strength was leaving him ; he tottered from weakness ; and at last emerging upon a little open platform of rock, white under the moon, he felt his head swim, and the black trunks, and the masses of fern-tree leaves, and the open ground, and the silent expanse of bush below him, all turned round in one crimson flash ; and then the crimson grew purple-streaked, and spotted with sparks, and radiations, and bursting globes of light and color, and then the ranges closed in and fell upon him, and he was at once in his little bed at home — oh, so-fast-asleep !

But he woke at last, very cold and numbed, and with some feeling that he was not himself, but that he had been dreaming of a happy boy named Pretty Dick, who went away for a walk one afternoon many years ago. And then he felt for the blankets to pull them up about his shoulders, and his little fingers grasped a prickly handful of heather, and he woke with a terrible start.

Moonlight still, but a peaceful, solemn, sinking moon. She was low down in the sky, hanging, like a great yellow globe, over the swamp, that rose from far beneath him, straight up, it seemed, to a level with his face. Her clear-cut rim rested on the edge of the morass now. He could almost touch her, she looked so close to him; but he could not lift his little arm so high, and besides, he had turned everything upside down before he went to sleep; and the moon was down below him and the earth up above him! To be sure! and then he shut his eyes and went to sleep again.

By and by it dawned. The birds twittered, and the dew sparkled, and the mists came up and wreathed themselves all about the trees, and Pretty Dick was up in the pure cool sky, looking down upon a little figure that lay on an open space among the heather. Presently, slowly at first, and then more quickly, he found out that this little figure was himself, and that he was in pain, and then it all came back with one terrible shock, and he was lost again.

He could bear to think of it now, though. His terrors, born of darkness, had fled with the uprising of the glorious golden sun. There was, after all, no reason to be afraid. Boys had been lost before, and found again. His father would have missed him last night, and the station would be speedily roused. Oh, he would soon be found! He got up, very painfully and stiffly, and went to look for water. No difficulty in that; and when he had drunken and washed his face and hands, he felt much better. Then he began to get hungry, and to comfort himself with the thought that he would soon be found. He could almost hear the joyful shout, and the welcome, and the questioning. How slowly the time went on! He tried to keep still in one place, for he knew now that his terror-driven feet had brought him to this pass, and that he should have kept still in the place where he saw Mr. Gaunt the night before.

At the recollection of that bitter disappointment, and the thought of how near he had been to succor, his tears began afresh. He tried hard to keep his terrors back — poor little fellow, — and thought of all kinds of things — of the stories his mother told him — of the calf-pen that father was putting up. And then he would think of the men at the station, and the remembrance of their faces cheered him ; and he thought of Mrs. Trelawney, and of his mother. Oh, suppose he should never see his mother again ! And then he cried, and slept, and woke, and forgot his fears for a while, and would listen intently for a sound, and spring up and answer a fancied shout, and then lie in a dull, stupid despair, with burning eyes, and aching head, and a gnawing pain that he knew was hunger. So the hot day wore out. The same heat as yesterday, the same day as yesterday, the same sights and sounds as yesterday, but oh ! how different was yesterday to to-day, and how far off yesterday seemed. No one came. The shadows shifted and the heat burnt him up, and the shade fell on him, and the sun sank again, and the stars began to shine, and no one came near Pretty Dick. He had almost forgotten, indeed, that there was such a boy as Pretty Dick. He seemed to have lived years in the bush alone. He did not know where he was, or who he was. It seemed quite natural to him that he should be there alone, and he had no wish to get away. He had lost all his terror of the night. He scarcely knew it was night, and after sitting on the grass a little longer, smiling at the fantastic shadows that the moonlight threw upon the ground, he discovered that he was hungry and must go into the hut for supper. The hut was down in the gully yonder ; he could hear his mother singing ; so Pretty Dick got up, and crooning a little song, went down into the shadow.

* * * * *

They looked for him for five days. On the sixth, his father and another came upon something, lying half-hidden in the long grass at the bottom of a gully in the ranges. A little army of crows flew away heavily. The father sprang to earth with a white face. Pretty Dick was lying on his face, with his head on his arm.

God had taken him home.

THE TWINS OF THE HOTEL CORNEILLE.

By EDMOND ABOUT.

(Translated for this work.)

I.

WHEN I was a Normal School candidate (it was in October 1848), I contracted an intimacy with two of my rivals, the brothers Debay. They had been pupils at the college of Vannes, in Brittany. Though of the same age, they resembled each other in nothing, and I have never seen twins so ill-matched. Matthew Debay was a little man of twenty-three, rather homely and stunted. His arms were too long, his shoulders too high, and his legs too short. His brother Leonce was a type of aristocratic beauty : tall, well built, of fine figure, Grecian profile, haughty eye, superb mustache. His heavy black hair quivered on his head like a lion's mane. Poor Matthew was not carrotty, but he had a narrow escape ; his beard and his hair presented a set of multicolored samples. The pleasing feature in him was a pair of small gray eyes, full of delicacy, innocence, and sweetness. When the two brothers came to the examinations, Leonce was swishing a small silver-headed cane which excited many jealousies ; Matthew philosophically bore under his arm a big red umbrella, which conciliated the good-will of the examiners for him. Nevertheless he was turned down like his brother : the college at Vannes had not taught them enough Greek. Matthew was regretted at the school : he had the vocation, the desire to instruct, the passion for teaching ; he was a born professor. As to Leonce, we held unanimously that it would be a great shame for so well made a fellow to immure himself in the university cloisters like us.

The two brothers were not penniless. We even considered them rich when we compared their fortune with ours : they had Uncle Yvon. Uncle Yvon, an old coasting captain, then proprietor in the sardine fisheries, owned several boats, many nets, some real estate, and a pretty house on Auray Harbor. As he had never found time to get married, he had remained a bachelor. He was a man of big heart, surpassingly kind to the poor, and especially to his own family, who had sore need of it. This worthy man had welcomed into his house M. and Mme.

Debay, and he saved out two hundred francs a month for the children.

Thanks to this munificence, Leonce and Matthew were able to have quarters in the Hôtel Corneille, highly renowned in the Latin Quarter. Their room cost fifty francs a month. You could see two mahogany beds with red curtains there, two easy chairs, many common chairs, a glazed press to keep their books in, and even a carpet! These gentlemen boarded in the house; the board was not bad for seventy-five francs a month. The board and lodging absorbed Uncle Yvon's two hundred francs; Matthew provided for the other expenses. His age did not permit him to make a second trial at the Normal School. He said to his brother: "I am going to prepare for the examinations for Licentiate in Letters. Once I have my diploma, I will write my thesis for the doctorate, and Doctor Debay will some day or other obtain an assistant professorship in a university. As for you, take medicine or law — you have full liberty."

"And the money?" asked Leonce.

"I will scour up money. I have presented myself at Sainte-Barbe, and asked for a chance to give lessons. They have agreed to take me as tutor in the third and second grade; two hours' work every morning, and two hundred francs a month. I shall have to get up at five o'clock, but we shall be rich."

"And besides," added Leonce, "you belong to the family of early birds, and it is a pleasure for you to wake up the sun."

Leonce chose law. He talked like an oracle, and no one doubted that he would make an excellent advocate. He attended lectures, took notes, and made careful digests of them; after which he dressed up, strolled about Paris, and passed his evening at the theater. Matthew dressed in a snuff-colored paletot which I still see, listened to all the professors at the Sorbonne, and worked evenings at the Sainte-Geneviève library. The entire Latin Quarter knew Leonce; nobody in the world suspected the existence of Matthew.

I went to see them on almost all my leaves of absence; that is, Thursdays and Sundays. They lent me books: Matthew worshiped George Sand; Leonce was a fanatic on Balzac.

We sometimes went out together. Leonce took us to walk on the Boulevard des Italiens and in all the fine quarters of Paris. His passion for horses was so violent, that his brother had subscribed for twenty lessons at the riding-school in his

behalf. Matthew, when we left him the task of showing us around, took his way toward the woods of Meudon and Clamart. He professed to believe the country lovelier than the city, even in winter ; and the crows on the snow struck his vision more charmingly than the citizens in the mud. Leonce followed us murmuring and heavy-footed.

On my part, I had my friends take some curious rambles. A small charity bureau has been founded at the Normal School. An assessment of a few sous a week, the proceeds of an annual lottery, and the old clothes of the school, constitute a modest fund on which drafts are made every day without ever exhausting it. A few tickets for wood, bread, and soup, some garments, a trifle of underwear, and a great many kind words, are distributed in the quarter. The chief usefulness of this little institution is to remind young people that poverty exists. Matthew accompanied me oftener than Leonce into the tortuous stairways of the Twelfth Ward. Leonce said : "Poverty is a problem of which I wish to find the solution. I will take my courage in both hands, I will overcome every distaste, I will penetrate to the depths of those wretched dwellings where neither sun nor bread enter every day." He said excellent things, but it was Matthew who went with me.

He followed me one day, in the Rue Traversine, to the house of a poor man whose name does not recur to me. I recall only that he was nicknamed *Little Gray*, because he was little and his hair was gray. He had a wife and no children, and he re-seated cane chairs. We made our first visit to him in July 1849. Matthew felt chilled to his marrow on entering the Rue Traversine.

It is a street of which I do not care to speak evil, for it will be demolished in less than six months. But meantime, it resembles the streets of Constantinople rather too much. It is situated in a quarter of Paris which Parisians hardly know. Perhaps it is paved or macadamized, but I cannot be sure ; the ground is covered with straw litter, refuse of all sorts, and very lively urchins who tumble around in the mud. To right and left arise two rows of houses, high, bare, dirty, and pierced by small windows without curtains. Sufficiently picturesque rags decorate every house-front, waiting for the wind to take the trouble of drying them. Little Gray told us about his poverty : he was earning a franc a day. His wife plaited straw mats, and earned fifty to sixty centimes. Their lodging was a room

on the fifth story ; their floor a bed of trampled earth ; their window a collection of oiled papers. I drew from my pocket some orders for bread and soup. Little Gray received them with a slightly ironical smile.

"Monsieur," he said to me, "excuse me if I meddle in what is none of my business, but I fancy you won't cure poverty with these little pasteboards. You might as well put lint on a wooden leg. You've taken the trouble to climb up my five stories with your friend here, to bring me these tickets. There's two days' supply. But will you come back day after to-morrow? It's impossible : you've got something else to do. In two days, then, I shall be in the same hole as if you hadn't come. If I was as rich as you people," — here Matthew dug his elbow into my side, — "I'd fix things so as to get folks out of their scrape for the rest of their lives."

"And how? — if the receipt is good, we will profit by it ourselves."

"There are two ways : buy them a business all stocked, or get them a government job."

"Keep still," said his wife to him ; "I always told you you'd do yourself a mischief by your ambition."

"Where's the harm, if I'm capable ? I confess I have always had the notion of asking for a place. If I should be offered ten francs to set myself up as a licensed vendor, I certainly shouldn't refuse it, but I should always feel a little sorry over the job I have in mind."

"What job, if I may ask ?" inquired Matthew.

"Street sweeper in Paris. You earn your twenty sous a day, and you get through by ten in the morning at latest. If you could get me that, gentlemen, I should double my earnings, I should have enough to live on, you would get off from climbing up here with little cards in your pockets, and it's me that would come to your houses to thank you."

We knew no one at the prefecture, but Leonce had met the son of a police commissioner ; he used his influence to obtain Little Gray's nomination. When we came to congratulate him, the first article of furniture that struck our eyes was a gigantic broom whose handle was ornamented with an iron ring. The master of this broom thanked us warmly.

"Thanks to you," he told us, "I am above need ; my chiefs already appreciate me, and I don't despair of getting my wife enrolled in my brigade ; that will be riches. But there are two

ladies on our landing who are in great need of your help; un-
likely their hands are not made for swinging a broom."

"Let us go and see them," said Matthew.

"Let me tell you first. They are not persons like my wife and me; they have had misfortunes. The lady is a widow. Her husband was a wholesale jeweler. He went off last year for California with a machine he had invented, a machine for finding gold; but the boat was shipwrecked on the way, with man, machine, and all the rest. The ladies read in the papers that there wasn't a match saved. Then they sold what little they had left, and went to live in Rue d'Enfer [Hell Street]; then the lady took a sickness that ate up all their money. Then they came here. They do embroidery morning to night till it kills their eyes, but they don't earn anything heavy. My wife helps them do their housework when she has time; folks may not be rich, but they can be charitable by lending a helping hand to the ones that have too big a load. I tell you this to make you understand that these ladies don't ask anything of anybody, and that you have got to go through all the forms to make them take anything. Besides, the young lady is pretty as a peach, and that makes her shy, you understand."

Matthew became red all over at the thought that he might have been indiscreet.

"We will look for a means," he said. "What is this lady's name?"

"Madame Bourgade."

"Thank you."

Two days later, Matthew, who had never sought private tutoring, undertook to prepare a young man for the baccalaureate. He threw himself into it with such zeal that his pupil, who had been rejected four or five times, was admitted on the 18th of August, at Commencement. It was then only that the two friends started out for Auray, their native town. Before his departure, Matthew handed me fifty francs. "I shall be gone five weeks," said he; "I have to return in October to take up the classes and examinations for the licentiate again. You are to go for the mail every Monday, and you will find an order for ten francs, made out to Mme. Bourgade: you know the address. She thinks it is one of her husband's creditors who is paying her off by installments. Don't show yourself in the house; the ladies mustn't have their suspicions awakened.

If one of them is taken sick, Little Gray will let you know it, and you will write to me."

I have already assured you that nothing but good sentiments could be read in Matthew's small gray eyes. Why did I not keep the letter he wrote me during his vacation! It would give you pleasure. He pictured to me with innocent enthusiasm the country, and the oyster and sardine fishery. It all seemed new to him, after a year's absence. His brother was rather tired of it, and thinking of Paris. As for himself, he found nothing but pleasure. His relatives were so well! Uncle Yvon was so big and so fat! The house was so fine, the beds so soft, the table so plentiful!

Matthew came back in October, and carried off the Licentiate in Letters with flying colors. The notes of the examiners on him were so favorable that he was offered a chair in the fourth grade at the lyceum of Chaumont; but he could not make up his mind to quit his brother in Paris. He gave me news from time to time of the Rue Traversine: Mme. Bourgade was ill. You will not fully comprehend the interest he took in his invisible protégées unless I initiate you into the great secret of his youth: he had never loved any one. As his comrades had not been sparing of their jokes to him on his ugliness, he was modest to the point of regarding himself as a monster. If you had tried to tell him that a woman could love him just as he was, he would have believed you were laughing at him. The day he became the unknown benefactor of a beautiful girl, he felt a humble and tender satisfaction at the bottom of his heart.

It was an unforeseen accident that brought him into the presence of Mlle. Aimée Bourgade. He was in Little Gray's asking the news, when she entered crying for help. Her mother had fainted. Matthew hurried in with the others. He brought a doctor for these friends the next day. Mme. Bourgade was sick only from exhaustion; she was cured. Little Gray's wife was installed with her in the capacity of nurse. She went in quest of medicines and food; and she knew how to bargain so well that she got them for nothing. Mme. Bourgade drank an excellent Medoc wine; she ate chalybeated chocolate. It was Matthew who did these miracles, and did not boast of them. Nothing was to be seen in him but an obliging neighbor; they thought his quarters were in Rue St.

Victor. The sick woman grew quietly wonted to the presence of the young professor, who showed her the delicate attentions of a girl. Her maternal prudence never put her on her guard against him. From the plainness of his dress, she judged that he was poor; she was interested in him as he was interested in her. On a certain Monday in December, she saw him come in the snuff-colored paletot, without a cloak, through a very sharp cold. She told him, after long circumlocutions, that she had just received a payment of ten francs, and she offered to lend him half of it. Matthew did not know whether to laugh or cry; — he had pawned his cloak that very morning for those luckless ten francs. This is how they stood at the end of a month's acquaintance.

Mme. Bourgade told Matthew what he already knew in part, thanks to the indiscretions of Little Gray. Her husband was doing but moderately in business, and earning barely enough to live on, when he learned of the discoveries in California. Like a man of sense, he divined that the first explorers of that fortunate land would look for nuggets of gold and solid pieces scattered through the ore, without taking time to exploit the auriferous sands. He said to himself that the surest and most lucrative speculation consisted in washing the crushed ore of the mines and the sand of the ravines. With this idea, he constructed a most ingenious machine, which he called, after himself, the "Bourgade separator." To make trial of it, he mixed thirty grams of gold dust with one hundred kilograms of earth and sand [= $9\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to the ton]; the separator brought out all the gold save about two decigrams [$\frac{2}{3}$ of one per cent]. Fortified by this experiment, M. Bourgade collected the little he owned, left his family enough to live on for six months, and embarked on the *Belle Antoinette* from Bordeaux. Two months later, the ship was lost with all on board, while making the passage from Rio de Janeiro.

Matthew surmised that without making a voyage to California, the invention of the late Bourgade could be exploited to the profit of the widow and her daughter. He begged Mme. Bourgade to intrust him with the plans she had preserved, and I was commissioned to show them to a pupil of the Central School. The consultation was not long. The young engineer told me, after a second's examination: "Already familiar! This is the Bourgade separator. It is public property, and the

Brazilians make ten thousand a year of them at Rio de Janeiro. Do you know the inventor?"

"He was drowned in a shipwreck."

"The machine must have floated ashore: that happens every day."

I returned wofully to the Hôtel Corneille, to render account of my embassy. I found the two brothers in tears. Uncle Yvon was dead of apoplexy, bequeathing them all his property.

II.

I have preserved a copy of Uncle Yvon's will. Here it is:—

"On this fifteenth of August, 1849, the day of the Assumption, I, Matthew Jean Leonce Yvon, sound in body and mind and furnished with the sacraments of the Church, have drawn up the present will and testament of my last wishes.

"Foreseeing the casualties to which human life is exposed, and desiring, that if misfortune happens, my property may be shared between my heirs without contest, I have divided my fortune into two parts as equal as I can make them, to wit:

First. A sum of fifty thousand francs bearing five per cent interest, and placed in the care of Maître Aubryet, notary in Paris;

Second. My house situate at Auray, my lands and real estate of every sort; my boats, nets, fishing tools, arms, furniture, clothes, linen, and other movable objects, the whole valued at fifty thousand francs.

"I give and bequeath the totality of these goods to my nephews and godsons, Matthew and Leonce Debay, enjoining each of them to choose one of the two parts above designated, without recourse on any pretext to men of law.

"In case I should chance to die before my sister Yvonne Yvon, Debay by marriage, I confide to my heirs the care of her old age; and I assume that they will let her want for nothing, following the example I have always given them."

The partition was not long in making. Leonce chose the money, and Matthew took the rest. Leonce said: "What would you have me do with my poor uncle's boats? I should have to live at Auray, and it makes me yawn just to think of it. You would soon learn that I was dead, and that boulevard homesickness had killed me. Do I know how to rent a farm,

let a fishery, or settle partnership accounts with half a dozen sailors? I should let myself be cheated out of my eye-teeth. If Matthew will leave me the money, I will put it into a solid investment that will bring me back twenty for one. That is how I understand business."

"Just as you like," responded Matthew. "I don't think you would have been forced to live at Auray. Our parents are well, thank God! and perhaps they are able to carry on the work. But now tell me, what is the miraculous investment you expect to put your money into?"

"My face. Listen to me, quietly. Of all roads that lead a young man to fortune, the shortest is neither commerce, nor industry, nor art, nor medicine, nor law pleading, nor even speculation; it is—it is marriage. I shall marry an heiress."

"Which one?"

"I don't know that, but I shall find her."

"With your fifty thousand francs?"

"Stop there! You understand that if I set out in quest of a wife with my little pocket-book containing fifty bank bills, all the millions would laugh in my face; all the more if I should find the daughter of a dry-goods dealer or the presumptive heiress of a hardware merchant. In the society where I wish to marry, a woman will marry me for myself without trying to find out what I have. When a coat is well made and well worn, my dear fellow, no girl of condition tries to find out what is in the pockets."

Thereupon, Leonce explained to his brother that he should employ his Uncle's Yvon's broad pieces to open the doors of society. A long experience, acquired in romances, had taught him that with nothing you can do nothing, but that with dress, a handsome horse, and exquisite manners, you are always able to make a love match.

"Here is my plan," he said: "I am going to eat up my capital. For one year I shall have fifty thousand francs capital in effigy, and I shall be much surprised if I don't make a girl love me who possesses them in reality."

"But, you wretch, you will ruin yourself!"

"No, I will put my money out at twenty for one."

Matthew did not take the trouble to argue with his brother. After all, the money devised would not be disposable till June; there was no imminent danger.

The heirs of Uncle Yvon changed nothing in their mode of life; they were no richer than before. The boats and nets kept the house at Auray going. Maître Aubryet gave them two hundred francs a month, as in the past; the private lessons at Sainte-Barbe and the visits to Rue Traversine went their wonted way. Truth obliges me to say that Leonce was less attentive to the lectures at the School of Law than to dancing and fencing lessons. Little Gray, still ambitious, and I fear a little intriguing, obtained his wife's appointment, and enthroned a second broom in his apartment. This was the sole event of the winter.

In May, Mme. Debay wrote to her son that she was in great trouble. Her husband had a great deal to do and was not able to do it all; one man more in the house would not have been too much. Matthew was afraid his father might be tiring himself overmuch; he knew him to be hard-working and courageous beyond his age, but one is no longer young at sixty, even in Brittany.

"If I took my own counsel," he said to me one day, "I should go and pass six months down there. My father is killing himself."

"What holds you back?"

"First, my lessons."

"Pass them over to one of your mates. I can point out half a dozen to you that need them more than you do."

"And Leonce, who will commit such follies!"

"Keep cool; if he is to commit them, your presence won't restrain him."

"And then —"

"And then what?"

"Those ladies!"

"You left them alone well enough in your vacations. Give them to me to take care of again; I'll see that they lack for nothing."

"But I shall miss them myself," he replied, blushing up to the eyes.

"Ah ha! Confess now! You didn't tell me there was love in the case."

The poor fellow stood in a daze. He divined for the first time that he loved Mlle. Bourgade. I helped him make an investigation of his consciousness; I wrenched from him one by one all the little secrets of his heart, and he remained stricken

and convicted of a passionate love. In all my life I have never seen a man more confused. But when I asked him if he thought he was requited, he had a redoubling of confusion which gave me pain. He placed himself modestly in the lowest rank of the scale of beings, and he saw in Mlle. Bourgade perfections above humanity. I tried to raise him in his own esteem by unveiling to himself the treasures of goodness and tenderness that were in him ; to all my reasonings, he responded by showing me his countenance, with a little resigned grimace which drew the tears from my eyes.

"Come," I said to him, "how does she act with you?"

"She is never with me. I am in the room, and so is she ; and yet we are not together. I speak to her, she answers me, but I cannot say that I have ever talked with her. She does not shun me, and she does not seek me. — And yet I think she does shun me, or at least that I am disagreeable to her. When you are made like this, you know —"

"Does Mlle. Bourgade know that you have had a legacy?"

"No."

"She thinks you are as poor as she is?"

"If she had not, she would have shown me the door long ago."

"But if — Don't blush. If, for the sake of argument, she loved you as you love her, what would you do?"

"I — would tell her —"

"Come, no false shame ! She isn't here : would you marry her?"

"Oh, if I could ! But I shall never dare marry." *

This took place one Sunday. The following Thursday, though I had firmly promised to avoid Rue Traversine, I paid a visit to Little Gray. I had put on my finest uniform coat, with entirely new palms in the buttonhole.¹ Little Gray went to notify Mme. Bourgade that a gentleman wished the favor of conversing with her a few minutes alone. She came as she was, and our host went out on pretext of buying some coal.

Mme. Bourgade was a large, handsome woman, reduced to skin and bone ; she had long sad eyes, beautiful eyebrows and magnificent hair, but hardly any teeth left, which aged her

¹ The Minister of Public Instruction in France has a University decoration thus designated : "Academic Palms (officer of academy and officer of public instruction)." The insignia are a violet ribbon with two crossed palms, fixed in the buttonhole.

looks. She stopped in front of me, a little abashed ; poverty is timid.

"Madame," I said to her, "I am a friend of Matthew Debay ; he loves your daughter, and has the honor of asking you for her hand."

That is how diplomatic we are in the Normal School.

"Sit down, sir," she said gently to me. She was not surprised at my action,—she was expecting it; she knew that Matthew loved her daughter, and she confessed to me with a sort of maternal shamefacedness that her daughter had loved Matthew for a long time. I was quite sure of it! She had maturely reflected on the possibility of this marriage. On one side, she was happy to confide the future of her daughter to an honorable man, before dying. She thought herself dangerously ill, and attributed to organic causes a feebleness brought on by privations. What frightened her was the fancy that Matthew himself was not very robust, and that he might one day take to his bed, lose his tutorship, and remain penniless with a wife, and perhaps with children—for it was necessary to foresee everything. I could have reassured her by a single word, but I did not care to. I was too happy to see a marriage concluded with that sublime imprudence of the poor, who say, "Let us love each other first, each day brings its own bread!" Mme. Bourgade only argued against me for form's sake, for she held Matthew in her heart.

She took me into her own rooms, and presented me to her daughter. The fair Aimée was dressed in ill-dyed cottonade, whose color had run. She had neither cap, collar, nor ruffles : laundering is so dear ! I could admire a great mass of magnificent blond hair, a neck rather thin, but of rare elegance, and hands a great lady would have paid high for. Her face was her mother's, minus twenty years.

She was frankly happy, the little pearl of Rue Traversine, when she learned the news I brought. In the very midst of her joy, Matthew happened in ; he did not expect to find me there. He would not believe he was loved for himself until it had been repeated to him thrice. We all talked together ; then, as the door had remained half open, I slipped out, without taking leave.

He was married the first Thursday in June, and I acted as his witness. I shared that honor with a young writer who was then beginning in *L'Artiste*. Aimée's witnesses were two of

Matthew's friends, a painter and a professor : Mme. Bourgade had lost her old acquaintances from view. The city office of the Eleventh Ward is opposite the church of St. Sulpice : there is only the square to cross. The entire wedding party, including Leonce, was contained in two large cabs which took us to dine near Meudon. Our dining-room was a *châlet* [imitation Swiss cottage] surrounded with lilacs, and we discovered a little bird which had made its nest in the moss above our heads. We drank to the prosperity of the winged family : we are all equals in presence of happiness. Believe me who will, but Matthew was no longer homely. I had already noted that forest air has the gift of beautifying. There are faces that please only in a drawing-room ; you will find others which charm only in the fields. He announced to us at dessert that he was about to depart for Auray with his wife and his mother-in-law ; he would write his thesis at leisure, and be doctor and professor when the sardines permitted.

"As for me," said Leonce, "I invite you all for next year. You will assist at the marriage of Leonce Debay with Mlle. X——, one of the richest heiresses in Paris."

"Health to Mlle. X——, the glorious Unknown !"

"While waiting to make her acquaintance," resumed the orator, "you will be told that I have squandered a fortune. Bear in mind what I promise you : I shall fling gold around, but as a sower flings grain. Let them talk, and await the result !"

But the following Sunday, at the railroad station, Matthew seemed less assured of his brother's future. "You are to play for high stakes," he said to him as he pressed his hand : "remember, whatever happens, there is a bed for you in the house at Auray."

After Matthew's departure, Leonce took me by the arm and carried me off to dinner with him : he was gay and full of fine hopes.

"The die is cast," he told me : "I have burned my ships. I rented yesterday a delicious entresol in Rue de Provence. The painters are there ; in a week I shall send in the decorators. That is where, my dear boy, you will come Sundays to eat a friendly chop."

"What is your idea of beginning your campaign in mid-summer ? There isn't a cat in Paris."

"Let me manage! As soon as my nest is lined, I shall set out for the waters of Vichy. Acquaintances are quickly formed at the waters: you become intimate, and you are invited for the coming winter. I have thought of everything, and my siege is begun. In a fortnight I shall have finished with this infernal Latin Quarter!"

"Where we have had such good times!"

"We thought we were being amused, because we didn't know any better. Do you find this fowl eatable?"

"Excellent, my dear fellow."

"Atrocious! By the way, I have a woman cook: a bachelor dines out, but breakfasts at home. It only remains to find a man-servant. Can you recommend any one?"

"By George! I am sorry I have to be at the School for eighteen months longer. I would have suggested myself, I find you will make such a munificent master."

"My dear fellow, you are neither short enough nor tall enough: I must have a colossus or a gnome. Have you given any thought to liveries? It is a serious question. What would you think of a sky-blue capote with red cuffs?"

"We have the uniform of the Pope's Swiss guards too, — yellow, red, and black, with a halberd. What do you say to that?"

"You make me tired. I have passed all the colors in review. Black is gentlemanly, with a cockade, but it is too severe. Chestnut is not youthful enough. Dark blue is discredited by trade; all the bill collectors have blue coats with white buttons. I will think it over. Look at my new visiting cards a moment."

"LEONCE DE BAY, and a marquis' crown! I will forgive you the marquise, for that doesn't harm anybody; but I think you would have done better to respect your old father's name. I am no precisian, but it always makes me a little sorry to see a worthy man disguise himself as a marquis, outside of carnival time. It is a delicate way of renouncing your family."

"Why do you take things so tragically? My excellent fellow of a father would laugh with all his heart at seeing his name so tricked out. Don't you think that dieresis over the *y* is an admirable invention? There's how you give names an aristocratic color! Now I lack nothing but a coat-of-arms. Have you any acquaintance with heraldry?"

"Not very much."

"Still, you know enough of it to get me up an escutcheon."

"Waiter, some paper! — Well, here are the arms I give you. You bear gold and red quartered. This one represents lions gules on a field or, and that one merlets or on a field gules. Are you satisfied?"

"Enchanted. What is a merlet?"

"A duck" [*canard* — "whopper"].

"Better and better. Now a rather swaggering motto."

"BAÿ DE RIEN NE S'EBAYT."¹

"Magnificent! from this moment I do you homage as my suzerain."

"All right! trusty and well-beloved marquis. Let's light a cigar and go back to the School."

III.

Leonce passed the summer at Vichy, and came back in October. He brought with him a big blond servant and a magnificent black horse; it was the heritage of an Englishman who died of the spleen between two glasses of water. He had his return announced to me by the superb Jack, whose mouse-gray livery excited my admiration. Jack wore on his buttons the arms of Baÿ.

This handsomest of my friends received me in an apartment stamped with masculine coquetry. Nothing was visible there of these knickknacks that betray the intervention of a woman, not even a tapestried chair! The dining room furniture was oak; the drawing-room of red brocade, with a rich and comfortable air. The study was full of dignity: you would have said it was the sanctuary of an author writing the history of the Crusades. In the bedchamber was seen an enormous tapestry representing the Clemency of Alexander, a toilet table with white marble top, a magnificent dressing-case spread out in the most perfect order, four moquette easy-chairs, and a pillared bed three feet wide at most.

The decoration did not belie the assurances of the furniture. In the drawing-room, landscapes. In the dining room, a hunting picture, birds, still life. In the study, a trophy of arms, canes, and whips, and four large aquafortis etchings. In the bedchamber, five or six family portraits, picked up from time

¹ "Baÿ is *bayed* (astonished) by nothing."

to time among the second-hand stores of Rue Jacob. The furniture, the paintings, the engravings, and the books of the library, selected with a scrupulous care, sang in unison the praises of Leonce. Mothers-in-law might come at will!

My first thought on entering was to look for cigars, but Leonce did not smoke. He said the cigar, which unites men one with another, had no virtue in arranging marriages, and that tobacco equally offends women and bees, both winged creatures. He recounted his summer campaign, and triumphantly showed me twenty-five or thirty calling cards which represented as many invitations for the winter.

"Read all these names," he said, "and you will see if I have wasted my powder on small game!"

I was surprised at seeing there only industrial and banking names. "Why this preference? Balzac's heroes go to the Faubourg St.-Germain" ["Beacon Street"].

"They had their reasons," said Leonce; "I have mine for not going there. In the Chaussée D'Antin [street of bankers and capitalists] my name and my title can be of use to me: they would perhaps do me harm in the Faubourg St.-Germain. Announce a marquis in a Rue de Laflitte [street of rich business men], and fifty persons will look at the door: in Rue de l'Université nobody will lift an eye. The very flunkies there are cloyed on marquises. And besides, all these old nobility know and understand each other: they will soon see that I am not one of theirs. Besides, large fortunes are rare in the noble quarter. I have informed myself: there are a hundred or a hundred and fifty so old that everybody has heard them spoken of; so clear, so evident, so well established in broad daylight, that everybody wishes for them: thence, twenty suitors for one heiress. Fine game for me to make the twenty-first! you don't catch me there. Look at the right bank [of the Seine]: what a difference! In the drawing-room of the smallest banker or the pettiest stockbroker, you will see dancing in the same quadrille a dozen colossal fortunes the public is ignorant of, and which are not known by each other. In this mob resounding with the clink of gold, all glittering with diamonds, a couple meet, love, are married, in less time than a duchess would need to open her snuff-box."

I saw him pretty often in the course of the winter: he showed himself everywhere at the hours when society shows itself. He galloped in the woods every evening, as punctually

as if his course had been paid for. He missed no first representation at the best theaters; he attended the Italiens [opera] as assiduously as if he had loved music. He refused no invitation, lost no ball, and never forgot a dinner call. In which I admired him. His toilette was exquisite, his foot-gear perfect, his linen miraculous. He had hired for six months a brand-new coupé, on which the carriage-maker had provisionally painted his arms.

In society he recommended himself from the first by two talents which are rarely found together: he was a dancer and a converser. He danced the best in the world, to the point of having it said that he had intellect at the ends of his feet. All the girls who danced with him were enchanted with themselves, and consequently with him. The mothers, on their part, always feel grateful to the man who makes their daughters shine. But when, after a quadrille, he went to seat himself in the midst of women of a certain age, the inclination they had for him changed to enthusiasm. He had too much good taste to fling compliments at people's heads, but he made his fair neighbors find ideas in themselves, and the most foolish became clever at the friction of his mind. He sternly refused himself the delights of backbiting, never noticed anything ridiculous, never revived any folly, and jested about everything without wounding any one; which is not always easy. He had no opinions in political matters, not knowing into what family love might make him enter. He observed himself, watched over himself, and kept track of himself constantly without seeming to do so.

By as much as he was gracious with women, he was cold in his relations with men. His coldness bordered on insolence, and brought several quarrels on him. He fought three times, and chastised his adversaries gallantly at the end of his sword: the worst hurt of the three kept his bed a fortnight. Society bore good will to Leonce for his moderation as well as his courage, and he was recognized as a fine swordsman who squandered his own life in husbanding those of others.

He threw money around with both hands, but well knowing for what. He refused to take neither concert ticket nor lottery ticket. He knew when to empty his pocket-book into the purse of a church collector, or to write down his name for twenty louis on the note-book of a charitable lady. He spent much for show and very little for pleasure, counting as useless all disbursements made without witnesses.

Despite such praiseworthy efforts, in three months of winter he swallowed up thirty-five thousand francs without finding what he was in search of.

When I made him my New-Year visit, he passed in review the time which had just gone by. He had as yet found only unavailable matches: a widow half ruined, a Russian princess rich enough but saddled with three children by a first marriage, and the daughter of a shady speculator.

"I can't understand it at all," he said to me with a certain bitterness. "I have friends and no enemies; I know and am known by all Paris; I go everywhere, I please everywhere; I am launched, I am even established, but I don't get anywhere! I march straight for my goal, without stopping on the way: one would say the goal receded before me. If I were seeking the impossible, it could be explained by that; but what is it I ask? A woman of my station, who loves me for myself. That isn't anything supernatural! Matthew has found in his set what I am vainly pursuing in mine. And yet I am fully on a par with Matthew."

"Physically, at least. Do you have news of them?"

"Not often: the happy are egotists. The licentiate is cultivating the soil; he sows buckwheat and plants trees. His wife is well."

"I need not ask you if they still love each other?"

"As in Noah's Ark. Papa and mamma are on their knees before their daughter-in-law. Mme. Bourgade has taken well: it seems she is decidedly a distinguished woman; everybody occupies her attention, amuses her, and adores her; they are very happy."

"You have never had the notion to go and join them with the rest of your gold pieces?"

"Good heavens, no! I prefer my *ennuis* to their pleasures. And besides, it isn't time to go into hiding yet."

In fact, a week afterward he came all radiant into the parlor of the School.

"Brrr!" said he, "you aren't hot here."

"Fifteen, my dear fellow [59° Fahr.] is a regulation."

"The regulation isn't as chilly as I am, and I did well to get plucked, all the more that I have reached my goal."

"You are on the road?"

"I've got there!"

Leonce had noted the grace and elegance of a very slight

woman, so slender and so delicate that her perfections should have been admired under the microscope. He had waltzed with her, and had almost lost her several times, she was so light and so little felt by the hand ; he had chatted with her, and had remained under the charm ; she prattled in a very melodious little bird tone, and glanced from one subject to the other with a charming volubility. Leonce asked the name of this young lady who so closely resembled a humming-bird : he learned that she was called Mlle. de Stock. Gossip credited her with twenty-five years and a large fortune. With this information, Leonce set himself to loving her. He had them show him the Baron de Stock, who played at *écarté* and lost sums with the indifference of a millionaire. At this moment Mlle. de Stock appeared handsomer still to him. The baron wore a fine enough string of foreign decorations. "His daughter is adorable!" thought Leonce. He had himself presented to the baroness, a noble German doll, covered with old smoky diamonds. This worthy lady pleased him at first sight. Perhaps he would have found her slightly ridiculous had she not had so clever a daughter. Perhaps also he would have judged Mlle. de Stock to be somewhat lacking in distinction if he had not known so majestic a mother to her.

He danced an entire evening with the pretty Dorothée, and murmured in her ear expressions of gallantry which strongly resembled words of love. She answered with a coquetry which did not resemble dislike. The baroness invited Leonce to her Wednesdays : he was assiduous at them. M. de Stock lived on Rue Rochefoucauld, in a small private house between a court and a garden of which he was proprietor. Leonce understood furniture, as he had bought house-furnishings. Without being an expert, he had a feeling for elegance. He could be deceived, like everybody ; nevertheless, he was not of the stuff that dupes are made from, and the baron's interior charmed him. The servants, in amaranth livery, had fine square heads, and a German accent that grated deliciously on the ear. The household arrangements represented an expense of sixty thousand francs a year. The day when Leonce was welcomed by the baron, banqueted by the baroness, and regarded tenderly by the daughter, he might say without presumption, "I've got there !"

Toward the middle of January, he learned that Dorothée was to collect for the poor at Notre Dame de Lorette. He, who was often absent at Mass, exhibited an exemplary punctuality. He

had me breakfast on the jump, and dragged me off with him at the stroke of the clock. I have forgotten the details of his toilette, but I well remember that it was dazzling. I recognized Mlle. de Stock from the portrait he had given me of her, although he had forgotten to tell me she was dusky as a Maltese. A dark German is a phenomenon rare enough for mention to be made of it. At the end of the Mass, the faithful defiled one by one before the collectresses, who knelt at each door of the church. Dorothée solicited the charity of passers by an interrogative glance with a grace all worldly. I put two sous into her velvet purse, the poor scholar's mite. Leonce saluted the collectress as in a drawing-room, giving her a thousand-franc bill, folded in four.

"How much have you left?" I asked him in the vestibule.

"Thirteen thousand francs and some centimes."

"That isn't much."

"It's enough. The alms I have just given will be rendered back to me a hundred-fold."

I made no answer.

Leonce found on returning home a letter from his brother, very short:—

"What can I tell you?" wrote Matthew. "Our life is smooth as a mirror; the days all resemble each other like drops of milk in the same cup. Work is stopped by the winter, and we pass the day in the chimney-corner. You know whether the chimney is wide; there is a place for you; we could even put in an easy-chair extra by squeezing up a little, if you liked. Papa pokes the fire zealously: you know his passion, the sole passion of his life. If his tongs were taken away it would make him miserable. Mamma Debay and Mamma Bourgade pass the day in sewing. We have hung your portrait in our chamber; you know, the handsome portrait that Boulanger painted before he left for Rome. I show it to Aimée every morning and every evening. As to myself, I am always the same, and yet I do hardly anything. Ah, brother! if you knew how insipid your pleasures are by the side of ours, you would come by the diligence: you are the only thing we miss, you are our one anxiety. Papa gives a fierce scowl when anything is said about Rue de Provence. Well! I reassure him by telling him that if a man in the world can succeed, it is you."

"They are good people," said Leonce, throwing the letter on the desk. "They will soon have news of me."

A few days after, the baron unexpectedly happened in at ten in the morning. Such a step was of good omen. M. de Stock visited the apartment informally, and inwardly took an inventory of the furnishings. Any man of good sense would have believed he was at a rich heir's; the baron was enchanted. That German was a likable man. Everybody knew he had been a banker at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and yet he never spoke of his fortune. No one disputed his nobility, and yet he never spoke of his titles. His halls, his lands, his forests were things he seemed to have the least care about. He said no word of them to Leonce, and Leonce recognized that *this* marquis was a real rich man and a real gentleman.

On his side, Leonce was too scrupulous to credit himself with a bogus fortune. He let people's imagination take its course, and did not dispute those who said, "You who are rich." But he boasted of nothing. When he spoke of his family, he said without emphasis, "My parents live on their lands in Brittany;" in which he told no untruth. I observed to him that everything would be found out in the end, and he would be forced to confess the origin of his nobility and the mediocrity of his fortune. "Let me alone for it," he answered: "the baron is rich enough to permit his daughter a marriage of love. Dorothee loves me, I am sure of it; she has told me so. When the parents see that I am necessary to their daughter's happiness, they will pass over many things. Besides, I shall not deceive any one, and they will know everything before the marriage."

In the last days of February, Leonce took his courage in both hands; he made his demand. M. and Mme. de Stock, notified by Dorothee, received him in solemn audience.

"Baron and baroness," he said, "I have the honor to ask you for the hand of your daughter. Not to leave you in any ignorance as to my situation —"

The baron interrupted him with a lordly gesture: —

"Stop there, marquis, I beg you. All Paris knows you, and my daughter loves you: I wish to know nothing more. Your name might be obscure, your father might have spent his fortune, yet I should still say to you, 'Dorothee is yours.'"

He embraced Leonce, and the baroness gave him her hand to kiss: "You do not know," said the baroness, "our romantic Germany. We are all thus — at least in the higher orders."

In the midst of the maddest joy, Leonce felt in his heart something like a revolt of honesty. "I cannot deceive these worthy people," he said, "and I should be a scamp if I abused their confidence." He resumed aloud, "Baron, the noble trust you have evinced in me lays me under the obligation of giving you some details of —"

"Marquis, you will seriously distress me by insisting further. I should believe that you only persisted in giving me this information to compel me to furnish proofs of my rank and fortune."

"Come," thought Leonce, "it is only put off. We shall make a clean breast of it willy-nilly on the day of the contract."

But the baron would hear no talk of the contract.

"Between gentlemen," he said, "these engagements, these signatures, these guarantees, are humiliating precautions. Do you love Dorothee? Yes. Does she love you? I am certain of it. Then what is the good of putting a lawyer between us? I fancy your love will go far beyond stamped paper."

"Nevertheless, monsieur, if they have deceived you as to my position —"

"But, you dreadful child, they have not deceived me, for they have not told me anything. I know nothing about you except that you please my daughter, my wife, myself, and everybody in existence. I don't wish to know anything more. Do I need your money? If you are rich, so much the better. If you are poor, so much the worse. Say as much to me, and we shall be quits. Come, here is what will give repose to your conscience: you have nothing, my daughter has nothing; you call yourself Leonce, she calls herself Dorothee, and I give you my paternal blessing. Are you satisfied?"

Leonce wept for joy. They called in Dorothee.

"Here, daughter," said the baroness, "come and tell the marquis that you are marrying neither his name nor his fortune, but his person."

"Dear Leonce," said Dorothee, "I love you madly!"

She told not a syllable of falsehood.

Leonce was married in March. It was time: the *corbeille* [bridegroom's wedding gift] devoured the last thousand-franc bill. I did not serve as witness this time; the witnesses were important personages. Matthew could not come to Paris; he charged me with giving him an account of the wedding, and I

fulfilled with joy my task as historiographer. Dorothée, dressed in her gown of white terry velvet, had an adorable success. They called her the little brunette angel. After the ceremony a dinner of forty covers was served at the baron's, and Leonce approved his friendship by inviting me. He presented me to his wife on leaving the table. "My dear Dorothée," he said to her, "this is one of my old schoolfellows, who will be our children's professor some day or other. I hope you will always give him a warm welcome; the best friends are not the most shining, but the most solid."

"Professor," said the fair Dorothée, "you will always be welcome with us. I wish Leonce to bring me all his friends as a marriage portion."

The conversation with the pretty marquise and the pleasure of dancing with my big shoes caused me to forget the school regulations. I returned an hour late, and was kept in for a fortnight. As soon as I was free, my first call was on Leonce. I found him entirely alone, occupied in tearing his hair, which was very handsome, as you know.

"My dear fellow," he said to me in a doleful voice, "I have been cruelly tricked!"

"Already!"

"My father-in-law is rich as I am, noble as I am; he is called Stock, in one syllable [no *de*], and his entire stock of property is twenty thousand francs of debts!"

"Impossible!"

"The thing is beyond doubt: my wife confessed everything to me on the wedding night. There was not five hundred francs in the house."

"But the house alone is worth a hundred thousand!"

"It isn't paid for. M. Stock was rich five or six years ago; he held a fair position in Frankfort, and his bankruptcy left him more than thirty thousand francs invested income. But he has lost it all at roulette and trente-et-quarante. At the beginning of the winter, all that was left of his splendor was a file of decorations bought cheap in the little northern courts, some honorable relations, the habit of expense, the gambling fever, and fifty thousand francs. He thought it clever to place all his capital on Dorothée, and come to Paris to stake everything on that throw. He counted on fishing up in troubled waters, in the Chaussée d'Antin society, a son-in-law rich enough to take his daughter off his hands, board him

and his wife, and give him every summer a few rolls of louis to lose on the banks of the Rhine. Isn't it infamous?"

"Take care," said I. "Do you know how he is talking about you at this moment?"

"But it was so different! I didn't deceive him. I wanted to show him frankly the state of my affairs. It was he who stopped me, and shut my mouth. Now I know why, and his confidence no longer astonishes me!"

"Have you had an explanation together?"

"I rushed to him to confound him, and you may well believe I wasn't sparing of my eloquence. Do you know what he answered me? Instead of recriminating, as I expected, he took my hand and said in a voice full of emotion: "We have been unfortunate. We might each of us have found a fortune; it is very provoking we met."

"Wisely observed."

"What is to become of me?"

"Are you asking my advice?"

"Of course, as you can't give me anything else!"

"My dear Leonce, I know but one honorable means of getting out of your scrape. Liquidate heroically; go and hide in some working quarter; finish your law course, and become an advocate. You have talent; you cannot have lost entirely the habit of work; the connections you have made in these six months will be useful to you later; you will regain your lost time, and the money too."

"Yes, if I were a bachelor!"

"Then do something else. Take your new family to Brittany. Uncle Yvon's house is large enough to lodge you all; they will put another leaf into the table and add a dish at dinner."

"We should ruin them!"

"Not at all. Aimée will buy one gown less every year, and Matthew will prolong the existence of the famous snuff-colored paletot."

"Oh, I know their hearts! But you don't know my father-and mother-in-law. If my wife loves society, her parents are mad for it. Mme. Stock passes her time before the glass making salutes! M. Stock would never be an endurable Breton. He would resent hospitality, he would humiliate our dear house; he would reproach us for the bread we gave him!"

"Well, leave your parents to get out of their tangle in Paris. Carry off your wife: she is young, and you will form her character."

"But just realize how the old fellow is riddled with debts! He is my father-in-law, after all; I can't desert him."

"Let him sell his belongings! he has twenty thousand francs' worth of them."

"And what will the poor devils live on?"

"I see with pleasure that you pity them. But I should say in my turn, 'What are you to do?' I don't know any other kind of advice to give you, — I am at the end of my string."

"I am going to ask for a place. They think I don't need one, so they will give it to me."

He solicited a long time, and lost more than a month in futile endeavors. In the depth of his low spirits, he received a letter from Matthew announcing that he had a son. "You are to be his godfather," he added, "and his pretty aunt Dorothee will not refuse to be his godmother. We are waiting for you; your room is ready; make haste and come."

Leonce had not yet told his relatives of his mischance. What was the good of clouding their happiness with a piece of bad news? The poor fellow was braver than I had expected. While he sold his paintings for living expenses, he was tender and ardent with his wife. He had the good taste to conceal his mortification. It is just to say that Dorothee consoled him her best. If she wept sometimes, it was on the quiet. She returned to the dealers a part of her marriage corbeille. I feel sure the honeymoon would have been brighter if the young household had lacked for nothing, and if M. Stock had had no debts; but despite embarrassments of every sort, and the importunity of creditors, they loved each other. Leonce and Dorothee clung close to each other like children overtaken by a storm. I saw them regularly during all my leaves of absence, and every call showed them to me better and rendered them dearer.

One Thursday, about half-past one, I was leaving the school to visit them, when I encountered in the middle of Rue d'Ulm a small man in a velvet waistcoat. He was an old acquaintance whom I had neglected somewhat since Matthew's marriage.

"Good morning, Little Gray," I said. "Put your cap on again. Were you coming to see me?"

"Yes, monsieur, and I am very glad I met you, to ask your advice."

"Nothing has happened with you? Is your wife well? Are you still working for the city of Paris?"

"Still, monsieur, and I venture to say that my wife and I have a broom touch that does you honor. Nobody will find fault with you for having got us jobs."

"It isn't I, Little Gray, it is a young man among my friends for whom I would much like to render the same service."

"M. Matthew is still happy? The ladies are not sick?"

"Thanks. Matthew has a boy, and the entire family is doing as well as possible."

"For the time being, monsieur, this is what has happened: This morning, as we were coming back from work, a gentleman came in, not very tall, rather undersized, — a man of my build, in short, and not far from my age. He asked me if I was in the house in Mme. Bourgade's time. I told him what there was to tell, seeing as I have nothing to hide, and I don't do any mischief, and I don't owe anybody anything. But when he found I knew those ladies, he began to question me about this and about that, and who mademoiselle had married, and what her husband did, and what she ate for dinner, and how long she had stayed in the quarter, and finally where she was living. When I saw he had the notion of drawing me out, I didn't want to give him any answer. He didn't suit me, that man didn't! He looked at the house with a rich man's eyes; you'd have said our room made him sick at heart. I understood very well that he was anxious to have M. Matthew's address; but I didn't know what he wanted to do with it. I said I didn't know it, but perhaps it could be got for him. He left me his address, which I didn't read, you know well enough why, and I've come to show it to you, to know what's to be done."

Little Gray drew a fine glazed card from his pocket, on which I read: —

LOUIS BOURGADE,

Hôtel des Princes.

"Louis Bourgade!" said Little Gray; "it's a relation."

"Hôtel des Princes! It is a rich relation."

"He could perfectly well have come sooner, when his poor ladies were dying of starvation! Now they don't need him any more."

"That is probably why he is showing himself, my dear Little Gray: he must have heard of Mlle. Aimée's marriage. But pity for every sin: we must give him her address."

"All right, I'll go there. Is the Hôtel des Princes far?"

"Don't put yourself out; it is on my road, and I will go in there as I pass and talk with this gentleman."

On the way I thought: "A rich relative! Such a wind-fall couldn't drop for Leonce!"

I asked for M. Bourgade, and soon a servant of the house came to show me in. M. Bourgade occupied a magnificent apartment on the second floor, overlooking the street. This gentleman made me wait for ten minutes, which I conscientiously employed in vilifying him.

When the door opened, I hardly took the trouble to look at my interlocutor; my eyes served me only to dart lightnings. I proudly introduced myself as an old friend of Mme. and Mlle. Bourgade. I recounted how I had made my way into their intimacy, without having the honor to be of their family; I drew a pathetic picture of their penury, of their courage, of their work, of their virtue.

My indictment produced its effect. M. Bourgade did not look me in the face; he hid his head in his hands, and seemed overwhelmed. To finish him, I apprised him of Matthew's conduct; I told him the history of the cloak pawned for ten francs, and all the privations that worthy young man had imposed on himself. To end with, he had married that deserted orphan; he had taken her to Auray, the home of his ancestors; he had given her a name, a fortune, a family! To-day, Aimée Bourgade, happy wife, happy mother, had no further need of any one.

M. Bourgade removed his hands, and I saw his face bathed in tears.

"It is my daughter," he said: "I thank you greatly for loving her so. My dear child! let me kiss you!"

I did not make him tell me twice. I asked him neither how nor why he was alive; I put neither questions nor objections to him; I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him four or five times on both cheeks. I was quite sure of not

being deceived : a father's tears may be recognized everywhere !

Yet when the first emotion had passed, I regarded him with an air of profound astonishment, and he perceived it. "I will explain everything to you," he said, "when I have seen my wife and my daughter. On to Auray ! Thank you ; good-bye ; see you again soon !"

"Hold on, if you please ! I can't let you go yet. First, you cannot start till this evening by the seven o'clock train ; next, there are precautions to take, and you will not hit the bull's-eye by going straight to Auray. You will kill your wife and your daughter. Sit down and tell me your story. Then I will tell you the precautions you have to take. But how does it happen that you escaped from that shipwreck ?"

"Good heavens ! nothing is simpler. When the vessel was lost, I was not on board. You know what I went to America to do. We stopped a week at Rio de Janeiro to take on passengers and cargo. I went ashore like all the rest. I had letters for some French people settled there, and among others for a dye-wood dealer named Charlier. We talk ; I explain my system to him ; he is struck with it ; all minds were turned toward California. Charlier assures me that my invention is excellent, but that I am not strong enough to handle it alone, and that I shall find no workmen. 'Do better,' he says to me. 'Come ashore bag and baggage ; set yourself up as a machine manufacturer, and exploit the *Bourgade separator* here. The apparatus complete will cost you five hundred francs, you can sell it for a thousand : all the miners going to San Francisco will equip themselves at your establishment as they pass. Believe me, this is the true California. You have not money enough to begin the undertaking, but it shall be raised for you ; a good business always finds capital, especially in America. If you need an associate, here am I.' So it was that we founded the house of Charlier, Bourgade & Co., whose shares are quoted on the Bourse at Paris. We have issued them at a par of five hundred francs, and I have a thousand for my share. They have increased tenfold in value, and they will not stop there. They are talking of new mines in Australia."

"What !" I said to him, "you are worth five millions ?"

"Better than that, but what odds ! Now tell me by what miracle of bad luck all my letters have remained unanswered ?"

"You will find them at the post-office. The wrecking of the *Belle Antoinette* was speedily known in Paris. Your first letter must have arrived a few days later, when these ladies had quitted Rue d'Orléans. I believe I remember that they broke up their household without leaving their address; they wished to hide their poverty, and besides, they were expecting no more news from anybody. How could the post have been able to discover them? The carrier does not enter Rue de Traversine once a week."

"You have no idea of what I have suffered, to write for more than two years without receiving any answer!"

"Come! come! I have seen two women who suffered as much as you."

"No; they wept over a positive misfortune; for me, I saw a thousand imaginary ones. I knew them to be without means, exposed to every privation; I was rich, and I could do nothing for them! The cholera of 1849 made me pass many sleepless nights. I wanted to come to Paris, to interrogate the police, to rummage the entire city; but I was confined to the house! I had a note inserted in the *Presse* and the *Constitutionnel*, but no one answered. You don't read those papers, then?"

"Not often; and these ladies, never."

"I read them both, and much good it did me. It was the *Siècle* that told me of Aimée's marriage."

"The question now is about announcing your return. If you will take my word, have yourself preceded by an ambassador. I happen to know a young man who is in search of a position; it is Matthew's brother, Aimée's brother-in-law; moreover, a man of intellect, and worthy of representing a great power. If you are satisfied with his services, I will call your attention to a means of remunerating them. Shall we go to his place?"

A few hours later M. Bourgade, Leonce, and Dorothée took their places in a handsome post-chaise, which followed the railroad as far as Angers. At Vannes M. Bourgade descended and went to a hotel. The lately married couple pursued their way, and arrived in the carriage. When Dorothée broached, in vague terms, the idea that M. Bourgade might not be dead, the widowed matron responded, "Perhaps!" She was so well accustomed to happiness that nothing seemed impossible. Leonce recalled what the student at the Central

School had formerly said apropos of the "separator": if the invention had survived, the inventor might have escaped the shipwreck. Hope entered again into these brave hearts; and the day when M. Bourgade appeared at Auray, his wife and daughter cried out innocently, "We knew quite well you weren't dead!"

M. Bourgade had not the bearing of a great lord, far from it! but neither had he the manners of a parvenu. If you met him on foot, you would believe you saw a worthy jeweler of Rue d'Orléans. That excellent little man deserved to have a son-in-law like Matthew. He gave his daughter a dowry of two millions, to the great confusion of Matthew, who said, "I am an adventurer; I have abused my personal advantages to make a rich marriage." The Debays built themselves a princely habitation; what adds to the beauty of their mansion is that there are no paupers in the neighborhood. Matthew finished his theses, and obtained his doctor's diploma; we have not two doctors in France as rich as he, we have not four as laborious. Leonce has two daughters, and lives in Brittany in the midst of his family. He has a hundred thousand francs income, since Matthew has it. M. and Mme. Stock have crossed the ocean; M. Bourgade has given them a place in his manufactory. Dorothée's father is still intelligent, and still a gambler; he wins largely, and loses all he wins. Little Gray and his wife no longer inhabit Rue Traversine; if you wish to make their acquaintance, you must take the Auray road. They have not lost that admirable broom touch they were so vainglorious over; they keep the château clean, and wage implacable war on dust. I receive news of my friends five or six times a year. Only yesterday they sent me a basket of oysters and a box of sardines.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL HISTORY OF HITHER ASIA, INCLUDING EGYPT.

BY JOHN PUNNETT PETERS.

(Written for this work.)

[JOHN PUNNETT PETERS, archæologist and Hebraist, was born at New York City, December 16, 1852; graduated at Yale in 1873, and devoted the next ten years to study of philology and theology at Yale, Berlin, and Leipzig. Becoming professor of Hebrew in the University of Pennsylvania, from 1888 to 1891 he was in charge of its famous expedition to Babylonia, which excavated Nippur and carried the world's knowledge of its civilized origins from two to three thousand years farther back. Since 1893 he has been rector of St. Michael's, New York.]

BY ARCHÆOLOGY is meant the history of man as preserved in material facts — implements, utensils, remains of habitations, architecture, and art — as over against written records. In common use, certain classes of written records are also generally included in the province of archæology — inscriptions on stone, brick, and the like. In this somewhat broader sense we use archæology here. We are to deal not only with the material facts preserved to us in unwritten records of art and the like, but also with the records preserved in inscriptions; and indeed we shall at times pass over into the history of hither Asia, as preserved to us both in archæological and literary remains.

The earliest evidences of man's existence on the earth yet known consist of stone implements. These have been found in geological deposits evincing great antiquity, in most parts of Europe, in Egypt, in South Africa, in India, and in America, on both sides of the continent. In general, it may be said that we now have evidence of the existence of man at the same primary stage of development in all parts of the world. Presumably man first supplemented his natural tools and weapons of teeth, hands, nails, and toes, by branches torn from the trees and stones picked up from the ground. From this period we can of course expect no archæological remains, as our definition of archæology will show, other than an occasional rough unformed stone, which may exhibit on its surface scratches, abrasions, or rubbing caused by use. The next step in man's development was, presumptively, the fashioning of the stones

and branches into shapes more convenient for use. Naturally the first work in this direction was extremely rude, so rude that it is often difficult to determine whether there was any workmanship other than use. This first archæological period of man is now designated as Eolithic, and to it are ascribed rude flint implements found on the hills of Kent, in the southeast of England, in river deposits some six hundred feet above the present river beds, so rude in character that it was long a subject of debate whether they were implements or merely unworked stones.

Next follows what is now known as the Palæolithic period, to which belong the chipped flints found in geological deposits. These are found in practically identical shapes in all parts of the world, so that, in the case of the ruder forms at least, it is impossible to determine from the appearance and working in what part of the world a specimen was discovered. This period has been tentatively divided into subperiods, as follows :—

I. The period of massive flints, very little less rude than the Eolithic, found in gravel deposits as high as two hundred feet above the present river beds. These seem to antedate the possession of any sort of dwellings by men other than the casual shelter of trees, overhanging stones, caves, and the like.

II. Flints found in cave dwellings, some very rude and unworked, like the preceding, and others showing more flaking and working but still rough and unfinished. Here we have man occupying for long periods the same abode. He has not yet reached the point of building houses, but he has attained the stage of permanency of dwelling.

III. The second period of cave dwellers, where flints are well worked and finely shaped.

IV. The third period of cave dwellers, where, in addition to flint implements, we find bone working and drawings on implements and cave walls.

Remains of man, showing all these stages of development, have been found in geological deposits of the Quaternary period, along with fossil remains of animals of that period, long since extinct, — mammoths, cave-bears, cave-lions, saber-footed tigers, etc.

From the physiological standpoint, man, as found in these remains, is the same from the outset as he is at present ; that is, from the time that he began to use any sort of implements

down to the present time, he was man. How long he remained in the primitive stages of development is a question of some uncertainty, geologists assigning dates varying from 100,000 to 300,000 B.C. for the earliest deposits in which man is found — the gravel deposits of the Kent Hills, the lava beds of California, and the stalagmitic and other deposits of the caves of southern England. All these stages of development may be found, of course, among men in historic times and at any period of the world's history up to the present. And at the present time men may be found in different countries substantially at every stage of development, from the Eolithic onward to the highest stage that has yet been reached.

Development or the rate of development differed, according to the conditions prevailing. A region like the chalk hills of Kent tempted men of itself to mine flints, and furnished in those flints the best material for stone implements. A region of flints may be said to have possessed, for primitive man, the same value in the matter of material development which coal and iron regions possess for us of the present day. On the other hand, such a region was likely to have been a fertile source of dispute, to have led to struggles for possession, an occasional overwhelming and blotting out, by an invasion of more numerous outsiders, of the fewer owners or possessors who had reached a certain stage of progress, involving a recommencement almost from the beginning. On the more peaceful side it would lead to broader intercourse, and at a very early period it is clear that flints from such regions were widely distributed, doubtless largely in return for material products of one sort or another from other regions. But, furthermore, the very conditions which fostered a certain development would prevent, after a certain stage had been reached, further development. It was not in the flint regions that the highest development could be reached. It was not until well-worked flints were in sufficient numbers in possession of peoples in a different locality, with different environments, that better results could be obtained in the cultivation of the soil, construction of houses, tools, etc. Contact with peoples with different material products living under different conditions, and therefore with diverse wants and ideas, was necessary to progress. The process by which men were brought in contact with one another, organizations of groups of men effected, wants developed, needs supplied, etc., was of necessity very slow. But slow as this process must have been, in consid-

eration of the relatively brief history of civilization, it seems at first sight incredible that man should have existed on the earth in this rude state from one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand years. Nevertheless, while these dates assigned by geology must be accepted with the greatest caution and as no more than tentative, it should, on the other hand, be remembered that the progress of civilization becomes immensely accelerated as it advances. Civilization has made more progress in the nineteenth century than in all the preceding centuries of its existence combined. It is in the earliest stages that progress is most painfully slow.

Following the Palæolithic age of man comes the period of polished stone weapons and tools, no longer found in geological deposits but on or near the surface of the ground. This is the age of Neolithic man. Whereas Palæolithic man had made his flint implements by chipping off flakes only, Neolithic man further ground or rubbed his tools to the required form, thus producing a tool or weapon with a smooth surface, and hence more effective. These remains, like the preceding, are found in many parts of the world, and belong of course to very many eras. It is now generally assumed that man first reached this condition, in any part of the world, not later certainly than 10,000 B.C. From the Eolithic and Palæolithic periods we have no remains of human habitations other than caves. It is with the Neolithic period that we begin to find remains of human constructions. Along with the polished flints of this stage of development we find enormous earthworks, constructed in some places for defense, in others for burial purposes. To this stage of civilization belong also the Kitchen-middens of the Baltic and the earlier lake-dwellings, villages erected upon piles in lakes, such as have been found in many parts of Europe. The remains of these earlier lake-dwellings show us man in the pastoral and agricultural stage. He cultivated grapes and planted grain and flax; he knew how to spin and weave; he had domestic animals; he made pottery, and his artistic instincts were so far developed that this pottery was ornamented with geometric patterns. In England he mined flint out of the chalk deposits, and the finish of some of his tools and weapons shows considerable development of the æsthetic taste, and that he must have had leisure to devote to the slow and tedious work of finishing and ornamenting them. These Neolithic remains reveal, furthermore, the development of a tribal or clan organ-

ization. This stage of civilization, as already stated, men attained independently in many parts of the world ; and here again, as in the case of Palæolithic man, we are dealing with a stage of development rather than with a period. Some of the lake-dwellings in Europe, for instance, were certainly inhabited into historic times, to give way, ultimately, to a higher civilization which came from without.

To understand the line of progress in those early days, we may profitably consider the way in which inferior civilizations have been affected in historic times by contact with higher civilizations. The arts and industries of savage peoples are so manifestly inferior to our own as to disappear before them, and there is a strong tendency toward the destruction, not only of the civilization of the inferior race by the superior, but even of the race itself ; and the greater the difference in degree between two civilizations thus coming in contact, the stronger is this tendency. In some cases the inferior civilization gives way only in part, and the new type which is developed may be said to be a graft of the more highly advanced civilization on that of the primitive stock, an experience more common where the differing degrees of civilization are not so great. Studying the history of civilized man, we observe, moreover, that there is a tendency toward the arrest of development provided there be not intercourse with other people possessing different material products, different environments, and consequently different ideas. The most noteworthy instance of this arrested development is found in China, both because of the high degree of civilization attained there before the arrest of development, and also because of the vast area over which this arrested civilization extends. It is not only human needs which give the impetus to development, but also contact with fellow human beings. In its way the history of man in the prehistoric ages was the same as that of man in the historic period. A certain stage of development was reached here and there. Where there was contact and interchange of products and ideas, there was a more rapid and greater advance. The contact of early peoples with one another was sometimes hostile and sometimes friendly. Wars and invasions retarded or effaced progress, but in general, contact of one group of men with another had the same effect in those days as in historic times ; except that as the differences of civilization were not so great, so was there less tendency toward the destruction of one civilization by

another. Man was, as it were, experimenting in many different places at one and the same time ; and those things which finally prevailed were the result, not of an experiment in one place only, but of numerous conjunctions of experiments and experimenters. It was, so far as we now know, in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates-Tigris that these experiments first developed the type which, in the narrower sense, we call civilized man, and the earliest civilization yet discovered is the civilization of these two valleys.

Civilization in the Euphrates-Tigris valley dates, presumably, from a period not later than about 7000 B.C. Into the Persian Gulf there pours, at the present time, the Shatt-el-Arab, the joint stream of the Tigris and Euphrates, coming from Mesopotamia and Armenia, and of the Karun coming from the Persian highlands. These streams bring down an immense amount of sediment, and are filling up the Persian Gulf with great rapidity, the land at the head of that gulf forming at an average annual rate of something like one hundred feet a year. This rate has been determined for a period of more than two thousand years, by comparing the situation of Charax, founded by Alexander the Great, with the present situation of the same site, which seems to be reasonably determined. According to the historian Arrian, this city was built a little less than one mile from the sea. It is now about forty-seven miles inland, away from the head of the gulf.

The alluvial deposit of the two great rivers, Tigris and Euphrates, extends from the head of the Persian Gulf northward to about the latitude of the present city of Baghdad. At no very remote period in prehistoric times this plain was a gulf of the sea, bounded by the Persian mountains on the east, the Arabian plateau on the west, and the Mesopotamian plateau on the north. Little by little this narrow gulf, surrounded by rocky shores, was filled up by mud brought down by the Tigris and Euphrates from the north, and by the Karun and other smaller Persian streams from the east. This alluvial deposit is fine mud. There are absolutely no stones in the soil ; and, like the somewhat similar valley of the Nile, in its northern part this alluvial mud is almost incredibly fertile when irrigated. For man, after he had reached a certain stage of progress, with tribal organization and some knowledge of cultivation of the soil, possessed of flocks and herds of some description, in commercial relations which enabled him to

secure wood and flint implements, this region would seem to have been a kindergarten, or if we count the former stages of his progress a kindergarten, this would be a primary school in which everything was provided to teach him to advance to a higher stage. Vegetable food of the highest nourishing quality seems to have been native to the country, namely, the wheat and palm. Nature herself showed men how to make bricks with which to build houses and cities, larger and more pretentious than the caves of the mountains or the wigwams of the forest. By spreading the waters over the land and then withdrawing them so that the fine clay cracks and dries in lumps and clods, she suggested to him the manufacture of bricks; while the marshes furnished reeds and the palms mats for roofs and furniture, or for the erection of simpler abodes for the poorer folk.

Babylonia would seem to have been designed by nature as a birthplace of civilization and culture. The American excavations at Nippur have given us facts which, combined with the geological data of the rate of alluvial deposit in that region, enable us to determine, with an approximate degree of accuracy, what we may fairly call the beginnings of civilized man. The written records found at Nippur, as also those found at Lagash or Sirpurla, the modern Tello, carry us back, as I shall endeavor to show later, to a time somewhat antedating 3000 B.C. Now at Nippur the written records of that period lay at about the middle of the mounds. There was as great an accumulation, representing as many different settlements, below as above those records. It is true, of course, that ruin mounds grow at unequal rates. One period may leave a very large deposit and another period a small deposit, so that, even taking so long a period, one cannot be certain of an average rate of deposit. On the other hand, it is almost invariably the very last ruins which leave the largest deposits, and so at Nippur the deposits covering the last four or five hundred years before the Christian era were many times greater than the deposits or strata of any other period which we could date. Out of the 30 feet or thereabouts between the surface and those strata containing the ruin records of 3000 B.C. and somewhat earlier, 16 to 18 feet belong to that 400 or 500 years, so that only 12 to 14 feet are left for the period of 2500 to 3000 years preceding. It would, therefore, seem to be reasonably safe to calculate that the earliest remains found at Nippur

belonged as long before 3000 B.C. as did the latest remains after that date. Roughly speaking, this calculation would carry us back to a period somewhere in the seventh millennium B.C.

Now much farther southward than Nippur lay the two cities of Ur and Eridu, represented at the present day by the ruined mounds of Mughair and Nowawis or Abu-Shahreïn, both on the western side of the Euphrates, quite close together, the former near the present bed of the river and the latter on the edge of the Arabian plateau. At the latter city, Ea, the god of wisdom, was worshiped. In the later Babylonian legends this god is represented as the father of mankind and the originator of civilization. He came out of the Persian Gulf and taught the savage natives arts and sciences, and each evening he disappeared in the waves of the sea. We cannot be absolutely certain that this later legend is based on earlier conceptions,—it may be the product of reflection; but it shows us that at the period of its composition, certainly, the Babylonians regarded this extreme southern country as the source of their civilization. Now Babylonian tradition represents Ur and Eridu as situated on the shore of the Persian Gulf. This is apparently an early tradition, representing a primitive physical condition, and would seem to furnish satisfactory evidence that those two cities did actually stand at one time on the shores of the Persian Gulf. In fact, until a late period there was nothing south of them, unless we count the traditional ship-city Surippak, mentioned in the legend of Gilgamesh, which legend, in the earliest form in which it has come down to us, dates from the latter half of the third millennium. The evidence of Babylonian tradition would seem to be fairly conclusive as to the fact that Ur and Eridu once stood on or very close by the shores of the Persian Gulf. They are now, in a direct line, about one hundred and twenty miles from the head of that gulf, and must, therefore, at the rate of deposit mentioned above, have been founded not later than the seventh millennium B.C. The earliest Babylonian traditions mentioned Nippur, Eridu, and Ur together. They are the oldest known cities; and, indeed, the special god of Nippur, En-lil, is the father of Sin, the special god of Ur. Now we have seen that an estimate of the rate of deposit of the strata of cities at Nippur suggests a date for the earliest remains found there not later than the seventh millennium B.C., and the evidence of tradition and geology combined.

suggests a similar date for the foundation of Ur and Eridu. It would, therefore, seem to be safe to give, roughly, as the date of civilized man in Babylonia, 7000 B.C. The three cities already mentioned, Nippur, Ur, and Eridu, existed, as it would seem, at that period. To about the same period, also, probably, belonged the foundation of the city of Erech.

A tablet containing the story of creations was found by Hormuzd Rassam at Abu Habba in 1881-1882, in which is contained this reference to Erech, Nippur, and Eridu:—

“Incantation: the glorious house, the house of the gods, in a glorious place had not been made,

“A plant had not been brought forth, a tree had not been created,

“A brick had not been laid, a beam had not been shaped,

“A house had not been built, a city had not been constructed,

“A city had not been made, the foundation had not been made glorious;

“Nippur had not been built, E-kur had not been constructed;

“Erech had not been built, E-ana [the temple of Ishtar, at Erech] had not been constructed;

“The Abyss had not been made, Eridu had not been constructed.”

Other very old Babylonian towns are Sirgulla (Serghul), Girsu, the site of which has not been discovered, Larsa (apparently the biblical Ellasar, the modern ruin mound of Senkareh), Nisin or Isin (site undiscovered), Agade or Akkad, Sippar (Abu Habba), Kish, Kutha (Tel-Ibrahim), Barsip (Borsippa, modern Birs-Nimrud), and Babylon, also called Gish-galla, Tintir, and Ka-dingirra. All these appear in very early inscriptions, but as to their existence in the prehistoric period we are able to say nothing, on account of the lack of excavations covering that period in any city except Nippur. The American excavations conducted at that point show that the people inhabiting Babylonia in the earliest civilized period, from the seventh millennium onward, were organized into nations, building fortified towns, the central point of importance in which was the temple of the god of the town. They made pottery, and apparently understood the use of the potter's wheel. We have found, from the prehistoric period, finely colored ware, showing that pottery manufacture was by that time in a fairly advanced state, and that the æsthetic sense in its manufacture

was well developed. Indeed, the very early pottery is superior in many regards to the pottery of later manufacture, and especially is this true of its ornamentation. The city walls and the temple were built of unbaked bricks for the most part; baked bricks, however, were used, but scantily, apparently, on account of the lack of fuel in the country. The bricks of this early period are as good in form and manufacture as any of those of later periods which have been found. The binding material used is sometimes straw and chaff, and sometimes fragments of potsherds are made use of just as in all periods of brick manufacture in Babylonia. Roughly, we may say that from the very earliest time of which we have any remains onward, the manufacture of pottery and the manufacture of bricks show no advance in Babylonia. In the art of construction we find that very early—as early, apparently, as 5000 B.C.—the principle of the arch had been discovered; the earliest arch which has yet been found being that in a sewer or drain of about this period, underneath the ziggurat or temple of Bel En-lil, at Nippur. Evidently, also, the town communities, peoples, or nations were sufficiently large and sufficiently well organized socially and politically to undertake constructions of great size, involving the work of large numbers of men extending over a long period. The earliest remains show that these buildings were built on careful plans, and with recognition of the possibilities and the needs of the material of which they were constructed. A system of drainage, to prevent the water from soaking into and ruining the foundations of buildings, had been developed, as had also the use of pitch or bitumen, which is found at various places on the edge of the Babylonian plain and in the plateaus adjoining. It is not to be supposed, of course, that Nippur was the only place in existence at this early period. We have shown already that Ur and Eridu belonged to the prehistoric period, and we may well suppose that those were only some of the various cities with which the Babylonian plain was dotted.

As to the language or racial connections of the people inhabiting the plain at that period, the remains found give us no indications; and we can only reason backward from the written records which begin to meet us somewhere, probably, in the latter half of the fourth millennium B.C.

The invention of writing for purposes of communication was an enormous step forward in the history of civilization. It was

taken independently at a great many different places in the world, among a number of different peoples and races, but always in the same manner, by the use of pictures. In some places we have the picture writing in its rudest form, out of which it never developed, as among some of the North American Indians. From these lowest stages on, up to the alphabet which we now have, we find writing in all possible stages of development; but where we find the higher stages, the earlier have naturally disappeared.

The first inscriptions which we find in Babylonia represent a stage considerably removed from the most primitive picture writing, and it is doubtful whether we shall ever find anything more primitive than this in that region. A few signs in these earlier inscriptions were evidently pictures, and prove—if, in view of the universal history of writing elsewhere, it were necessary to prove it—that the origin of the early Babylonian script was picture writing. For instance, heaven was designated by a star, which is readily recognized as such even in the very latest writing. Man was rudely represented by a profile sketch of man's form recumbent on the ground. It may be remarked, in passing, that the outline of this character is exactly similar to the outline of the earliest clay statuettes of the gods, which look almost like mummies, with the feet swaddled together. But even those signs which we can distinctly recognize as pictures display, in the earliest inscriptions yet found, a large degree of conventionalization. So the symbol for a house is the representation of the cross lines of a brick wall, but only part of them are drawn to represent the whole. The fish would probably not be recognized as such at all, if it were not for the value attached to the sign. Not only this, but in the very earliest inscriptions these signs have already syllabic values in addition to their ideographic value. So, for example, the sign for house may also have the value of the syllable *é*.

We find, also, in this earliest writing, a system of conventional or arbitrary marks applied to convert a given sign to a new meaning. So, for instance, the sign for "man" becomes "king" or "great man," by the addition of a certain crownlike appendage, which is used in other characters also to indicate "great."

All this, when we study it in comparison with the development of writing out of pictures among various peoples in various places, as we are now able to do, shows us conclusively that

there was a long period of development of writing before the stage was reached which we find in the earliest inscriptions yet discovered. Indeed, the entire development of the Babylonian script from this point onward was much less than the development before this point was reached ; and according to the ordinarily followed rule, there would presumably be a longer period of time, relatively, for the earlier than for the later developments. The Babylonian script does not appear exactly in a stereotyped form in the first inscriptions which we have, but it is rapidly approaching that condition, which it may be said to have reached within a thousand years thereafter. How long the period of development of writing may have been which antedates our earliest discovered inscriptions, it is, with our present data, entirely impossible to calculate, as also the original home of the people who invented it. On the latter point there are conflicting views. There are indications which point to mountain regions and indications which point to the alluvial plain, indications which point to a people occupying settled homes of brick and understanding the arts of agriculture, and indications which point to a nomadic people, dwelling in huts and tents. It may be that this indicates a development covering more than one stage of progress in civilization.

Some of the earliest writings found in Babylonia are mere scratchings on stone, others are quite carefully cut ; but all the writing is what may be called linear, in distinction from the cuneiform or wedge-shape which it later assumed. This latter form was, presumably, due to the use of clay as the writing material,* the characters on which were cut by means of a square-headed stylus, which made incisions broad at one end and tapering off at the other, the shape of a wedge. If any one will endeavor to write upon clay, he will find that this is the form which lines tend to assume on that material. The wedge-shaped characters show themselves on the first clay tablets which we possess, going back to a very early period. Now clay plays a most important part in Babylonian civilization. Out of it the buildings were constructed and the household utensils fashioned, and naturally it was made use of for writing tablets also. This use of clay tablets as the common material for writing induced in time a modification of the characters written on stone, the linear giving way to the wedge-shape ; and in fact at an early age all Babylonian writing, whether on clay or on stone, is wedge-shaped ; although, as already said, there is a still earlier

period from which the characters in the stone inscriptions are linear.

The early Babylonian records are, in part, in a Semitic language, closely related to that northern branch of the Semitic family to which Hebrew belongs, and in part in a non-Semitic tongue. At a later date we find bilingual tablets, the earlier non-Semitic script appearing side by side with the later Semitic-Babylonian. Roughly, we call this non-Semite language Sumerian, and its existence gives proof of the occupation of Babylonia by a Sumerian people who antedated the Semites, and from whom the Semites borrowed their writing and a large part, certainly, of their civilization and their religion.

The racial connections of these Sumerians are not yet known. Their language was agglutinative. A study of the script itself has made it clear that it was these Sumerians, and not the Semitic Babylonians, who invented this system of writing and brought it to that development at which we find it at the close of the fourth millennium B.C. The period of development reached was this : Out of picture writing had been developed a system of signs, some of them of pictorial origin, others mere conventional marks which indicated sometimes an idea, sometimes a syllable, so that the same character might have several meanings. This system of writing the Semitic-Babylonians took over, rendering it more complicated in applying it to their language, more significations being given to the individual signs ; gradually also more signs were formed by compositions of wedges ; but, as already pointed out, the later developments of the script under the Babylonians were in matters of detail only, a development of principles already discovered. At the close of the fourth millennium B.C. the Babylonian system of writing may be said, therefore, to have been fully developed. It must not be understood, however, that at this period the Semitization of Babylonia was complete. Sumerians and Semitic-Babylonians lived side by side until after the middle of the third millennium B.C., by which time the Sumerian tongue had altogether given place to the Semitic. With their system of writing the Semitic-Babylonians also took over the literature of the Sumerians, at least so far as that literature was religious. There have been preserved to us, therefore, numerous hymns, prayers, incantations, and rituals in the original Sumerian. In fact, the Sumerian may be said to have become the Church language of Babylonia, just as in the Middle Ages Latin was the Church language of

England. The religious material was retained in its ancient tongue, because a special efficacy was attributed to it in that language ; but as Sumerian became a dead language, it was necessary to provide these religious texts with interlinear translations in the current Semitic speech of the Babylonians. We have, accordingly, the numerous bilingual texts to which I have already referred. Finally Sumerian became a language of the learned classes ; so that, although a dead language, it was used by the scribes for writing historical texts, precisely as Latin was used in Europe in the Middle Ages. Such, at least, is the explanation now given to the phenomena of late Sumerian texts, which seem to have been composed by persons who did not speak Sumerian as a living language.

Besides the Sumerian civilization in Babylonia, we have in the valley of the Karun, in Persia, evidences of an early civilization, which we call Elamite, which is only beginning to be explored. Whether Elamites and Sumerians were akin, and how early Elamite civilization was, we do not yet fully know ; but certainly the cuneiform script was in use there also at a very early period.

Before proceeding to note what we know of the chronology and the history of the earliest periods after writing commenced to be used, a word should be said about the method in which these dates are determined. Nabonidus, the last king of Babylon, undertook the restoration of the temple of the sun god at Sippara, which was said to have been built by Naram-Sin, and which "no king had built for eight hundred years, since Shagarakti-Buriash, king of Babylon, son of Kudur-Bel." This king's foundation inscription he found, and proceeded still further to search for the original archives of the erection of E-Du-Bar, the temple of the sun god. It was necessary to remove everything from the temple, and so great was the work of excavation that he called up his army from Gaza and set them at the task. Finally he was successful, and "the foundation stone of Naram-Sin, which no king before me had found for thirty-two hundred years, Shamash, the great Lord of E-barra . . . showed to me." Now as Nabonidus reigned about 550 B.C., this would put Naram-Sin, if we accept Nabonidus' figures literally, at 3750 B.C., and Naram-Sin's father, the famous Sargon I., approximately at 3800 B.C.

These dates were at first accepted by most Assyrian scholars, and are still accepted by some. But it should be observed that

the number of the years mentioned by Nabonidus in this inscription, namely thirty-two hundred, is a round number, and that, further, it is a multiple of forty. Now forty is always a suspicious number. Among the Hebrews, as we learn from the Old Testament, it was used sometimes as meaning an indefinitely long period, and sometimes as meaning a generation. It appears to me that it is used here in the latter of these two senses, and that Nabonidus meant to say, to translate his words into our idiom, that Naram-Sin lived eighty generations before his time. Other explanations of the number have been given; but while the explanations differ, the conclusions of most scholars to-day are the same, namely, that Sargon and Naram-Sin lived more nearly at 2800 and 2750 B.C. respectively than at 3800 and 3750 B.C. All the grounds for this conclusion cannot be enumerated here, but to one argument we may be permitted to refer. The American excavations at Nippur showed absolutely no gap between the stratum containing the inscribed bricks of Naram-Sin and that containing those of Ur-Gur, king of Ur, which would seem to show that the two kings were separated certainly by no considerable period of time; the former are found immediately under the latter, with no strata intervening. But Ur-Gur is generally assigned to a period somewhere from 2700 to 2900 B.C. It was Nabonidus' inscription, with its reference to Naram-Sin, which was supposed to give us a fixed date of 3800 B.C. for the age of Sargon. Inscriptions found beneath the level of Naram-Sin and Sargon were dated from this as a fixed point, by a comparison of strata and also on palæographic grounds.

Assuming the date of 3800 B.C. for Sargon as definitely ascertained, these inscriptions were, at one time, supposed to go back as far as 4500 B.C. Transferring the date of Sargon, as we apparently must do, from the early part of the fourth to the early part of the third millennium B.C., the date of those inscriptions would in the same manner be advanced from 4500 to 3500 B.C., — perhaps a little earlier, perhaps a little later, for these earlier dates are all of them merely approximate.

At that period the Semites are already in possession of the land, and have appropriated the earlier Sumerian script, civilization, and religion, modifying all of them in the process. Sumerians still dwelt among them, however, and in some parts of the country were apparently still dominant, or at least the

Sumerian language was. It is clear that already at that time Babylonian civilization had a very long history behind it.

Perhaps the earliest inscription yet found is one which mentions a king "En-shag-kush-an-na of Kengi," from which we learn that Kengi, the name evidently of a territory or city of Babylonia, which ceased to exist at an early period, was engaged in conflict with a rival country or city called Kish. Very nearly as early as En-shag-kush-an-na of Kengi were, perhaps, some of the first kings of Shirpurla or Lagash, whose inscriptions and other remains have been found by the French at Tello-Urukagina, Ur-Nina, E-annatum, Entemena, etc., contemporary with whom were Mesilim, Alzuzua, etc., of Kish, and Ush, Enakalli, etc., of Gishba or Gishukh. (We do not attempt to give a complete list of these early kings, and would warn the reader that the readings of these names are merely tentative, since the method of writing is such as to render the pronunciation of proper names written in it uncertain.) One of these kings, Ur-Nina of Lagash, would seem to have brought cedar from Amanus or the Lebanon for his palaces, a practice common with all great Babylonian potentates of later times.

At an early period Uruk, the biblical Erech, becomes prominent. We have from Nippur a long inscription of a certain Lugal-zaggisi, "high priest of the land of the bow" (Gishban or Gishukh), who conquered Kengi and established his seat of empire at Erech. He calls himself: "King of Erech, king of all the world, prophet of Anu (god of heaven), hero of Nidaba, son of Ukush, patesi (high priest) of the Land of the Bow." To quote the most important part of this inscription, which was inscribed on a number of vases dedicated to En-lil, found by the American explorers broken into countless fragments: "When En-lil, king of the lands, gave Lugalzaggisi the kingdom of the world and granted him success before the world, when he filled all lands with his renown and subdued from sunrise to sunset, at that time he directed his path from the Lower Sea of the Tigris and Euphrates to the Upper Sea. En-lil made his hands receive gifts from sunrise to sunset, and caused his hands to dwell in peace." These inscriptions are of great importance because they show that at this early period Babylonia was not the only civilized country of western Asia, but that it was in contact, sometimes warlike and sometimes industrial, with other surrounding territories. As early as the close of the fourth millennium B.C. there was even a quasi-empire,

stretching from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean Sea, with Erech for its center. Experience shows us that such an empire may mean merely that tribute or booty was secured from countries as far remote from one another as the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, and that the king of Erech was the great man over all that region. It is clear, however, that the parts of this great region were in communication with one another, and that this whole territory was at this period already civilized.

A little later comes a certain king whose name is tentatively read as Lugal-Kigub-niduchi, "who added lordship to kingdom, establishing Erech as the seat of lordship, and Ur as the seat of kingdom." His votive inscriptions were found at Nippur, consisting of vases dedicated to Bel En-lil and his divine spouse, Nin-lil, and rough blocks of marble inscribed with his name and a dedication to En-lil. Some of these were later reinscribed and rededicated to other kings, a custom common enough in all antiquity.

It will be noted that the kings so far mentioned were none of them rulers of Nippur, but, on the other hand, from En-shag-kush-an-na, lord of Kengi, who conquered Kish, onward, all these kings dedicated votive offerings, consisting often of part of their spoil, to Bel En-lil, the god of Nippur, while several of them assume the title of patesi, high priest or over-priest of En-lil. It is evident that, as a religious center, Nippur was a place of great importance, from the very earliest period of which we have records. As already stated, the god of Nippur, En-lil, is declared in later inscriptions to have been the father of Sin, the moon god resident at Ur, which relationship would seem to indicate either a greater dignity or a greater antiquity, or both, as attaching to the temple of En-lil.

En-lil, the god of Nippur, was the god of the storm spirits, the god of the air, the god of the earth's surface, but he was also recognized as the great Bel, the great lord. He had a female half or spouse called Nin-lil, and practically every god in Babylonian mythology has this feminine half, his belit or beltis.

Other prominent divinities whom we find in the earlier period are Anu, the heaven god, worshiped at Sippara, where also Shamash, the sun god, had his special shrine; Ea, the earth god or god of the waters under the earth, whose special sacred city was Eridu; Sin, the moon god, worshiped, as already

stated, especially at Ur (and at Harrani in Mesopotamia); and Ishtar, whose city was Erech. We find at each city some special god, many of whom are connected with the sun or the moon, phases of the cult of the heavenly bodies and the nature forces. These were ultimately arranged in some sort of rude system of mythology; but it is clear that originally they were the gods of the separate cities, all of which alike worshiped the heavens or the heavenly bodies, the powers of nature, which were personified in their various city gods, with their consorts or female parts.

The final differentiation of the gods took place later, as the cities came in contact with one another, and peoples borrowed each from the other. As a result of this the gods came to be thought of as different, and to be assigned to different provinces in the great nature domain, until finally a mythology was developed. That point had been reached at a time preceding the earliest of our inscriptions, a further evidence of the long development of civilization in Babylonia before 3500 B.C. As already stated, the Semite occupants of the country, coming apparently from Arabia, roughly speaking at about this time, adopted the religion and mythology of the country, with additions and adaptations of their own. The mightiest and most powerful of all the gods was considered to be En-lil, to use his Sumerian proper name, the Bel (the common Semitic name of a god) or lord of Nippur. Nippur was evidently at this time the religious center, the place of greatest sanctity, although neither at this time nor any other of which we have knowledge was it the center of political power. With Bel En-lil were especially associated Anu and Ea, as forming a sort of trinity of earth and air, sky, and under earth. In the temple of En-lil, associated with him, were, at the time of the earliest inscriptions, not only his spouse Nin-lil, but numerous other gods and goddesses. It is clear that, in origin, the Babylonian religion as we find it in the earliest inscriptions was a combination of local and nature cults. En-lil of Nippur was originally a local deity, a lord of demons, which is the meaning of his name. His spouse seems to have been Allat, the goddess of the hole, in later mythology the mistress of the underworld. But at the date of the earliest inscriptions known to us, En-lil had already become the great god of earth, and the Bel, or lord, of the gods, recognized at Lagash, Ur, and probably elsewhere, as the parent or head of the gods of these towns, and worshiped there along

with them. In Nippur, also, these other gods had shrines, forming, as it were, a court about the great lord En-lil. Apparently Allat, once the mere female shadow of Bel En-lil, had become, sharing in his glory, a separate personality, as she certainly was in later times, one of the few goddesses possessing attributes of her own. Our object here is not, however, to go into the mythology of the religion of Babylonia, but merely to show that the gods of different places had already been brought into relations with one another, and some sort of a pantheon worked out, which involves speculation, reflection, and philosophizing; in fact, that the religious stage reached 3500 B.C. gives evidence of a long period of development and intercourse preceding that date.

The name which is applied to the temple of En-lil at Nippur is of special interest because it shows, not merely contact with, but also emigration from, another and a very different country, apparently by the original founders of the temple. The earliest inscriptions mention the temple as E-kur, that is, mountain house. Various other names, used to describe the temple or parts of it, have the same general significance. It is a mountain. Apparently, also, from the very earliest times there was some sort of an indication of this in the shape of a column or huge cone of clay which was set up in the temenos of the temple. Later, from the time of Ur-Gur, *circa* 2700, onward, the temple consisted of a great raised platform, toward the north-western side of which rose a stage pyramid (the *ziggurat*, *i.e.* peak or high place), the summit of which was the mysterious abode of the god En-lil, while at its foot, in the open court on the southeastern side, stood the altar. From this time onward the *ziggurat* becomes a characteristic feature, not only of the temple of Bel, but also of other temples. The temples of the time of Ur-Gur, thus far explored, show us the *ziggurat* with three stages, as at Ur and at Nippur. In the time of Nebuchadrezzar, however, these stage pyramids reached the height of seven stages, as we learn from Herodotus' description of the temple of Bel-Marduk, E-Sag-ila, at Babylon, and the excavations of the temple of Nebo, E-zida, at Borsippa. These *ziggurats* were clearly artificial mountains, and their use indicates a mountain region as the home of the people to whom this worship belonged. But this is true, as already pointed out, not only of the *ziggurat*, but from the outset the whole temple of Bel at Nippur was a mountain, and probably the same was the case with other

temples also. The primal religious ideas of the people who worshiped in those temples were brought from a mountain region, although the higher development of religion, as of civilization, may be supposed to have taken place in the Babylonian plain. In the historic period that plain was constantly invaded by mountaineers from all sides, and our examination of the temples and the names of the temples seems to show that the same conditions prevailed in the prehistoric period. These continual irruptions of invaders, hardy but barbarous mountaineers, attracted by the wealth and the civilization of the inhabitants of the plain, both helped and hindered the progress of civilization.

Any notice of the Babylonia of this early period which omitted its dikes and its canals would be imperfect. The fertility of the soil depends upon its irrigation by the overflow of the Euphrates and Tigris. At the present time the region is largely a desert, sometimes inundated and at others parched by the sun. The fertility of the soil and the extent of territory cultivated, and hence the wealth and well-being of the country, depend upon irrigation by the overflow of the Tigris and Euphrates, and the proper distribution and control of that overflow by canals, dams, and dikes. It is now clear that some system of canalization existed long before 3500 B.C. Indeed, some of the great ancient cities like Nippur and Erech are situated, not on any river, but on canals (which may, however, in some cases represent earlier channels of the Euphrates, for that river has often shifted its course). Some at least of these canals extend back to an extremely remote prehistoric period. In the historic period, — that is, the period after written records commence, — we find frequent notice of the construction and repair of canals.

We have already said that there are no stones in Babylonia. All stones for the making of tools, implements, and the like were imported from other regions. The character of the stones found in the ruin-mounds shows that already in the prehistoric period there was considerable intercourse with Arabia, as far, possibly, as the Sinaitic peninsula. In Babylonia the stone age, as such, closed considerably before the commencement of the historic period, and bronze and copper implements are found earlier than the earliest inscriptions. Indeed, at the period when our inscriptions commence we are already well into the Bronze Age.



We have already noticed the early relations of **Babylonia** with the west land as far as the Mediterranean. The art of **Lagash** or **Sirpurla** shows us that at or before 3000 B.C. there was also intercourse with **Egypt**. It is interesting to observe that, from the beginning of our acquaintance with it, **Lagash** seems to have been a center of art development. The French have unearthed at **Tello** the ruin-mounds of this ancient city, a most remarkable series of statues, bas-reliefs and the like, the earliest of them antedating 3000 B.C., the latest belonging to the middle of the next millennium. Among the earliest monuments is the so-called *stele* of vultures set up by **Eannatum** (also read **Edingiranagin**) to commemorate a victory over the people of **Kish** and **Gishban**. This is a bas-relief in a light-colored limestone. It represented the battle, with the king in a war chariot, charging the enemy (apparently the horse was already known and used in **Babylonia**), the corpses lying on the field of battle with the vultures hovering over them, a heap of the slain being buried beneath a mound of earth, captives about to be sacrificed to the gods, weapons, booty, etc. A mere statement of what the artist has attempted to depict in stone is sufficient evidence that we are here very far removed from the beginnings of the graver's art. The workmanship and artistic conception exhibited confirm this. There is, it is true, no perspective. The dead, who are meant to be shown side by side, while men with baskets heap earth on their remains, appear one on top of the other in a pile up which the earth-carriers seem to clamber. Nevertheless, the work as a whole is singularly forceful, and the execution of each individual part strong and good. Clearly a long history of artistic training and development lies behind the earliest bas-reliefs yet found at **Lagash**. A little later we begin to find highly finished statues from the same site, and fine metal work in bronze and silver. One bull's head of admirable workmanship has eyes of lapis lazuli, inset. One of the stone statues, about two thirds of life size, represents an architect with the plan of a building or a city in his lap, and a measuring rod by it, evidence of a highly developed condition of the builder's as of the sculptor's art. Others represent the kings as gods. These statues are wrought out of hard diorite, making more remarkable the finished execution. The stone out of which they were cut came, apparently, from the peninsula of **Sinai**, and the statues themselves resemble so closely certain phases of **Egyptian** workmanship that it seems

necessary to suppose that at this period the influence of Egypt was felt in the quickening of the art impulse in southern Babylonia.

How far this art impulse extended, what territory it covered, is not yet clear. The earliest art remains yet found at Nippur, contemporary with or somewhat later than those from Lagash, consist of rude incised tablets, votives to En-lil. These tablets show something which seems to have been, from the outset, characteristic of Semitic art. A worshiper stands naked, to indicate his inferiority, before a god who sits clothed. On the other side of the naked figure of the worshiper is another god exactly the same as the first. Another tablet shows us both the worshiper and the god repeated. The object is not to depict one worshiper and two gods, or two worshipers and two gods, but one worshiper and one god. The repetition of the figures is an artistic convention to preserve a balance in the picture. This balance by doubling runs through Semitic art. We find it in the form of parallelism in Semitic poetry, and it even seeks expression in the forms of the letters of the alphabet, especially in the elaborate script of southern Arabia. Later, about the middle of the second millennium B.C., we find at Nippur fragments of statues similar to those found at Lagash, and also bas-reliefs of high finish. These appear to have been gifts or votives of kings of Ur. The artistic influences of Egypt were not felt at Nippur as at Lagash, at least in the earliest period; and indeed, the high degree of artistic excellence attained at this early period at the last-mentioned city seems to have been confined both in space and time. The period of bloom of the sculptor's art in Babylonia lay, apparently, between 3200 and 2400 B.C. After the latter date we possess no remains of statues or bas-reliefs worth noting. Partly this was doubtless due to the lack of stone, which made sculpture in Babylonia always an exotic. All stones, even the smallest, had to be imported from a distance at great expense. Any stone, however rude, was highly prized; and among the commonest votive offerings of great kings in the temples, from the earliest period onward, were shapeless blocks of diorite or serpentine from Arabia or Sinai, or limestone from Persia, used as door sockets, and inscribed with pompous and sometimes beautifully executed inscriptions of the kings and their donors. The size of some of these door sockets, just half a camel's burden, gives curious evidence that the camel was known and

used by the Babylonians as a beast of burden as early as about 3000 B.C.

The statues and bas-reliefs above noted reveal the progress of civilization in another direction, namely, clothing. We find before the close of the fourth millennium B.C. a considerable development of the convention of decency or modesty, which required the body to be covered, and of the weaver's art, which allowed and induced the wealthy to make that clothing ornate and elaborate. Already at that early period the national costume had been fixed. In astronomy — or, perhaps better, astrology — also much progress had been made, the heavens had been mapped out, and the signs of the zodiac determined and arranged; and the signs of the zodiac and the division of the heavens which we use to-day are the same as those discovered in Babylonia at this remote period, a constant reminder of the debt we owe the Babylonian forefathers, and a convincing proof that in studying the archæology of Babylonia, we are, as it were, on the very highway of history, studying the records of our own race and our own civilization, and their most remote origins.

It will be seen, from what has been said, that at the close of the fourth millennium B.C. there existed a civilized world of considerable extent, which had attained a high degree of culture, representing a very long period of previous progress. We have called attention to the relations existing at that time with the west, including Egypt. On the east, or rather to the southeast, lay a rival region of civilization, the Elamitic, in the valley of the Karun in modern Persia. Recent excavations, conducted by the French, have begun to reveal remains of a very great antiquity in this region. The inscriptions found at Nippur and Tello had already shown us the existence there of a people rival to the Babylonians. It would seem that the Elamites were foreigners to Babylonia, in a sense in which the kings of the different cities or parts of Babylon — Erech, Ur, Sirpurla, Kengi, Kish, etc. — were not. Among the inscriptions in the temple of Bel En-lil at Nippur we found votive offerings from kings of all these last-mentioned places, but none from kings of Elam. On the other hand, we found evidence that the Elamites during this period made expeditions into the country, conquering cities, and apparently at times sacking temples. One of the early kings, Alusharshid (also read Ur-mush or Urumush), king of Kish, records on a vase found at Nippur that it was taken "out

of the spoils of Elam and Bara'se," with which countries he seems to have contended for the possession of southern Babylonia. Where Kish was we do not know, but apparently farther north than Nippur. This king of Kish, Alusharshid, seems to have conquered the country as far south at least as Lagash, where, as at Nippur, his inscriptions have been found. From about this period also date rock-cut inscriptions of Semitic kings of Lulubi, and inscriptions of Guti, or Gutium, in the Persian mountains and Kurdistan, showing that those regions were within the sphere of civilization and, more narrowly, of Semitic conquest. Not long after Alusharshid's time, probably, belong the inscriptions of the famous Sargon, or Sargini, called by his full name, Shar-gani-shar-ali, king of Agade, or Akkad. His is the greatest name of early Babylonian history. His conquests extended, according to his inscriptions, into Elam on the southeast, and comprehended to the north and west Armenia, Mesopotamia, and Syria, including Palestine, Cyprus, and northern Arabia. The enumeration of the regions which Sargon claims to have conquered shows us that at this time,—somewhere, it may be, about 2800 B.C.,—political organization had reached a high stage of development, and the Babylonian civilized world stretched certainly from Persia to Cyprus and from Arabia to Armenia. But more important even than his conquests were the scientific and literary developments of his region. He was the Charlemagne of that ancient world. All later ages refer back to him for the beginnings of science and knowledge of every description. The astronomical or astrological observations and records, found in the library of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh, the word-lists or dictionaries and grammars, the place-lists or geographies,—everything goes back to Sargon's time. His own life is surrounded with legend. We find, in fact, in his story, related in the clay books of later times, precisely the same phenomena which reappear in the stories of the lives of so many of the world's epoch-makers. He was of obscure origin, but especially favored by the gods. Exposed as an infant, he was rescued through special divine interposition, working in this case through a water carrier named Akki, who found him floating in a pitch-smeared basket in the canal. Finally, by divine guidance, he was raised to preëminence.

Sargon was succeeded by his son, Naram-Sin, an inscription by whom, with his bas-relief, has been found cut in the rock in

the mountains of Armenia, evidence of the extent of his dominions in that direction. His inscribed bricks and other remains have been found at Nippur, Lagash, and Sippara. He restored the outer wall of the city of Nippur, and built largely on the temple, where a platform with bricks bearing his inscription was unearthed. The seat of empire of Sargon and Naram-Sin was at Sippara, northward of Nippur. A little later the seat of empire was reclaimed by southern Babylonia. Superimposed immediately, apparently, upon the remains bearing Naram-Sin's inscription, both in the outer wall at Nippur and also in the temple proper, were found constructions of Ur-Gur, king of Ur. He was another of the great kings of early days who left his impress upon the history of later periods. Particularly he was a great builder, and the earliest square pyramids, called *ziggurats*, which have been found in connection with Babylonian temples, were of his construction. Indeed, as already pointed out, the present evidence seems to indicate that this form of construction, the square pyramid, in connection with the temple, was introduced by Ur-Gur. At least, the remains of the temple found beneath his constructions at Nippur contained no *ziggurat*. The earliest *ziggurats*, found at Nippur and Ur, were erected by him, and we have not anywhere found a *ziggurat* of older date than his time.

It may be worth while, at this point, to describe briefly the palace of Bel at Nippur as Ur-Gur reconstructed it. First, there was a great platform of unburned brick, erected on the site of the former temple, all that existed before that time having been leveled off to form a foundation. This platform or terrace was of unbaked brick about 8 feet in thickness, faced on the outside at the foundation by baked brick. It covered something like eight acres, its sides being about 650 feet each in length. The corners were pointed roughly, not accurately (12° east of true north), toward the cardinal points of the compass. The surface of the terrace stood about 40 feet above the level of the surrounding plain. Toward the north-western edge of this terrace was erected a square pyramid of three stages, the lowest about 175 feet in length by 100 in breadth and 23 feet in height, the second setting back about 13 feet, and therefore so much smaller, the third bearing the same relation to the second as the second to the first. On the top of all there seems to have been a small chamber of brick, "the holy of holies," not occupied by an image, but representing the mys-

terious dwelling-place of the deity. This *ziggurat* was built of unbaked brick plastered over with mortar, except on the south-eastern side, where it was faced with burned brick. Conduits were provided on the other sides to carry off the water, which would otherwise quickly have washed the upper parts away. There was a slightly sloping pavement of bitumen about the base, to prevent the water from soaking in under the foundations, and through the structure itself ran shafts or air holes to keep the interior dry. Access to the upper terraces was had by a causeway, which started at the middle of the southeastern side of the great terrace and ran from there upwards. At or near the point at which this causeway started there seem to have been two cones or conical columns, corresponding to the Boaz and Jachin of the Hebrew temple and the similar columns found in ancient Phœnician and Syrian temples, and in use also among the Arabs. The altar appears to have been on the platform below the *ziggurat*. Around the edges of the terrace, and apparently close to the *ziggurat*, on all sides except the south-east, were rooms and chambers; only in front of the *ziggurat*, to the southeast, was a great open court. The *ziggurat* itself represented, evidently, the peak of a conventionalized artificial mountain, and from Ur-Gur's time onward we find such *ziggurats* in use in Babylonian and Assyrian temples; those erected or restored by Nebuchadrezzar, as well as the Assyrian *ziggurats* explored at Khorsabad and Ashur, having as many as seven stages.

In and about the great terrace there grew up little by little all sorts of other structures, some connected with the temple worship, others with the housing of the priests and devotees, the storage of temple treasures, etc. There were also various shrines or chapels. Close to the causeway mentioned above, but a little to one side of it, so as not to interfere with the passage, were found the remains of a small two-roomed building, the lower portion of the walls of which were of brick. The bricks of this building, as also two door-sockets, showed by their inscriptions that the building was erected by Bur-Sin, a king of Ur, who reigned perhaps about 2400 or 2500 B.C. The door of the outer room of this shrine or chapel faced inward towards the platform of the temple. Behind the chapel there was a well, used apparently in connection with the worship of the shrine. This chapel had been adorned, without or within or both, with statuary and bas-reliefs of the same general type

of workmanship as that found at Tello in the time of Gudea and onward. It was consecrated to Bel En-lil. Various votive objects found in other parts of the temple show that, as at other temples with which we are familiar, so also here, in addition to such shrines to the great Bel En-lil, there were also within and about the precincts of the temple shrines to other gods and goddesses.

The general form given to it in the time of Ur-Gur, the temple of Bel En-lil at Nippur retained until it ceased to be a temple, some time in the Persian period. The temples of Sin at Ur and Ishtar at Erech were doubtless of the same general character. But this temple is worthy of description not merely as a typical Babylonian temple, but also because it was the prototype of Syrian, Phœnician, and Hebrew temples. The forms of these temples, their equipment, and even much of their ritual, may now be traced back to Babylonian originals.

As the temples played an important part in the social and economic, as well as in the political, history of Babylonia, it is well to note here that they were great industrial centers. Archives found at Nippur, Lagash, Borsippa, and elsewhere show us that the temples were large owners of land, worked by slaves or leased, of flocks and herds, and the like. We have numerous records of the way in which the charges of flocks and herds was farmed out, reports of the shepherds and herdsmen, memoranda or receipts of the rent paid for lands in kind or in money, etc., largely from the period of the second dynasty of Ur, about 2500 B.C. Excavations at Nippur show us that a large part certainly of the city was the property of the temple; and that the people were its tenants. But not only were the temples great industrial and commercial organizations: they were also centers of study and learning. We know, from the copies found in the library of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh, that there were in the temple of Ishtar of Erech not merely vast archives of records of various descriptions, such as have been found in such quantities at Nippur and Lagash, but also books written upon clay tablets. The most notable of these was the epic of Gilgamesh, in twelve books, connected with the signs of the zodiac and the course of the sun, the eleventh book containing the famous story of the Flood. In the form in which we have it, this epic is curiously mingled with the history of Erech, and the struggle for independence from the Elamites, about 2300 B.C. One is reminded of a form which the "Nibe-

lungenlied" assumed in Burgundy, in which events of the Burgundian history of the Middle Ages are mingled with the very ancient myths of the old Teutonic epic. The Gilgamesh epic doubtless existed in other forms than that found at Erech and at an earlier date, just as the Nibelungenlied existed in other forms than the Burgundian and at an earlier date; and in fact, one fragment of a different version has been found at Abu Habba, the ancient Sippara. Besides the epic of Gilgamesh, we have fragments of other literary remains, such as the myth of Creation, the battle between Bel and Tiamat, the formation of heaven and earth out of the carcass of Tiamat, or chaos, the Têhom (deep) of the second verse of Genesis. This last has come down to us only in a relatively late Babylonian form, where the Bel who is the hero is Bel Marduk, the god of Babylon, and not Bel En-lil, the god of Nippur; but it seems clear that the originals of this and other similar myths go back to an earlier period. There was evidently in the third, and perhaps even at the close of the fourth millennium B.C. considerable Babylonian literature. In view of later references to Sargon, we may ascribe to him the development or organization of this literature, which, as we shall see presently, through Babylonian conquest and Babylonian intercourse spread westward and became naturalized in Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine, reappearing later in a new form in the sacred literature of the Hebrews, and the myths and hero legends of the Greeks.

Another evidence of the influence which East and West exerted on one another at this period is found in the claim to divinity made in royal inscriptions from the time of Sargon onward. The ideogram of divinity is placed before the name of Sargon; his son, Naram-Sin, calls himself "God of Agade"; while late kings and even *patesi* or ruling priests, like Dungi of Ur and Gudea of Lagash, erect statues to themselves as gods, and ritual prescriptions have been found ordaining the regular sacrifices to be offered to the statues of these and other king gods. In view of the similar practice in Egypt, the close communication with Egypt at this time, and the evidence of strong Egyptian influence in the art of southern Babylonia in the remains discovered at Lagash, the suggestion may be hazarded that the religion of Babylonia also was affected by Egyptian religious ideas. With the supremacy of Babylon, and a new influx of Semites from Arabia, of which we shall speak shortly, this peculiar religious usage disappears.

Attention may here be called to another religious usage, common, in its principles at least, to Babylonia with almost the whole early world; namely, the veneration of the reproductive powers of nature. The cult of the wonderful mystery of the origin of life naturally connected itself in a peculiar way with the sexual relation. In mythological expression it produced a sort of dualism, the gods being thought of as male and female, so that each god had his female counterpart, all of which were practically identical, representing the mother power. In outward symbolism this veneration of the reproductive power expressed itself in representations, in connection with the temple worship, of the male and female organs. The columns which stood before the temples were, in origin, representations of the male organ, and most gross and naturalistic reproductions of the phallus were built into the walls of the temples, or thrust against or into them by the worshipers. So also we find small figurines, used in connection with the worship, representing the female in the grossest, and to modern thinking most obscene manner. Gradually these grosser features became modified in general use: the female figures were clothed, and the phallic symbols conventionalized, assuming nail-headed and knoblike forms, as the notions of outward decency developed. To the last, however, we find survivals of the primitive forms, as in the so-called boundary stones, containing inscriptions making grants of land, privileges, and the like. In practice this veneration of the reproductive force of nature led to sexual indulgence and sexual abuse as a religious cult. This connected itself especially with the worship of Ishtar, the Astarte or Ashtaroth of the West, of whose foul cult we hear so much in the Old Testament. The special symbol of this cult in Canaan, a symbol used also in Babylonia and Assyria to represent the mother power of nature, was the tree; either a natural tree or a mere pole (the *asherah* of the Old Testament) more or less adorned, which the Hebrew prophets condemn in such scathing language.

We have spoken of Ur-Gur, king of Ur, who seems to have succeeded Naram-Sin at no great interval of time. His rule represents the hegemony of the city of Ur. After that Isin, a city whose site has not yet been determined, attained the hegemony, to be succeeded, apparently, once more by Ur, under a new dynasty, somewhere about the twenty-fifth or twenty-fourth century B.C. During this whole period Babylonia seems

to have been a center of power and influence. The kings of the various dynasties mention expeditions to the Lebanon and the Amanus mountains, from which they brought cedar and other woods. They were evidently powerful sovereigns, whose tribute-levying power was far extended. In their time also Babylonia reached a high pitch of wealth and internal prosperity, as is evinced by numerous clay tablets from the temple archives of Nippur, Borsippa, and Lagash, especially of the second dynasty of Ur.

With the second dynasty of Ur, about or a little after 2400 B.C., the dominion of southern Babylonia may be said to have come to an end. But before we proceed to trace the progress of the empire northward, it may be interesting to consider some evidence which goes to show that the ancient seat of Babylonian power was also the original seat of Babylonian culture. The traveler in Irak to-day observes an incessant stream of peoples bringing their dead from Persia and elsewhere to be buried at certain sacred sites, generally near the tomb of Ali at Nejef, but sometimes by the *ziara* of some unknown local saint, like Inam Jasin. Excavations have shown that this is a survival of an immemorial custom. Through all changes of empire and religion, from the most remote antiquity to the present time, the same custom has prevailed. Ancient ruins were used as cemeteries by the peoples of a later age, and the first excavations at a new site inevitably disclose graves — Arabic, Persian, Parthian, Seleucidan, Babylonian. But besides these graves on ancient city mounds there are also necropoleis, where the dead of almost countless ages lie buried, one above another. Such necropoleis Loftus unearthed at Erech, and the Hermans at Serghul and Hibbah near Tello, while the Americans identified others at various points from Nippur southward. At all these necropoleis, where sufficient explorations have been conducted to determine their character, it is clear that many of the dead were brought from a distance to be buried there, just as they are now brought from Persia and other distant places to be buried at Nejef. Northward of Nippur no such necropoleis have yet been discovered. Excavators in Assyria have called special attention to the lack of graves there, and suggested that the dead were carried elsewhere for burial. The Greek historians of Alexander's time report that in their day the tombs of the Assyrian kings were in the marshes of southern Babylonia. In fact, all the evidence

shows us that from a very remote period southern Babylonia has been sacred for purposes of burial. The natural explanation of this fact is that this region was the original home of Babylonian civilization, which other regions regarded as the fatherland. Where we find people carrying their dead a long distance for interment, we may pretty safely assume that they do so because they count as their ancestral home that place to which they are now carrying back their dead. Of course, the custom once established, a religious sanction of a new description may be given to it, so that the place becomes holy in and for itself, and people who have no ancestral connection with the place may ultimately come to bring their dead to be buried there by the side of the people to whose ancestors it belonged. Precisely this thing has happened in Babylonia, where Nejef is to-day sacred soil for Shiite Moslems. The original sacred country was, as exploration has shown, the region between Nippur and Ur, and this country was a sacred burial ground from the remotest antiquity because it was the ancestral home of the Babylonian-Assyrian civilization.

It will be observed that we have not attempted to give accurate dates for the period of the supremacy of southern Babylonia. That is, at present, impossible. The Babylonians began, it is true, at an early period to recognize the value of an accurate chronology, and the early contract tablets show the beginning of a system of dating, which, if not fully developed until a later period, does at least, from the outset, differentiate them most singularly from the Egyptians, the Chinese, the Indians, and in fact all other ancient Oriental peoples, and even holds out a hope that we may ultimately succeed in assigning exact dates for all the kings, at least from Sargon onward. Beginning with the time of Sargon, and culminating in the time of the second dynasty of Ur, there has been found a constantly increasing number of so-called "contract tablets," inscribed clay tablets, containing letters, deeds, bills of sale, and business records of every description, which, when they have all been translated and fully apprehended, must reveal to us with wonderful minuteness and fidelity the economic and social conditions of ancient Babylonia, and have already to some extent done so for certain periods. These tablets are, in many cases from the outset, and ultimately in all cases, dated. These dates are by reference not to some era, as in later periods, but to events at present unknown to us, thus : "In the year he

brought Nannar of Nippur into a house ;" "in the year he erected a statue of Beltis ;" "in the year he overran Karkhar ;" "in the year he overran Karkhar a second time ;" "in the year he overran Karkhar a third time ;" "in the year he built Dur-Mada ;" "in the year after he built Dur-Mada ;" "in the year god Bur Sin became king ;" "in the year after god Bur Sin became king ;" "in the year god Bur Sin the king overran Urbillum ;" "in the year after god Bur Sin the king overran Urbillum ;" etc. It is manifest that, although they are not dated for some era, nevertheless the discovery and collation of a sufficient number of such tablets will enable us to establish with a considerable degree of accuracy a chronology of the period. That point, however, has not yet been reached. At the present time the best that we can do is roughly to indicate the succession of dynasties ; and even here we cannot always be certain that the dynasties marked as successive were not more or less contemporaneous. The fact that a king claims to be king of Ur and Isin, of Erech and Nippur and the four quarters of the earth, does not necessarily show that he was in fact king of all those places, any more than the titles of French, English, Scotch, and other kings in the Middle Ages are evidence of their possession of all the realms claimed by them. We call attention to this because, in some attempts at chronology, the claims of these kings have been accepted too readily, with the result of unduly extending dates.

Some time after 2400 B.C. the Elamites overran Babylonia. Erech, so far as we can judge from the epic of Gilgamesh, referred to above, took an active part in the struggles of this period, and suffered grievously at the hands of the Elamites. Centuries later, Babylonian and Assyrian kings carried away from Elam statues and votive objects, the inscriptions on which showed that they had been taken from the temple of Ishtar at Erech. Such was a small agate votive object found at Nippur, which bore on one side an inscription of dedication to Ishtar of Erech "for the life" of Dungi king of Ur, and on the other side an inscription of Kurigalzu, presenting it for "his life" to Beltis of Nippur, with the information that it had been taken from the palace of Susa in Elam. Evidently it had been carried off from Erech by the Elamite conquerors 1000 years before Kurigalzu's time. When the latter conquered Elam he found it among the treasures of the palace of Susa, and after a fashion very common rededicated it to the goddess whom he especially delighted to

honor; namely, the Beltis of Nippur. At a later date, in the seventh century B.C., Ashurbanipal, in his narrative of his victorious campaigns in Elam, relates how he brought back to its place the statue of a goddess carried away to Elam by Kudur-nankhundi, 1635 years before. This gives us a date of about 2280 B.C. for Kudur-nankhundi's sack of the temple of Ishtar at Erech.

But if at first the inroads of the Elamites were destructive, they shortly settled themselves as conquerors and occupants of the territory, and among other things enriched or repaired temples in various cities, especially the temple of Sin, the moon god, at Ur. Larsa, near Erech, the ruin mounds of which are known as Senkareh, became the center of their power in Babylonia.

What the origin and racial affinities of the Elamites may have been, we do not know. Recent discoveries of the French at Susa tend to show that they derived their civilization from Babylonia, after the latter region had become Semitized, since the earliest written records thus far obtained are reported to be written in the Babylonian cuneiform characters and the Babylonian Semitic tongue, precisely as 1500 or 2000 years later we find Canaanites and other western peoples using Babylonian and the cuneiform script. Later, the cuneiform script was adapted to the Elamite tongue, just as we shall find it adapted to the Vannic and Mitannic. In religion, also, the Elamites seem to have borrowed from the Babylonians; at least many of the gods worshiped in Babylonia were worshiped in Elam likewise. Indeed, we may say that Elamitic civilization was merely an adaptation of the Babylonian. We meet with the Elamites, as has been already pointed out, as rivals and foes of various Babylonian states and kings in the earliest Babylonian inscriptions. Before 3000 B.C. they invaded Babylonia and sacked and plundered cities and temples at various times, and were in the same way invaded and plundered by the Babylonian conquerors. Lugal-zaggisi of Erech and Sargon of Sippara count Elam as a subject state; Alusharshid of Kish and Gudea, potesi of Lagash under Ur-gur king of Ur, claim to have sacked its cities and plundered its temples, and each brought back booty which had been carried off by the Elamites in previous invasions on their part. Already before this period, therefore, the struggle between Elam and Babylonia had been a long one, covering probably at least a millennium, during which the Elamites had often

been successful ; but never before had they overrun all Babylonia, and undertaken to turn victorious forays into permanent conquest and occupation.

So complete was their conquest now that they appear to have become for a time not merely the possessors of Babylonia itself, but also the heirs of Babylonian suzerainty over other countries. We have, it is true, no inscriptions which record expeditions of the Elamites to the west land,—Syria and Palestine,—but the titles adopted by their kings would seem to indicate that with the conquest of Babylonia they took over the claim to the dominion of the west ; and the fourteenth chapter of the book of Genesis appears to show that they did certainly to some extent make good this claim. In that chapter Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, is represented as the suzerain against whom after twelve years' servitude the kings of the lower Jordan and Dead Sea regions rebel. Accompanied by his subject kings, Arioch king of Ellasar, Tidal king of Goiim, and Amraphel king of Shinar, he undertakes on his part a successful punitive expedition into the west land. The name of Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, has not yet been found in Babylonia ; it would be, however, a good Elamite name, Kudur-Lagamar, formed in the manner of the Elamite royal names which have been found. Ellasar is clearly Larsa, and Arioch would be the Babylonian Eriaku, a name supposed to have been discovered in a series of epic fragments describing an invasion of Babylonia. The "nations," Hebrew *Goiim*, seem to be the country of Gutium, in Media, mentioned before ; and Tidal, its king, a certain Tudhkula, whose name is supposed to have been found on the epic fragments above referred to. Amraphel, king of Shinar, is Hammurabi, at that time king of Babylon, later king of Sumer, *i.e.* Shinar. The form Amraphel would be equivalent to the Babylonian Hammurabiilu ; that is Hammurabi, with the divine name, ilu or el, added. Such a use would remind us of the forms Joseph-el and Jacob-el occurring in Babylonian and Egyptian inscriptions, where the Hebrew has simply Joseph and Jacob.

The relations of Babylonia to the west land, described in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, conform in general outline to the relations which we know to have subsisted before and up to this period. The kings of the west land were more or less tributary to the kings of Babylonia. Expeditions were made for the purpose of dunning refractory vassals who failed to pay tribute, to

secure cedar and other wood from the Lebanon and Amanus mountains, etc. On the other hand, it must be said that the narrative of the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, while many of its features may have been taken from the older Babylonian records, is — so far as the part which Abram plays in the matter is concerned — very much under suspicion. It seems as though some later Jewish writer, following a fashion not infrequent in Jewish literature, has written what we might call an historical novelette. Taking the national forefather Abram as the hero, he has made use of an historical setting, drawn with more or less freedom from older sources. It is, however, with the historical setting that we are now concerned. That seems to be true history, and there are marks about it which may indicate that it came not directly from Babylonian sources, but that it formed a part of the Babylonian material which in one form or another had become naturalized in Palestine and Syria before the period of the Hebrew conquest.

The Elamitic conquest was connected, apparently, with the decadence of Babylonia and the irruption of new hordes of Semites from Arabia. The Elamites were finally driven out of Babylonia in the second half of the twenty-third century B.C., by that same Hammurabi or Amraphel whose name we have already encountered. He was the sixth king, according to the Babylonian king lists, of a dynasty that had established itself in Babylon, a city which up to that time had played no prominent part in history. The kings of this dynasty bear names etymologically identical with such names, as Abram, which appear in the earliest ancestral memories of the Hebrews. Egyptian inscriptions give us names of the same form in Egypt itself at this period, and similar names have been discovered in southern Arabia in the remains of the Minæan kingdom, which began to flourish probably about the middle of the second millennium B.C. The plausible suggestion has been made that this dynasty, which possessed itself of Babylon somewhere about or shortly after 2500 B.C., represents the eastern wing of a northern movement of Arabian hordes, the western wing of which overran Palestine and neighboring countries, leaving its record for us in names like that of Abram, and which even penetrated into and for a time dominated northern Egypt also. The Palestinian wing of this invasion is often identified with the Amorites, whom we find mentioned in the earlier books of the Old Testament as the ancient possessors of Palestine and

the neighboring countries, antedating the Aramæan occupation. Either these invaders came originally from southern Arabia, or else a wave of the same invasion moving southward occupied that territory also, developing in the succeeding millennium the Minæan civilization, whose remains have recently become known. It was the invasion of Babylonia by these Arab hordes which occasioned or increased that decadence of power which rendered the Elamite conquest possible. The period of their irruption would seem, from the numerous inscriptions and records of the times of the kings of the second dynasty of Ur which have been found, to have been a period of great prosperity. The seat of dominion at that time was Ur, in the extreme south. That part of the country the invaders did not succeed in penetrating, at least in any organized form. It was at Babylon, in the north, that they established themselves in a state nominally at least dependent on Ur, in much the same way that nearer our own times Normandy, overrun by the Norsemen, was dependent on France. But while Ur seems to have succeeded in repelling the invaders from its borders, and even in making nominal subjects of those who occupied Babylon, there are indications of disintegration preceding the Elamite conquest,—a dynasty in Lagash and a separate state in Erech, and so forth. But of all these things our present discoveries give us no more than hints.

A new epoch commences in Babylonian history with the assumption of hegemony by the city of Babylon, consequent upon the overthrow of the Elamitic power. Attention has already been called to the fact that with Hammurabi the practice of deification of the kings came to an end. Hammurabi was an ardent worshiper of Marduk (the biblical Merodach), the god of Babylon, who begins with this reign to play a rôle in the Babylonian religion which ultimately approached monotheism. Hammurabi himself built temples in honor of this god, and exalted him with his city to the first rank in the pantheon. Succeeding sovereigns of this same dynasty went farther and substituted him as the Bel, the great Lord of all the gods, for En-lil of Nippur. We are told in the inscriptions that En-lil gave to Marduk his son his title of Bel and his lordship; in other words, that the ancient En-lil of Nippur abdicated in favor of the modern Marduk of Babylon, that the old religion and the old sanctuary gave place to the new. This substitution of Marduk for En-lil as the Bel, which is thus euphemistically

recorded in the inscriptions in mythological terms, was accompanied by no small use of force. The temple of Bel was dismantled, its statues and votive tablets broken in pieces or wantonly disfigured; and from this time onward we find the dominion of Babylon accompanied with the neglect of the temple of En-lil, at Nippur, or even its wanton destruction.

The object of this was a very important one, to support the political or temporal power by the ecclesiastical. If Babylon was to be the great ruling city, the abiding and permanent seat of power in Babylonia, it was essential to make its god Marduk the Bel, the Lord of the land, and his temple the great religious center of Babylonia. Marduk was worshiped at other places besides Babylon, and at least one other city owned him as its god; but we do not hear that Hammurabi and his successors built temples to Marduk in those cities. It was Marduk dwelling in Babylon whom they exalted. Babylon was the home of Marduk, the Lord of the gods. On the other hand, Hammurabi won the favor of priests and people elsewhere by building and repairing the temples to their gods; notably Ezida, the temple of Nebo at Borsippa, the sister city of Babylon. He also built shrines to other gods in Babylon, and set up their images there. In doing this he won the support of those other gods and their worshipers, but at the same time he made them subordinate to Marduk and part of his court.

The work of Hammurabi, both religious and political, was well done, as is proved by the results. As a consequence of his policy and his achievements, Babylon became the religious as well as the political center of western Asia, exerting ultimately an influence so potent that Assyrian kings who conquered Babylonia sought the title of King of Babylon. Through all succeeding periods until the Persian conquest, Babylon played a rôle similar to that which Rome played in western Europe, — conquering its conquerors by its prestige and sanctity, so that they were compelled to accept their crowns at its hands and recognize themselves as servants of Marduk its lord.

Hammurabi was a great conqueror. In an inscription he speaks of himself as “the mighty warrior who hews down his foes, the whirlwind of battle that overthrows the land of the enemies, who brings conflict to rest, who brings rebellion to an end, who destroys warriors like an image of clay, who overcomes the obstacles of impassable mountains.” He was also a great organizer. A number of letters to his generals and subject

princes have come down to us, but the greater portion of his inscriptions concerns itself with his buildings, temples, city walls, and canals. Like the great Nebuchadrezzar, 1700 years later, these are the things which seem especially to have concerned this wise monarch.

It is with this period, also, that the attempts at a more precise chronology begin, and the preservation of the records of the past. We have fragments of several king lists, beginning with the dynasty in which Hammurabi was the sixth ruler, which give us the names, order of succession, and in some cases the length of reigns of kings of this and the succeeding dynasties. We are not yet, it is true, in a position to establish an exact chronology for this period; but the materials which we have for that purpose are of a different nature from those which have come down to us from earlier times, and hold out promise of the ultimate discovery of precisely dated records.

We have no records of expeditions to the west land in Hammurabi's time, or that of his immediate successors; but it seems clear that his dominion, like that of the Babylonian rulers before him, extended to the Mediterranean westward; and indeed he and his successors, as far certainly as his great-grandson, Ammisatana, continue to designate themselves "King of the West land," "King of the vast West land," etc. And here we may pause to note that convincing proof of the great influence of Babylonia on the west land throughout the whole of this earliest period is found in the Babylonian place-names in Palestine, recorded in Egyptian inscriptions, and especially in the Amarna letters of the fifteenth century B.C., and even later in the Hebrew Old Testament. Such names, bearing in composition Babylonian god-names, as Bit-Ninib (house of Ninib); Ashtarti, Ashtarothe, and Ashterothe-Karnaim, bearing the name of Ishtar; Anathoth, that of the goddess Anath; Uru-salim, city of Salem or the god Salman, that is, Jerusalem; Sinai, place of Sin, the moon god; Beth Shemesh, house of the sun god; Mt. Nebo, etc., — evidence of the worship of Babylonian deities, Ninib, Ishtar, Anath, Salman, Sin, Shemesh, Nebo, to which we might add also Dagon, Rimmon, and others, — testify not only to the spread of Babylonian worship and Babylonian religion through the whole of western Asia, but also that it took deep root there. The places where these gods had been worshiped remained sacred through all succeeding time. They were the holy mountains, the cities of refuge, the Levitical cities

and the like, of the Hebrews ; but the origin of this sanctity lies farther back than the Hebrew period. The language of Canaan, also, as we know it in the Old Testament, is full of words brought from Babylonia in this period, such as *hekal*, temple, *nabi*, prophet ; while certain technical ritual terms, which have come down to us embedded in the Jewish ritual, must have had their origin in the same source. Furthermore, as already pointed out, the sacred traditions of the origin of the world, of the development of arts and crafts, the stories of Eden, of the long-lived men before the flood, of the flood itself, of the tower of Babel, all show a Babylonian source, or Babylonian connections, and their introduction into Canaan must apparently be referred to this period.

It is about 1800 B.C. that we first meet a new power, an offshoot of the Semitic peoples of Babylonia, which was destined to play later a most important part in the history of the world ; namely, Assyria. The seat of the power of this people was northward of the alluvial plains of Babylonia, on the edge of the mountainous region of Armenia, out of which the Tigris descends. The original city of Assyria was Asshur, the modern Kalah-Sherghat, on the west bank of the Tigris, opposite and somewhat north of the mouth of the lower Zab, about sixty miles south of Mosul. Five hundred years later the capital was transferred northward to Calah (Nimroud), on the eastern side of the Tigris, near the junction of the upper Zab with that river ; and two hundred years later, in the beginning of the eleventh century B.C., still a few miles farther northward to Nineveh. The first rulers of Assyria whom we meet are designated as *eshakke*, or priest princes, and are subjects of the Babylonian monarchs. About this time Babylonia was overrun by a new invasion from the eastward. The Kassites or Cossæans, barbarians or semi-barbarians, descended from the Persian mountains and conquered Babylon about 1780 B.C. From the names of the earlier kings and the few words of the language which have been preserved, it is evident that these Kassites were not Semites ; but having conquered Babylonia, they finally adopted the language, the civilization, and the religion of the conquered country. The period of Kassite supremacy is coincident with a period of the decay of Babylonian power. We hear no more of expeditions to the west land, Syria and Palestine, where a little later Egypt assumes the position of suzerainty held by Babylonia for 2500 years. In another direction also the ancient

empire of Babylonia was curtailed; namely, northward. During the period of disorder succeeding the invasion and conquest of Babylonia by the Kassites, the Assyrian state achieved its independence. At what time this occurred, we have as yet no means of stating with any degree of exactitude. At present we know little more than that in 1800 B.C. the rulers of Assyria were priest-princes, subjects of the Babylonian suzerain; in 1450 B.C. they were independent sovereigns, rivals of the Babylonian kings, and negotiating treaties with them on equal terms. Among the clay tablets found at Nineveh there is a so-called synchronous history of Assyria and Babylonia, a record, written about 800 B.C., of the relations between the two countries from the Assyrian standpoint. It is from this we learn that about the middle of the fifteenth century B.C. the Assyrian state had become a kingdom, and we have a notice of the treaty which the king of Asshur concluded with the king of Babylon. The two states are at this period rivals for the possession of the territory along the Tigris, north of Baghdad and south of the lower Zab. Assyria is the growing, Babylon the declining, power; and with occasional reverses the Assyrians from this time onward press continually southward, until, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, an Assyrian king, Tukulti Ninib, conquers Babylon and seats himself upon its throne. His dominion was short-lived; but from that time on, Assyria and Babylon no longer contend on equal terms, but with brief intermissions Assyria appears as the conquering power, whose aggressions Babylon repels with ever decreasing strength.

If their first conquest the Kassites carried off from Babylon into their mountain fastnesses the statue of Marduk, and for a time Hammurabi's work seemed likely to be undone. Finally, however, Babylon conquered her conquerors. She became the capital once more, and the seventh king of the Kassite dynasty, Agukak-rime, restored the statue of Marduk with great splendor to its ancient shrine. It was probably this earlier relation of peculiar hostility to Babylon which led these conquerors of Babylonia to look with special favor on the city of Nippur. They restored and enlarged the ancient temple of En-lil, dismantled and neglected by the preceding dynasties of Babylon; and it is from the abundant votives and archives of the kings of this dynasty, discovered by the Americans at that place, that we derive most of our information of the Kassite kings. But besides the material discovered at Nippur, which enables us to

restore, with a considerable degree of accuracy, not only the relative but also the absolute dates of the various kings of the Kassite dynasty (circa 1782–1207 B.C.), we have also in the Tel el-Amarna tablets from Egypt most interesting material bearing on a part of this period; namely, some of the correspondence which passed between the Egyptian kings Amenophis (Amenhotep) III. and IV., and kings of this dynasty. A copy of a letter from Amenophis III. to Kadash man-bel and three letters from Kadash man-bel to Amenophis are in existence, from which we learn of a proposed matrimonial alliance between Egypt and Babylonia, of an embassy to negotiate a commercial treaty between the two countries, to provide for customs duty on certain imports, and the like. Further correspondence between Burna-buriash II. and Amenophis IV. throws an interesting light on the amenities observed between the two courts. The matrimonial alliance referred to above had been consummated, and both a daughter and a sister of Kadash man-bel were included among the wives of Amenophis III. Burna-buriash II. reproaches the Egyptian king for not sending an ambassador to inquire for him when he was ill. A most interesting letter from Burna-buriash reveals a political condition similar to that which we find in the eighth and succeeding centuries, with the parts of east and west reversed. He says that in the time of Kurigalzu, his father, the kings of the Canaanites (*i.e.* Syria and Palestine) conspired to throw off the Egyptian yoke, and wrote to Kurigalzu asking his support, offering apparently to return into the old vassalage to Babylonia. “My father wrote as follows: ‘Seek no alliance with me. If you are hostile to the king of Egypt, my brother, and make an alliance with one another, I will surely come and plunder you, for he is in alliance with me.’ My father for the sake of your father would not listen to them.” (In later times the kings of the same territory used to conspire together against Assyria, or later Babylonia, and ask help of Egypt.) This letter is an evidence how completely at this time Babylon had abdicated its ancient claim to the dominion of the west land.

The presents exchanged between the kings of Babylon and Egypt at this time throw some light on the relative development of certain arts. Among the finds at Nippur was a treasure chamber, or perhaps better a workshop, belonging to the temple at Nippur. Here were found among other things a number of inscribed glass axes, colored to resemble lapis lazuli, and a few

other glass objects imitating malachite and turquoise. Glass manufacture had been carried to a high degree of excellence in Babylonia at this period, and glass objects made in imitation of lapis lazuli were among the gifts of special value sent by the Babylonian kings to the Egyptians, and mentioned in the inscriptions. The articles found in this treasure-house or work-chamber revealed, through their material and manufacture, a most interesting commercial intercourse with distant lands. Cobalt brought from China was used in the coloring of the glass. Along with the glass imitation of lapis lazuli was found true lapis lazuli from mines in Bactria, on the northern slopes of the Hindu Kush, which are worked to this day. (Even fifteen hundred years earlier than this, lapis lazuli, apparently from the same region, was known and highly prized in Babylon.) Magnesite from the island of Eubœa was also found, testifying to commercial relations with Greece and the Ægean, and amber, which must have been brought from the Baltic.

Besides the correspondence of the Egyptian kings with Babylonia, the Amarna tablets have revealed also a similar correspondence and matrimonial alliance of the Egyptian kings with Assyria and Mitanni. The latter was a country which had sprung up during the period of Babylonian weakness consequent upon the invasion of the Kassites, occupying Mesopotamia; that is, the region on the east bank of the Euphrates, from the Balikh or the Khabor westward. The correspondence of the kings of Mitanni with the Egyptian sovereigns is, in general, written in Babylonian, but includes a letter written in the cuneiform script but in the language of Mitanni. This has not yet been deciphered, and we do not yet know the racial and linguistic affinities of this people. They seem, from their position, to have been invaders from the north, who had utilized the period of disintegration of the Babylonian Empire to move down out of the mountains and take possession of the cities and fields of the plain.

From the Kassite records and the Kassite remains, from the Amarna tablets found in Egypt, and from the synchronous history of Assyria and Babylonia, a copy of which was found in the library of Ashurbanipal, we are able to restore a most interesting picture of the conditions prevailing throughout the civilized world in the fifteenth century B.C. The civilized world of that period, in its broadest sense, extended from Spain on the west to China on the east, and from about the mouths of the

Danube on the north to Nubia on the south. Of the civilization of its eastern extremity, China, we can say little. The Chinese already possessed, probably, a form of writing; derived, as some of the best sinologues now suggest, from the Babylonian cuneiform script, adopted from Babylonia, it may have been, through some emigration eastward, as early as the latter half of the third millennium B.C. Between this country and Babylonia there existed some degree of commercial intercourse, and there were evidently some more or less civilized kingdoms intervening between the two, of which we do not at the present moment know even the names. Teak from India, discovered in the excavations of Taylor at ancient Eridu and Ur, in the middle of the last century, indicates that commercial relations with that country had been established as early as the third millennium B.C. Farther than this we know practically nothing of the conditions of India at that period. To the southeastward the kingdom of Elam, which continued until a much later date to be a rival, first of the Babylonian kingdoms and later of Assyria, possessed a civilization practically identical with that of Babylonia itself. The Elamites, as already stated, had before this time applied the Babylonian cuneiform script to the writing of their own language. Babylonia was united into one kingdom under Babylon, north of which lay the increasingly powerful kingdom of Assyria. The two states were sometimes in friendly relations cemented by matrimonial alliances, and sometimes in hostility; sometimes the border of one kingdom advanced and sometimes that of the other; but on the whole, Assyria was steadily gaining in power. On the borders of Babylonia and Assyria, eastward and northeastward, seem to have been smaller states, which acted as buffers against the barbarian invasions from the regions still farther eastward and northward. The Mesopotamian plain was occupied by the powerful kingdom of Mitanni, recognized by Egypt as one of the great powers of the time. Northward, in Armenia and Asia Minor, there were several independent states, of most of which we know at the present moment little more than the names. Some of these, however, possessed considerable power; and one of them, in the neighborhood of Lake Van, adopted the cuneiform script of Assyria and adapted it to its own tongue. These inscriptions have been translated, and the tongue spoken by that people is generally identified as being of the same family as the modern Georgian.

In southern Arabia there existed at this period, apparently, the beginnings of the Minæan kingdom, already powerful, wealthy, and civilized, and in close communication commercially with both Babylonia and Egypt. Syria and Palestine were occupied then as always by a number of small states, subject at that time to Egypt. Most of these were ruled by kings, at whose courts we frequently find an Egyptian resident, occupying much the same position which English residents now hold at the courts of native Indian princes. Some cities were ruled directly by Egyptian governors. The Amarna letters enable us to restore the geography and the political relations of Syria and Palestine with remarkable completeness. The correspondence of the kings and officials with the Egyptian government, contained in those letters, is conducted in Babylonian; but ungrammatical usages and foreign idioms show that that was not the language of the country, but only the language of official and commercial communication, the *lingua franca*, used very much as Latin was used in Europe in the Middle Ages. The Egyptian rulers answer in the same tongue. These letters show also that at the close of the fifteenth century hordes of some sort — the Suti and Khabiri — were pressing into Palestine from the east and southeast. These were the forerunners of the great Aramæan invasion, which was ultimately to take possession of the larger part of Palestine, and of Syria and Mesopotamia, and to encroach upon and finally to dominate linguistically and economically Babylonia itself. The Khabiri or Hebrews—for the names seem to be identical—were that part of this invasion which first secured established homes to the east of the Jordan; the Ammonites, Moabites, and Edomites, including also the people whom we know in a narrower sense as Hebrews, but who had not yet come into existence as a nation at that time. These Aramæans, like the Amorites and probably others before them, were in the fifteenth century pushing out of Arabia, seeking new homes, as we learn from the Amarna letters.

At the same time another people, the Hittites, the Heta of the Egyptian inscriptions, the Khatti of the Babylonian, were commencing to invade northern Syria, descending from the Taurus Mountains, from Cilicia and Asia Minor. The Hittites are first mentioned in the Egyptian monuments about 1470 B.C. as paying tribute to the Egyptian king, Thutmosis (Thothmes) III. Their land is there described as "the greater Hittite land," and lay evidently to the north of Syria. A little later, in the time

of Thutmosis IV., the Hittites make an attack on Tunip in northern Syria. The Amarna letters show that at the close of the fifteenth century they had pushed much farther southward. Amenophis III. and his son Amenophis IV. are constantly called upon for aid against their advances; and finally, in the reign of the latter, we find the governor of Kadesh and the king of Mitanni forming an alliance with them against the Egyptians. By the middle of the following century they are in possession of the greater part of Syria, as far south as Kadesh on the Orontes, and are battling with the Egyptians for the possession of Palestine. Monuments of these people have been found at Hamath, Carchemish, Zinjirli in northern Syria (excavated by the Germans), Marash, and other places included in territory known from Egyptian, Assyrian, and Vannic inscriptions, and from the Old Testament, to have been in later times included in the empire of the Hittites. Identical in workmanship and in the character of their hieroglyphics with these Hittite remains are rock-cut monuments discovered within the last few years in various parts of Asia Minor, — Cilicia, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, Lycaonia, Phrygia, and even as far westward as Lydia. These also are clearly Hittite; and we now know that at the time of their greatest power, the Hittites occupied or dominated the greater part of Asia Minor. The center of their power seems to have been in Cappadocia, whence they spread in various directions. Their art, as shown in their inscriptions, was, to a large extent, certainly a clumsy imitation of the Babylonian. In religion they adopted certainly some of the gods and goddesses who were known to all the west land through Babylonian influence. Their script, a rude hieroglyphic, written *boustrophedon*, alternately from left to right and right to left, has not yet been deciphered, nor do we know their racial and linguistic affinities. Their costume, depicted on their monuments, gives evidence of a mountain origin. If we may accept as correct the representations on the Egyptian wall paintings, they were an ugly race, with protruding jaws, receding foreheads, yellow skins, lanky black hair, and beady eyes. Their own monuments, which have come down to us, are probably all later than the fifteenth century B.C., when we first meet them occupying probably Cappadocia and Cilicia, and commencing to push downwards into the rich and highly civilized region of northern Syria. But if their own monuments so far discovered are of a later period, there is nevertheless good reason to suppose

that they were not at this period altogether barbarous, and also that they already possessed a system of writing.

Going still farther westward, we find highly civilized peoples occupying the islands and coasts of the Ægæan Sea and the mainland of Greece. To these peoples belong the remains called Mycenæan, discovered at Troy, Mycenæ, Tiryns, and elsewhere. But while these remains evinced a high artistic development, there was nevertheless no certain trace of the use of writing, placing the Ægæan civilization in this respect on a lower plane than the contemporary civilization of western Asia and Egypt. Recent discoveries in Crete have, however, revealed the existence in that island, along with the splendid art remains of the Mycenæan period, of written records. Two systems of writing have been discovered: the older dating, it may be, from the eighteenth or seventeenth century, hieroglyphic in character, suggesting an Egyptian origin, or at least Egyptian influence; the later, dating apparently from the fifteenth century, linear in character, and seemingly indigenous. Numerous tablets written in the latter script have been discovered in the palace of Minos at Cnossus, although the key to their decipherment has not yet been found. Cyprus, also, appears to have possessed a writing of its own, and there are traces of some system or systems of writing in the Asia Minor coast lands with which these islands were so closely connected.

Remains found at various points on the Asia Minor shore, on the Greek islands, and farther northward in the Balkan peninsula, as well as farther westward in Greece and Italy, point to the existence in the fifteenth century B.C. of a widespread civilization, the center of which was the Ægæan Islands and the neighboring shores of the mainland, both in Asia and Europe, and which may therefore best be called Ægæan. This civilization was not derived from Babylonia or Egypt, but was indigenous. Its outskirts continued westward as far as Spain, and northern Africa was included in the sphere of its influence. Egyptian objects found in Crete and Greece, and Mycenæan pottery and other wares discovered in Palestine, Egypt, and even Babylonia, show that an active commerce united these various countries in the fifteenth century. Objects of art and of fine manufacture were sent from the Ægæan Islands and Greece to Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. At that period the civilized world may be said, as already stated, to have extended from China on the east to Spain on the west, and from the Bal-

kan Peninsula on the north to Nubia on the south ; the three great centers of civilization being Babylonia, Egypt, and the Ægæan Islands. Nor was the last named at this period inferior to the other two ; indeed, for a time the movement of influence seems to have been rather from the west eastward.

So much we know from the recent discoveries of archæology. And now having followed the history of civilization, as disclosed by the discoveries of archæology, to this high point of development in the fifteenth century B.C. from which, as we shall see shortly, there was speedily a great decline throughout the whole civilized world, let us consider the part Egypt played in the development of civilization as shown by the discoveries made in that country during the last century.

Probably Egypt has preserved for us the most continuous record of the existence of man on the earth, and his development. In deep borings in the Nile Valley remains of Palæolithic man have been discovered. From the surface we have obtained abundant evidence of the existence of Neolithic man ; and of civilized man we have monuments and writings from the beginnings of civilization to the present day. Presumably in Egypt, as in Babylonia, the period of what we may call civilized occupancy begins somewhere about 7000, or between 7000 and 6000 B.C. Recent discoveries have revealed the existence of a civilized population antedating the people whom we commonly know as Egyptians, a people which buried its dead with the body doubled up, and the head and hands not infrequently severed from the body. The people who buried their dead in this way were possibly identical with the earliest population whose remains have been discovered in Palestine, especially east of the Jordan, along the northern coast of Africa, through Spain, and upward into England, — a fair-complexioned, blue-eyed people, of the same stock, perhaps, as the Kabyles, who still linger in the Atlas Mountains in Algeria ; but this is mere conjecture. Our knowledge of this early people and their civilization is of the most recent, only some six years old, and time has scarcely sufficed for a proper comparison and coördination of that knowledge. Apparently, however, we may assert that they knew how to make bricks, and that they built towns, in part at least, of brick ; that they wove linen and dressed leather for purposes of clothing ; that they made pottery of a great variety of form and of extremely artistic shapes by hand, not being acquainted with the use of the potter's wheel ; that by hand also

they cut stone vases of perfect form out of the hardest rocks; and that they knew how to make a glaze both for this pottery and for their rock carvings. We have evidence of the application of art to the adornment of the person and the beautifying of life, in beads and other ornaments found in the graves, made out of various decorative and precious stones, and occasionally precious metals, in carved ivory combs for the hair, ornamental ivory spoons, carved wooden furniture, and draught pieces, daintily formed from stone and ivory, for playing games. They were acquainted with the use of copper, but their tools and weapons were still commonly made of flint; and their flint knives and lance-heads were finished, it is claimed, more admirably than those found anywhere else in the world. They evidently also knew how to navigate the sea in large rowing galleys, and had commercial intercourse with the countries about the Mediterranean. They had, however, no system of writing; and while showing a high sense of form in their pottery, which in beauty of design and excellence of execution is equal if not superior to any which we find in later times, in their stone vases and the like, they had not reached that stage of artistic skill which would enable them to depict animals or human beings in any but the crudest and most childish manner.

This people gave way, how early we cannot say with any certainty, to another people with a higher civilization, which we call the Egyptian, which seems to have pressed in from the east, and which has, as the evidence of language and possibly the evidence of archæology also would show, a remote connection with the *Semites*, and therefore probably with Arabia; or rather, the newcomers and their civilization were superimposed upon and combined with the people and the civilization which had preceded them. In race and language the people which we call Egyptian was clearly composite, connected with the *Semites* to the east, the *Libyans* to the west, and the *Cushites*, comprising in modern times such tribes as the *Galla* and *Somali*, to the south and southwest, and presumably their civilization was equally composite. The earliest records of the Egyptian kingdom which we possess date from the fourth, or possibly, as some think, the fifth millennium B.C. Late Egyptian tradition tells of a dynasty of gods in lower Egypt, and a dynasty of demigods in upper Egypt, before we come to the first of the thirty-one dynasties of men. The founder of the first of these dynasties, *Menes*, and the whole of the first and probably also the second

dynasties, were supposed a few years since to be mythical. Recent excavations at and near Abydos, however, have revealed the tombs of a number of kings of the first dynasty, including Menes, the founder, and we can now fairly commence Egyptian history with the commencement of the first dynasty. As in the case of Babylonia, however, so here also, it is clear that the beginnings of Egyptian history are very far removed from the beginnings of Egyptian civilization. In the time of Menes, Egypt was already united in one kingdom, with Thinis, near Abydos, as its seat of power; but this union had clearly been preceded by a period of a double kingdom, a kingdom of the southern land, with the white crown, symbolized by a rush, and the kingdom of the northern land, with the red crown, and the lotus or the hornet as its symbol, sufficiently long to fasten its remembrance indelibly in the customs and traditions of later time. Each of these two kingdoms was divided into twenty-one nomes, with their own totem-gods, their own capitals, their own emblems or standards, evidence of their existence in prehistoric times as separate tribes or kingdoms; and the sense of that independence of origin continued on through historic times. From the point of view of political organization, it must have been a long road from forty or more separate tribes or states, first to two kingdoms, and then, in Menes' time, to one completely centralized kingdom of the most absolute type.

The Egyptian religion, also, as we meet it in the earliest times, shows a long preceding period of development. The primitive religious conception, of which we have abundant survivals in the outward form and expression of religion down to the latest times, was but little removed from the fetishism of the negroes. Each locality had its own spirit, connected commonly with some animal form; and it was these local idols, or sacred animals, which to the end engaged the belief and worship of the people. There was also a belief that the sun and moon and stars were divine; and already in prehistoric times the effort had been made to connect the old local fetishes with nature forces, and particularly to make of them solar divinities. Ultimately Egyptian religion, so far as the thinkers were concerned, passed beyond the stage of coördination and organization of the multifarious local deities in a pantheon, as in Babylonia, to a pantheism, where all the gods were regarded as but varying forms of the same divine energy; although in outward expression and

symbolism, Egyptian religion always remained singularly close to the fetish or sacred-animal stage. This pantheistic stage had not, of course, been reached at the time of Menes; but the advanced stage of religious development, both on the side of mythological and of moral ideas, which we find in the period of the Old Kingdom (dynasties I.-VI.), argues a long period of development before his time. In the treatment of the dead in the earliest historical period, growing out of the very simple and primitive idea that future life is connected with the preservation of the body, we have further evidence of a long process of development; and it is clear that the architectural and mechanical skill displayed in the pyramids and mastabas (separate tombs) of the earliest dynasties, and the thorough organization of society necessary for the accomplishment of such enormous building operations, involving the combined labor of vast numbers of workers, could have been attained only through age-long development.

From the beginning of the first dynasty on, we find the art of writing known: a hieroglyphic system, differing as greatly in detail from the hieroglyphs of later times as do the earliest cuneiform inscriptions of Lagash and Nippur from the inscriptions of the time of Hammurabi or Ashurbanipal or Nebuchadnezzar, but already with a long history separating it from the first rude picture writing. Similarly, all or almost all the arts practiced in later times were known, but in ruder form, to the Egyptians of Menes' time. In food, in burial customs, in arts, in writing, in social organization, we find great progress between the time of Menes and the commencement of the third dynasty; but withal we perceive that, with the beginnings of the first dynasty, Egyptian civilization already had a long history behind it.

Egyptian history proper is still regarded as beginning with the third dynasty, which removed the seat of power from Thinis or Abydos northward some hundreds of miles to Memphis. The inscriptions of this dynasty show us that the Egyptians had already reached that condition of luxury, effeminacy, and exclusivism which seems to us a characteristic feature of Egyptian civilization. Their object was to shut themselves out from the barbarism, the uncleanness, and the dangers of the outside world; for the outer world was to them a place of barbarism, precisely as to the Chinaman of to-day. Like the Chinese they were in this also, that they had built a wall to protect themselves from

invasion by the Bedawin on their northeastern frontier, the Wall of the Princes, as it was called.

But a certain intercourse with the outer world was necessary to Egypt, as it was later to China; and the Asiatic products found in the tombs of the earliest dynasties—cedar, copper, lead, and iron—show us that there was some sort of intercourse, for purposes of commerce at least, with the peoples of Asia; while tin and amber, which are also found among their remains, must have been brought from still more distant regions, apparently from northern Europe. There is thus evidence of commercial intercourse in that earlier period between Egypt and the outer world of Asia and Europe, as far north as the Baltic. But this commerce was conducted by middlemen, partly by sea and partly by land. It was the foreigners who visited Egypt, not the Egyptians who visited foreign lands. The Asiatic travels of the latter did not extend beyond the Sinaitic peninsula. From the beginning of the historical period, however, that region was under Egyptian control. There the Egyptians mined copper, turquoise, and malachite, and there they maintained garrisons to protect their mines. We read in their inscriptions of the *Inti*, cave-dwellers, the *Pedatesu*, desert bowmen, and other inhabitants of Sinai and the neighboring country who had to be held in check, or of the incursions of outside hordes who invaded the country in order to plunder the Egyptian stores, or to attack the Egyptian caravans laden with minerals and precious stones. It was necessary, at times, to make military and punitive expeditions against these peoples; and the earliest historical inscription which has come down to us is that of a certain Neter-kha, who, in connection with such an expedition, in the time of the third dynasty, carved an inscription on the rocks near the mines in Wady Maghara. The soldiers used in such expeditions were from the outset commonly mercenaries, for the Egyptians were never a brave nor a warlike race; and these mercenaries were negroes from the south, with which region the Old Kingdom had closer relations than with the regions to the north and east.

In general, the Egyptians of this early period were concerned exclusively with themselves. The Old Kingdom, especially from the third dynasty onward, was a period of great building. It was the practice for each king to build himself a new city. It is clear that at that period the dwellings of the people and even the palaces of the kings were built of light

materials, and were of a perishable nature. Architectural efforts were centered upon the pyramids and other similar structures. It was the practice for each king to build his pyramid west of his own city in the desert, and it is only by the positions of their pyramids that we can determine the exact sites of the cities of the kings who made their capitals near Memphis. (It was a king of the sixth dynasty, Pepy I., who was the founder of Memphis proper.) It was the fourth dynasty which built the greatest pyramids, the three great pyramids of Gizeh, connected with the names of Cheops (Hufu), Chephren (Hafre), and Mycerinus (Menkaure) respectively. The great sphinx probably belongs to the same dynasty. But it is the fifth dynasty which marks the zenith of Egyptian art. No structures of a later date are equal to the structures of this period, nor are the sculptures and wall paintings of this period surpassed by those of any later time. It was the last king of this dynasty, Unas, who built the earliest of the five step pyramids at Saggara, the inscriptions of the walls of the burial chambers of which have preserved for us such a valuable collection of religious and magical texts. Some of these texts date from prehistoric times, and had already at this period become in part unintelligible, a further evidence of the long period of religious development which preceded the commencement of the Old Kingdom.

The sixth and last dynasty of the Old Empire showed an aggressive disposition rather in contrast with the self-centered, self-sufficient attitude of previous Egyptian dynasties. We have, from the walls of the tomb of Herkhuf, a monarch of Elephantine, at Aswan, a record of a great commercial expedition headed by him, which was sent to the Soudan to obtain a dwarf from Central Africa. (It is a curious fact that this dwarf race of Central Africa, known to the Egyptians at that extremely early period, has been rediscovered in recent years.) This sixth dynasty also, not content with the control of the Sinaitic peninsula, with its copper, malachite, and turquoise mines, which had been the limits of the empire and of the interest of former dynasties, undertook military expeditions into the regions beyond Sinai. An inscription on the wall of the tomb of Una, an Egyptian official, records, after the Egyptian fashion of that period, the events of his life in the first person. He is made to tell us how his Majesty made war with the 'Amu and the Herusha, terms designating apparently, in general, Asiatics and Bedawin. He gathered an army of many tens of thousands out

of all the territories, from beyond Elephantine in the south and from the Delta of the Nile in the north, from the regions within the fortresses which were designed to protect Egypt from invasion on the south and the northeast, and from the regions beyond the line of fortresses, including auxiliaries from the negro lands whose names he mentions. He gives an interesting, but to us not altogether intelligible, account of the chieftains and men of importance who were officers in this army under him, and a very interesting and probably characteristic account of the method of sustenance of the army on its march. Each man carried with him "as much as another." Each stole bread and shoes from all whom they met on the way. Each seized goats where he might. They marched successfully into the land of the Herusha, which they devastated, cutting down the fig trees and the vines, setting on fire all the huts of the people, slaying many thousands of their troops, and bringing back a great multitude of captives. Time after time the Herusha revolted, and five times his Majesty sent Una to command the army and invade their land. In connection with these later expeditions Una mentions the use of ships, by which the troops were transported on at least one occasion, and of highlands in the northern part of the land invaded. That land may be northeastern Arabia, Edom, or Palestine. If the latter, Una's inscription is the earliest account yet discovered anywhere of the conditions of Palestine. Whatever the country referred to, the account in the inscription indicates that it was occupied at that time by a settled population, which tilled the land, planted vineyards, fig orchards, and the like, — very much the same conditions agriculturally which prevailed in Palestine in the late historical periods. In this regard, however, the conditions of the country described seem to have differed from the conditions of Palestine in later periods (but this would accord with the indications for the earliest periods which have been obtained from such sites as have been excavated there): that the people occupied, not permanent and well-built houses in cities surrounded by walls, but huts of a temporary and perishable character. Una ultimately became governor of Upper Egypt, where his special duty was to cut and procure granite for sarcophagi and funerary monuments of various descriptions, to erect which was the great business of the kings, to build boats to transport it, and to improve the channels of the Nile so that the boats might be navigated.

The inscriptions and paintings on the tombs of the fifth and sixth dynasties enable us to reconstruct with considerable accuracy the political and social conditions of the Old Kingdom. The kingdom was at first a monarchy of the most absolute description, the political autocracy of the kings being strengthened by the ascription to them of divine rank. During the fifth and sixth dynasties, however, a progress of decentralization was going on. The nomarchs, the heads of the various nomes, the remains of the ancient state or tribal organizations to which we have already referred, are gradually assuming more power and importance. At first the whole empire centered around the king at Memphis, and in death the tombs of the great men were gathered around the tomb of the king at the same place. Little by little, however, the courts of the nomarchs were developed. The nomarch ceased to be a mere attendant upon the king, and had his own court and state; and just as in life the nomarchs were no longer gathered about the king in his court at Memphis, so in death their tombs were no longer gathered about the tombs of the king. They were buried in constructions of their own, in the localities which they governed. This decentralization paved the way for the downfall of the Old Kingdom, which succeeded immediately the period of great brilliancy and relatively extended external relations of the sixth dynasty.

Following that dynasty there is an almost blank period, of which we know nothing except from a few tombs of nomarchs and other officials in various parts of the country, covering the period from the seventh to the tenth dynasties inclusive. What the date of the downfall of the Old Kingdom was, and how many centuries are covered by this period of darkness, we do not know. Egyptian chronology is, to a large extent, a matter of guesswork. The Egyptians never developed any proper chronological sense. Their nearest approach to chronology was lists of dynasties and kings, which began to be made perhaps about 1400 B.C. Such lists give us, evidently, only relative information; and in point of fact, the estimates of the dates of the different dynasties made by the best scholars differ widely—when we get back as far as the first dynasty, 1000 to 1500 years. For absolute dates we are dependent upon some point of contact with other peoples; and we find no such point of contact definitely established in the earlier periods. At a later period we succeed in obtain-

ing dates for Egyptian kings by synchronism with Babylonian and Assyrian monarchs, and it may be that we can obtain an approximate date for the close of the sixth dynasty and the dark period which succeeds, by some sort of synchronism with an event of which we appear to have evidence in Babylonian history, — namely, an irruption of Arabian hordes overrunning the neighboring countries. Arabia is a region from which such hordes have issued periodically. We have, in historical times, the records of several such irruptions; and in all cases we find that the outpouring flood of emigrants spread both eastward and westward, attacking Babylonia on the one side and Palestine on the other, and attempting on both sides to push their way into the rich and highly civilized river valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile respectively. Our most famous historical instance is the Mohammedan invasion, in the seventh century A.D., which succeeded, owing to the conditions then existing, in making a complete conquest of the regions on both sides. Less successful was the invasion of the third century B.C., or thereabouts, which established the two Arabic kingdoms of Hira and the Hauran, on the outskirts of Babylonia and Syria respectively, on opposite sides of the desert which always divided these invasions into two streams. The Aramæan invasion, a thousand years earlier, overran more particularly the western territory, taking complete possession of the greater part of Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia, but establishing also Aramæan states or tribes in Babylonia or on its outskirts.

It would seem that the Arabic invasion which we have supposed took place about 2500 B.C., or in the immediately succeeding centuries, and which succeeded on the Babylonian side of the desert in establishing a kingdom in Babylon, may have affected Egypt also. The Asiatics with whom Una contended, the 'Amu, have a name singularly like certain names which we find in Palestine and Babylonia, and which seem to have belonged to the invaders of this period. But these 'Amu, with the Herusha, were Asiatics who were attacking Sinai, and threatening the Egyptian border. In the succeeding centuries we find the Egyptian power pressed southward, up the Nile valley, apparently by some power from the northeast. A new power had established itself at Memphis, from which it claimed to rule the land. Later the seat of its capital was removed southward to Heracleopolis. This is the period of

the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth dynasties. Among the Pharaohs of this time we find one named Khyan, who describes himself in his scarabs and cylinders as "Lord of the desert," the title given on a tomb at Beni-Hassan to "the chief of the thirty-seven Bedawin who visited Egypt in the reign of Usertesen II." A little after Khyan, we have a king named Yaqubher. Inasmuch as in Egyptian *r* takes the place of the *l* of the Semitic languages, while *h* does not count at all, this name is equivalent to Yaqub-el, our familiar Hebrew Jacob, written in full, with the divine determinative *el*, God, at the end,—a name which we also find on a contract tablet of the first dynasty of Babylon, the dynasty of Hammurabi, written, of course, in Babylonian fashion, Yaqub-ilu. The Pharaohs of this period are contending against opposition to their power from the side of the south. This opposition centers about Thebes, until finally we find rival kings there, who at last overthrow the Heracleopolitan Pharaohs and establish their power over all Egypt. This is the eleventh dynasty, and with this dynasty native Egypt seems to assert itself once more by the conquest of its conquerors. If we can connect the invasion from the northeast, which seems to have overrun Egypt after the sixth dynasty, with the invasion of Babylonia by Arabic hordes about 2500 B.C. or a little later, which resulted, finally, in the establishment of the new kingdom of Babylon, under Hammurabi and his successors, we have a synchronism which enables us to determine in a rough way early Egyptian dates, at least relatively to those of Babylonia. The period of the Old Kingdom in Egypt would then be contemporary with the period of South Babylonian supremacy, the old empire of Babylonia, extending from the period of the earliest inscriptions which we have obtained on to the time of the Elamitic conquest. The period of art development in southern Babylonia, having its center at Lagash, would be approximately contemporary with the period of the highest art development in Egypt, which begins with the fourth Egyptian dynasty. The sixth Egyptian dynasty, which, as noted, showed for the first time some inclination toward contact and intercourse with the outside world, would be contemporary with that brilliant period of the extension of Babylonian power which commences with the rule of Sargon. The seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth dynasties would be contemporary, in part at least, with the time of the Elamitic supremacy in Babylonia; while the eleventh and twelfth Eyp-

tian dynasties would coincide approximately with the dynasty of Hammurabi, and the two succeeding Babylonian dynasties a couple of centuries before and after 2000 B.C. This argument from Babylonian and Egyptian synchronisms finds curious and welcome support in a recently discovered papyrus, which, by means of a reference to the rising of Sirius, seems to fix astronomically the date of the commencement of the reign of Usertesen III., fifth king of the twelfth dynasty, between 1876 and 1878 B.C.

It is with the Theban rulers of the eleventh dynasty that we enter upon the period commonly known as the Middle Kingdom, a period of renewed prosperity and civilization. This period of the Middle Kingdom, and especially the latter half of it, the rule of the twelfth dynasty, was considered by Egyptians of later periods, not without justice, as the greatest of all the periods of Egyptian history. In extent of territory the Egypt of those days was, it is true, far inferior to the Egypt of succeeding times. Southward the old frontier was extended somewhat, — chiefly, apparently, for the sake of the gold mines in Nubia, — and fixed finally above the second cataract. No conquests were undertaken in Asia, further than the reclamation of the copper and malachite mines of the Sinaitic peninsula. The Middle Kingdom, like the Old Kingdom, was a period of internal development. In government the decentralizing tendencies noted at the close of the Old Kingdom continue. We have inscribed tombs of noble families from various points in the nomes of Middle and Upper Egypt which reveal a powerful feudal nobility, consisting of the nomarchs, who had their own courts, officials, and even troops. Some of these nomarchs had become lords, not of one province, but of several. Nevertheless the kings were wealthy and prosperous, and we find remains of royal buildings in various places. The kings of the eleventh and the earlier kings of the twelfth dynasty resided in Thebes; and the original temple of Amon, so often enlarged in later times, was built by them. Apparently Memphis was also a royal residence, and kings of the twelfth dynasty erected pyramids there. The later kings of this dynasty, however, especially favored the Fayum, and the largest and most famous constructions of the Middle Kingdom are found in the neighborhood of Lake Mœris. This is a depression in the Libyan desert, into which a branch of the Nile must have flowed in prehistoric times. Herodotus, in his history, ascribes the creation of the lake to

King Mœris, that is, Amenemhat III., one of the last kings of the twelfth dynasty. This is clearly impossible. What Amenemhat really did was to improve the system of irrigation in connection with Lake Mœris, and thus reclaim a large amount of land. He also built in this region the most extensive of all the funerary temples of Egypt, known to later times as the Labyrinth.

But it is even more for its literature than for its buildings that the Middle Kingdom was distinguished. In art and architecture it was surpassed by the best work of the Old Kingdom, in literature it was unexcelled. It was the classical period, the golden age to which all succeeding ages looked back; and much of the literature contained in the papyri of later times consists of copies from compositions of this period. Of this character is the "Teaching (or Precepts) of Amenemhat I.," a favorite school copy during the New Kingdom, and known to us only through these copies, which are corrupt and difficult to translate. This composition verges on the proverbial, and is distinctly cynical in its disbelief in good among men. "Mankind turn their heart to him who inspireth them with fear;" "Friends exist not for a man on the day of troubles." The "Teaching of Dauf," partly prose and partly verse, which is a praise of the scribe's profession in comparison with the coarse careers of labor with the hands, has been preserved in the same way, through later school copies. (Praise of the scribe's profession is a favorite theme in later times, and gave rise to more than one book.) These two works belong in the general category of what in Hebrew phraseology we should call Wisdom Literature, didactic and proverbial writings; as does likewise the "Praise of Scholastic Studies," preserved, like the preceding, in school copies found in tombs. This field of literature is best represented, however, by the collections of proverbs, the beginnings of which are attributed by the compiler to the time of the third dynasty, in the Old Kingdom, contained in the famous *Prisse Papyrus*. It was the literary practice to put these proverbs in the mouth of a father, who reads or teaches them to his son, just as was later the use among the Hebrews. We have another example of such a collection of proverbs from the New Kingdom, for this form of literature continued to be reproduced in later times, in the "Maxims of Any." This latter work reminds one forcibly of the Hebrew Book of Proverbs by its warnings against the strange woman, its description of

drunkenness, its exhortations to diligence, restraint, respectfulness, etc.

It was, however, in poetic and imaginative literature, literature intended to amuse and entertain, that the Egyptians excelled, and of which we have the best specimens, some of them worthy of preservation for all time, from this period. The most remarkable example of Egyptian poetry which we possess is the Hymn to Usertesen III., a king of the twelfth dynasty, at or shortly after his accession, contained in a papyrus found near the pyramid and temple of his predecessor, Usertesen II., in the remains of the buildings of the priests attached to the temple to perform the services for the dead Pharaoh. Only four stanzas, of ten lines each, can be read with certainty, and they are really very fine. Sometimes poems were engraved or painted on the tombs, coming out of the mouths of the persons there represented, like the "Songs which are in the tomb of King Antef, justified, which are in front of the singer on the harp." From this heading it appears that these songs were engraved or painted on the tomb of King Antef, of the eleventh dynasty, in front of figures singing and playing on the harp. This tomb has not been found; but the songs were copied on other tombs in later days, and have been preserved to us both on slabs from those tombs, and also in a papyrus of the New Kingdom. Another curious poetic production of this period, preserved in a papyrus, is the discourse of a soul to its brother, the man to whom it belongs, or who belongs to it, praising death as "like the smell of frankincense, or like sitting under an awning on a day of cool breeze," "like the scent of lotuses, like sitting on the bank of the Land of Intoxication," "like the unveiling of the sky, or as when a man attaineth to unexpected fortune," "like the healing of a sick man, or like a rise after a fall," etc. It will be observed that in outward form Egyptian poetry is like Hebrew and Babylonian; its essential feature is parallelism, the repetition of the same or a contrasted thought in similar words, forming two parallel and rhythmical clauses. Assonance, alliteration, or even rhyme may be used, but these are subordinate to the one main feature of parallelism.

But even more characteristic is the romantic prose literature. One of the novels or romances of this period, "The Romance of Sinuhit" (or Sanehat), written in the time of Usertesen I., gives most curious and interesting information of the

conditions prevailing in the neighboring Asiatic regions, apparently Palestine. According to the story, Sinuhit is compelled to flee for his life. With great difficulty he passes the wall which guarded Egypt on the Asiatic frontier. Escaping into the desert, he comes near dying of thirst, but is saved by friendly Bedawin. Passing from tribe to tribe of these Bedawin, he reached the Land of the East (Qeden), and ultimately the kingdom of Ammianshi in Tenu, which seems to have been Palestine. Ammianshi showed him great favor, married him to his eldest daughter, and bestowed upon him choice possessions on the border of his territory, making him a sort of lord of the marches. This was a land of figs and vines, olive trees and honey, corn, barley, and countless herds. Finally, Ammianshi made him a prince of one of the divisions of his country, and he had as much as he wished to eat, — wine every day, boiled meat and roast goose, provided by the king, besides what he himself could obtain in the chase and from the spoils of other people. His children grew up and were appointed to high posts. In all things he was successful, but he longed in his age for return to Egypt; and after much negotiation he obtained pardon from the Egyptian king, and a messenger came to bring him back to Egypt. So he gave his property to his children and returned, to be received into favor by the Pharaoh. What follows shows a characteristic feature of Egyptian civilization, — the personal cleanliness which led to the shaving of the hair and beard in the effort to avoid vermin and uncleanness, and which had already developed into a sense of ceremonial purity, setting the Egyptians apart from other peoples who did not follow the same rule. The writer of this romance tells us that, returning to Egypt, Sinuhit cleansed himself from the vermin of Asia, exchanged the coarse woolen garments of Palestine for the fine linen, the habitual robe of Egypt, anointed himself with precious ointment, etc. This story is so sane and sober in its romancing that it is often supposed to be actual history. More often these stories are full of impossible supernatural and magical beings and events, after the fashion of the Arabian Nights, of which they are in fact the prototype and in a sense the original. A good specimen of this form of romance is the story of "The Shipwrecked Sailor," in a papyrus of the eleventh dynasty, preserved at St. Petersburg, in which a sailor narrates to the Pharaoh how he was shipwrecked on an island in the upper Nile, and rescued and cared for by a wonderful serpent, who foretold his fate.

The Sallier papyrus, praising the profession of the scribes and priests, which belongs therefore to the class of didactic or wisdom literature, is interesting because, incidentally, it shows the diplomatic and commercial relations which existed during the Middle Kingdom with Asiatic countries. We find a regular system of couriers, who leave with great sadness of heart the peace and luxury of Egypt to traverse the barbarous and unclean lands of Asia, "brick in their bosom," — a phrase which seems to show that clay tablets of the same sort which, as we know from the Tel el-Amarna "finds," were used for purposes of correspondence with Asiatic countries in the fifteenth century, were in use already in the time of the Middle Kingdom; in other words, that Babylonian customs and the Babylonian language dominated the West land at or shortly after 2000 B.C., and that communication with the princes or merchants of Asia was at that time conducted on clay tablets written in the Babylonian characters. Commercial intercourse with Asia at this period is attested in another way. We find Semitic names in use for articles, charts imported from Asia, from the time of the eleventh dynasty on; we find references to mercantile transactions, and to the dangers of the countries into which the merchants went; we have also representations of the Semitic traders who came into Egypt. So at Beni Hassan, on the tomb of Khumhotep, in the time of Usertesen II., a fresco, famous particularly because it was for a long time supposed to represent the arrival of the children of Israel in Egypt, depicts a caravan of Syrian merchants. The inscription in the hand of the scribe tells us that these are 37 Asiatics bringing eye paint. The chief of this caravan, who bears a boomerang as his symbol of rank, is called "Absha," the same name as the Hebrew Abishai, "chief of the desert." But these people, as the picture shows, are no Bedawin, but prosperous traders. Other representations and inscriptions on tombs from the same dynasty show us Semitic gardeners, shepherds, and carpenters. Most highly appreciated also were Syrian maidens, so that the term "female Asiatic" becomes synonymous with concubine.

The period of prosperity known as the Middle Kingdom may have covered some 400 years or thereabouts; and if we may follow the system of synchronisms suggested above, was fairly contemporary with the period of Babylonian supremacy under the dynasty of Hammurabi and its two successors. Then fol-

lows another period of barbarian invasion of Egypt, the so-called Hyksos period, covering some 150 to 200 years, during which five dynasties are reported to have ruled, according to the Egyptian king lists, and which is nearly contemporary with the first part of the Kassite dominion in Babylonia, before the Kassites had adopted Babylonian civilization and ideas and become themselves, for all intents and purposes, Babylonians. This period begins, like the preceding period of darkness, with internal disintegration, connected with invasions from without. The Libyans seem to have invaded Egypt from the west, and there was also trouble in the south; but the great invasion, that of the Hyksos, to which we have already referred, was from Asia. Our account of this general period, derived from Babylonian sources, shows us that it was one of confusion and upheaval in the West. Some people of an unknown race, coming in from the mountains of the North, or from those of the East, established themselves in Mesopotamia, the kingdom of Mitanni. It may have been this same people which overwhelmed Syria and Palestine, and entered Egypt as the Hyksos, or it may be that the invasion which resulted in establishing the kingdom of Mitanni forced Semitic peoples who occupied Syria out of their homes and drove them southward to invade the land of Egypt. On the Egyptian monuments the Hyksos are designated as foreigners, who brought with them many 'AMU, that is, Syrians and Palestinians; which may indicate that the dominant element of the invasion was the unknown race from the North, which had gathered to itself or taken into its service the Semitic populations into whose former homes it had penetrated.

The stronghold of the Hyksos empire was Awaris or Hattawat, of the northeastern frontier. As before, when the curtain begins to lift again we find Thebes the center of resistance on the part of the Egyptians proper to the rule of these Asiatic invaders. First we have viceroys of Egyptian blood ruling in Thebes; then these viceroys throw off the yoke of the Hyksos, and a king, Seqenenra, leads them in battle against Apopy, king of the Hyksos. This contest became the theme of a later romance, contained in the Sallier papyrus, known as "The Romance of Apepa and Seqenenra." The mummy of Seqenenra was found at Deir el-Bahri in 1881, and its condition showed that this king had fallen in battle. It was not Seqenenra, however, but Aahmes or Amosis, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, who finally succeeded in taking the last stronghold of

the Hyksos, their fortress Hatwaret, and driving them out of Egypt, in the first part of the sixteenth century B.C. A record of this struggle has been preserved in the biography of Admiral Aahmes or Amosis, on the walls of his tomb at El-Kab. Speaking in the first person, as is customary in these inscriptions, Aahmes tells of his bravery and his honors. Seven times he had been presented with "the gold of bravery." He tells of his birthplace, of his parentage, and how, while still a lad, unmarried, and sleeping "in a youth's garments," he became commander in his father's place of the ship "Bullock." By the time that he was married and had a household of his own, he was promoted to the ship "North." Though a naval commander, his duty was to follow the king on foot whenever he went out in his chariot. At the siege of the city of Hatwaret, he fought bravely and was promoted to the command of the ship "Gleaming-in-Memphis." They fought on a canal by the side of Hatwaret, and he carried off a hand. The king was informed and gave him the gold of bravery. They fought a second time in the same place and again he carried off a hand, evidence that he had slain an enemy, and received a second time the gold of bravery. At Tekemet, south of the city, he captured a living prisoner, but fell into the water. Nevertheless, he contrived to retain his prisoner and bring him through the water to the Egyptian lines. For this he received again the gold of bravery. When Hatwaret was at last captured, he took one male and three female prisoners, all of which the king gave him as slaves. After the capture of Hatwaret the Egyptians followed the Hyksos into Asia and besieged them in Sharuhēn (which seems to have been in the extreme south of Palestine) for five years and captured it. In a relief set up by Aahmes in the quarries near Cairo he represents the Hyksos prisoners, whom he calls *Fenkhu*, "aliens," as bearded men who are driving the oxen which drag the sledges with stones. Aahmes followed up his victories at Hatwaret and Sharuhēn by invading Palestine and levying tribute on its states and cities. This is the beginning of a series of expeditions into Asia under the kings of this dynasty. One of these expeditions against northern Palestine, in the time of Thutmōsis (Thothmes) I., is described in the tomb inscription of the same Admiral Aahmes mentioned above, who, in spite of the fact that he was an admiral, seems to have done most of his fighting on land. According to this inscription, the Egyptians inflicted a great defeat upon their enemies,

carrying off a large number of prisoners as booty. Aahmes fought at the head of the troops, and captured a chariot with its horses and the occupants alive, which he presented to the king, receiving again the gold of bravery. An inscription at the same place on the tomb of Pennekheb, an officer in the Egyptian army, informs us that Thutmosis' victorious campaigns extended as far as Naharina, the Aram Naharaim of the Bible; that is, Mesopotamia.

One of the peculiarities of Egyptian use was the succession of females to the throne. The Pharaohs were divinities, of the pure blood of Amen-Ra. No one could reign who was not of pure divine blood, and not a few Pharaohs, themselves sons of concubines, acquired the throne through marriage with half-sisters of pure blood. A famous instance of this occurred in the case of Thutmosis II., who became Pharaoh by marriage with his half-sister Hatesu. She has left, on the walls of a temple at Thebes, a most remarkable representation of a great commercial expedition which she sent to Punt, "the land of the Gods," for frankincense, ebony, ivory, etc. After the death of Thutmosis II. she ruled the kingdom with and for his successor, Thutmosis III. It was not until his thirtieth year that the last-named prince really attained to power by her death. Evidently he did not hold her name in respect, as is shown by the erasures made by his orders on her monuments.

Thutmosis III., whose independent reign commences in the beginning of the fifteenth century, was the greatest warrior of this dynasty, and the most successful conqueror Egypt ever knew. We have in his annals, which are inscribed on the walls of the temple of Amen at Karnak, accounts of fourteen campaigns which he conducted, with a list of subjugated Palestinian cities, invaluable for the early geographical and political history of that country. We have also in his inscriptions notices of embassies from Assyria, Mesopotamia, Cyprus, etc. We have also private inscriptions of officials of this king, especially of a certain Amenemheb, who accompanied him on several campaigns. At the beginning of Thutmosis' reign the kings of northern Palestine and Syria formed a confederation under the king of Kadesh, a city on the Orontes, to throw off the Egyptian yoke. The decisive battle was fought at Megiddo, in the plain of Esdraelon, where four centuries later the Israelites fought a decisive battle with the Canaanite kings for the possession of northern Palestine. The king's annals give a

detailed account of the line of march, of the strategy pursued, etc. The Egyptians won the victory, but the Syrians shut themselves up in Megiddo and sustained a siege. Thutmosis' inscriptions tell us that a full account of this siege was written on a roll of leather and deposited in the temple of Amen, a reference which gives us some idea of the literary methods of the time. Unfortunately, the roll has not survived. The list of the peoples of Upper Ruten which Thutmosis shut up in Megiddo contains the names of such familiar towns as Qadeshu (Kadesh), Maketa (Megiddo), Marama (Merom), Birutu (Beirut), 'Astinatu (Ashtoreth), Luisa (Laish), Kinneratu (Chinneroth), Shanama (Shunem), Tanaka (Tanaach), Yeblama (Ibleam), Yapu (Joppa), Gentu (Gath), Aquar (Ekron), Gazira (Gezer), Bitisha'li (Beth-el), Biti-aniti (Beth-anoth), along with which appear the names Joseph-el and Jacob-el, so familiar to us in Hebrew tradition (where however the *el* is omitted) as the names of ancestors of the Hebrews.

Thutmosis extended his dominions into Naharina, the territory about the Euphrates, and as far north as the Taurus mountains on the borders of Asia Minor. He also received the submission of kings of the island of Cyprus. His records tell us of the method in which he undertook to organize his conquests, building fortresses, halting places, or royal cities, which were garrisoned with Egyptian troops, — mercenaries for the most part, bowmen from the East, or Sardinians from the West. It was the business of the governors of these stations to collect tribute and maintain royal authority, and they were in continual intercourse with the home government by means of couriers. The kings of the different subject states were required, in most cases, to give their sons as hostages for their loyalty, while their daughters were added to the harem of the Pharaoh, as a further means of binding them to the Egyptian interest. New kings recognized their appointment as from the Pharaoh, and received from him anointing oil in token thereof. He set up in their cities statues of his gods and of himself, and incense burned before his statue was the worship required to indicate loyalty; reminding us somewhat of later Roman use in the time of the Empire. The object of this system of government was to exploit these provinces for the benefit of Egypt; but the maintenance of peace and order by the strong hand of a great power had the effect, in spite of the revolts caused by the tyranny with which Egyptian rule was often enforced, of

promoting commerce, encouraging art, opening communications with new regions, and, in general, fostering the growth and spread of civilization. It is, in fact, as already pointed out, at precisely this time, the fifteenth century B.C., that the ancient Asiatic civilization reached its zenith. That Thutmosis protected his vassals from one another and from outside invasions to their own great advantage is curiously shown in a letter of the elders of Tunip, a city in northern Syria, to Amenhotep IV., about the close of the same century. The city had been captured and plundered by the Hittites, and the elders appeal to their suzerain for better protection, saying, "In former times who could have plundered Tunip without being plundered by Manakhbiria (Thutmosis III.)?" Thutmosis himself seems to have visited his subject territories in Syria almost every year, partly because of their revolts and quarrels, partly in order to consolidate and extend his power; but, unfortunately, his annals do not give us details of these expeditions. The wall space on the temple at Karnak was not sufficiently large to admit of the description of all his campaigns on the same scale as the first one, and the scribes were more interested in the booty taken than in the narratives of the expeditions. Consequently, the records of the other thirteen campaigns consist largely of the lists of booty; although on one occasion the scribe who composed the inscription, finding the list of articles too long to be entered on the space at his disposal, says: "They are placed on a roll in the palace of the king. The enumeration of them is not given in this list, lest there should be too many words." Enough was inscribed, however, to show us the general extent of Thutmosis' conquests, and the manner of organization of his kingdom. We find that he crossed the Euphrates at Carchemish and invaded the territory of Mitanni. Here he found a monument of his grandfather, Thutmosis I., and placed his own beside it. He penetrated as far, on this occasion, as the river Balikh. The king of Mitanni sought allies farther eastward to resist this Egyptian invasion; and one of these was, it would seem, the king of Babylon. Thutmosis claims to have defeated this coalition and received tribute from the Babylonians of lapis lazuli and glass made in imitation of lapis lazuli, which latter, as shown by the American "finds" at Nippur, as also by the Egyptian inscriptions, was very highly prized at that time, and was one of the special treasures of Babylonian art.

The inscriptions on the tomb of Amenemheb throw some interesting light on the conditions of the country and of warfare at this period. Near Aleppo the king engaged in an elephant hunt, in which 120 elephants were killed and in which he nearly lost his life. Once when the Egyptian army was drawn up before Qadesh to besiege it, the inhabitants let loose a mare, which threatened to produce disorder among the war stallions of the Egyptians, until Amenemheb rushed out and ripped her up with his sword, cutting off her tail as a trophy. A characteristic episode of Oriental warfare! Like the Babylonians and Assyrians in both later and earlier times, we find Thutmosis utilizing the Lebanon to obtain wood for his buildings; but the deficiency of Egyptian commerce, even at this period of the greatest splendor of the country, is shown by the fact that the beams of cedar had to be transported on ships of Kupni (Gabal) and Kefto (either Crete or the neighboring shores of Asia Minor, Cilicia and the region westward). The fame of Thutmosis' power spread far and wide; and it is in his reign that we meet for the first time the Heta (Hittites), whose ambassadors bring him from Asia Minor a present of silver rings, white gems, and rare woods. His empire proper extended from Ethiopia to Asia Minor and from the Euphrates to Cyprus, the greatest extent of country ever ruled by Egypt. His annals on the walls of the temple at Karnak close with the forty-second year of his reign; and the statement that he had "commanded that the victories which he had won from the twenty-third (the first year of his sole power) to the forty-second year of his reign should be recorded on this tablet in this sanctuary." We have no annals for the remaining twelve years of his rule.

The next three kings, Amenhotep II., Thutmosis IV. (the son of a concubine, made Pharaoh by marriage with his half-sister, the divine heir), and Amenhotep III., retained this great empire practically intact. There were, of course, rebellions of the subject states in Syria, and we hear of numerous campaigns in which the Egyptians always seem to be successful. But while the empire remained practically intact through these reigns, nevertheless in the reign of Amenhotep III. we begin to note the signs of approaching dissolution. Like the Assyrian kings of later days, this monarch was a mighty lion-hunter, and claims in his inscriptions to have slain 120 lions in the first ten years of his reign. He was romantically attached to his fair

foreign wife, Teye, a woman of humble or at least not of royal origin, but whom he delighted to honor in his inscriptions and on his monuments. His reign was a time of peace, and he built costly temples at Luxor, Elephantine, and elsewhere. But it was during this very period of careless and confident prosperity that the downfall of the Egyptian power began.

A most remarkable discovery of tablets written in the Babylonian cuneiform script, made in 1888, at a ruin mound called Amarna, on the east bank of the Nile, midway between Thebes and Memphis, has revealed to us in singular detail the conditions of Egypt's foreign dominions in the latter part of the fifteenth and the commencement of the fourteenth century. There are in all about three hundred documents in this collection, written on clay tablets addressed to Amenhotep III. and his son Amenhotep IV., with some other documents, and a few copies of letters from the Egyptian Pharaohs themselves. A dozen of these letters contain a correspondence between the Babylonian and Egyptian courts, including a letter from the king's daughter to the king. There is also a passport addressed to the princes of Canaan, to give safe passage to messengers sent by one of the Asiatic kings to the Pharaoh, and a list of objects sent by the Pharaoh to the king of Babylon. There are also fragments of two Babylonian myths not known to us from other sources, "Nergal and Ereskkigal" and "Adapa and the South Wind," which appear to have been used by the Egyptian scribes as lessons or copy-books for the study of the cuneiform writing. There is one letter from the Assyrian to the Egyptian court; nine letters which passed between the courts of Mitanni and Egypt; a list of presents from Dushratta, king of Mitanni; and a list of the dower gifts of Dushratta's daughter. There are nine letters from the king and prime minister of Alashia in Cyprus to the Egyptian court, three letters from unknown countries, perhaps from northern Syria, two letters of women, whose names are unknown, to their lords. The remaining documents are correspondence between Phœnician and Canaanite princes and governors and the Egyptian court. Among these are included letters from the king of Jerusalem, from the kings of Lachish, Akka, Tyre, Ascalon, Sidon, Gebal, and many other cities well known in later times. With a very few exceptions these letters are written in the Babylonian language, but with Canaanite glosses and occasional Canaanite words and idioms, which show us that the language spoken in

Syria and Palestine in those days was substantially identical with the Hebrew of later times, or rather an earlier idiom of the same. These letters, especially those written in the time of Amenhotep IV., show us the Egyptian power on the decline. Aramæan hordes, the Suti and Khabiri, are pressing up from Arabia and overrunning or threatening the Egyptian possessions in Palestine and southern Syria. On the north the Hittites are pressing down out of the mountains of Asia Minor.

Amenhotep IV. is one of the most interesting characters of Egyptian history on account of his attempted religious reform. The supremacy of Thebes in the Middle and New Kingdoms had made the god of that place, Amen-Ra, whose sacred animal was the ram, the official god of the Pharaohs, and so the highest god in the whole kingdom; very much as in Babylonia the supremacy of Babylon had made Bel Marduk the great god of Babylon. From about 1600 B.C. onward we find, therefore, Amen-Ra of Thebes at the head of the Egyptian pantheon: an enormous, confused, and uncertain conglomeration of innumerable heterogeneous demons, fetishes, nature deities, souls of the dead, etc. We may regard the Egyptian religion as having reached a fairly definite form at this time. It was, as stated, conglomerate, the result of growth and amalgamation, as was also the religious literature. That literature, as we know it from the manuscripts found in the tombs and from the religious texts of the temples, was not of very great size. A catalogue of the library of the large temple at Edfu enumerates only thirty-six books, most of which are ritualistic. "The earliest texts are largely of a magical character, and written, as already pointed out, in a form which had become, partly at least, unintelligible long before this period. After 2000 B.C. another large collection came into use, the best-known of all Egyptian religious literary productions, the book of "Going out in Day-time," commonly called "The Book of the Dead." It contains mostly magical formulæ for the protection and guidance of the dead in the lower world. This book as we have it is a growth. It began in the Middle Kingdom, but certainly did not find its completion before the time of the New Kingdom. The 125th chapter of this book or collection contains the negative confession, as it is called, which the soul of the dead was supposed to recite before Osiris, stating that he had not committed certain enumerated sins. Chiefly those sins are moral, — murder,

adultery, theft, slander, and the like, with application in many details ; in smaller part they are ritual, — that he has not caught fish in the pools of the gods, he has not stopped a god in his comings forth, etc. In the time of the New Kingdom this confession was considered the most essential of all the texts deposited in the tomb with the mummy. It was written by the god Thoth, and was a revelation of divine law. Thousands of copies of “The Book of the Dead,” some of them 100 feet in length, with very elaborate pictures, others merely brief extracts giving the confession and perhaps one or two of the other chapters, have been found in tombs from this period onward. No two of these texts altogether agree, and all are corrupt, revealing a curious condition of the scribal craft. Since these texts were required for burial purposes by all devout believers, therefore there sprang up a profitable trade in them. They were reproduced by hack scribes and calligraphists, who either could not or did not read the text intelligently, and sold by the priests to mourning relatives having no more intelligent comprehension of or care for the sense than the copyists—ornate and extensive for the rich, plainer copies and smaller texts for poorer folk. We have further in this class of literature from this period “The Book of that which is in the Other World,” and “The Book of passing through Eternity,” showing us a religion which concerned itself chiefly with the world that was to come.

To the same period, but to a higher class of religious literature, belongs a fine collection of hymns to Amen-Ra, in an admirably preserved papyrus, headed thus :—

“Praise of Amen-Ra!

The bull of Heliopolis, the chief of all gods,
The beautiful and beloved god,
Who giveth life to all warm-blooded things,
To all manner of goodly cattle!”

The religion of Amen-Ra was firmly established, and the power of the priesthood, on whose good will depended the all-important life after death, was enormous. It was under these conditions that Amenhotep IV. undertook a religious reform of the most radical and far-reaching description. He was the son, apparently, of an Asiatic woman ; and through the relations of Egypt with that country in the preceding generations, and his own birth and training, had been brought into close contact with the religions of Syria and Mesopotamia. Contact with

these religions seems in some way to have inspired him with new religious ideas. At all events he cast aside the religion of his own country, with all its complicated pantheon of deities of heaven, earth, and underworld, and introduced a species of monotheism, devoting himself to the worship of one god, the Aten, or visible sun. The power of the priesthood of Amen was, as already stated, very great. All knowledge and apparently most of the offices were in their hands. Naturally they resisted his reforms; and Amenhotep, or, as he now preferred to call himself, Akhenaten (splendor or spirit of the sun disk), undertook to enforce his reforms by force, among other things defacing the monuments of his predecessors. Further, he abandoned Thebes and erected for himself a new capital, which he called "Horizon of the sun disk," at Amarna, the ruin mounds where have been found the remarkable series of letters to which reference has already been made. Here he built palaces and temples to the sun god, which, after his death, were to a large extent defaced and destroyed by his successors. There has come down to us, however, one hymn to the Aten, which is considered to be the most exalted piece of religious literature yet found in the Egyptian monuments.

Amenhotep's religious reformation was accompanied, also, by a revolt against the traditional conventionalism in art, for which was substituted a bold and ugly realism. But his reforms were short-lived. Shortly after his death all went back to its former condition. There was a period of struggle and confusion; but the conservative priestly party was successful, his successors were compelled to return to the old traditions, his inscriptions were obliterated, his temples to the sun disk and the monuments of his heresies razed to the foundations, and in the reaction the former worship of Amen and the power of his priests became more firmly established than before.

From the Amarna letters of the latter part of the reign of Amenhotep IV., we learn that in his time Hittite invaders from the north and Aramæan invaders from the east were gaining ground in Syria and Palestine, and that Egyptian dominion in those regions was seriously undermined. In the period of confusion following his death, when the priesthood of Amen was concerned with the reestablishment of the ancient religion and the obliteration of all signs of the reforms of Amenhotep, interference in the politics of Western Asia was an impossibility. Syria fell completely into the hands of the Hittites, now united

in one confederation, the region east of the Jordan was seized by the Khabiri, and the nations of Moab and Ammon came into being there, while west of the Jordan some similar tribes gained a foothold.

Sety I., the second king of the new dynasty which finally arose out of the struggles following the death of Amenhotep IV., describes in graphic terms the conditions of confusion existing in Palestine in his time. He undertook an expedition to restore order there and drive out the Bedawin. His account of this expedition is peculiarly interesting, because in it we find for the first time mention of a Canaanite tribe, "A-sa-ru" (Asher), which was later adopted into the Hebrew confederation, its inferior or later origin being indicated by the fact that it is called in Hebrew tradition, not a son of Jacob and one of his wives, but a son of Jacob by his concubine Zilpah. Sety's inscriptions show that he attempted to carry the Egyptian arms farther northward than Palestine, and in doing so came into conflict with the Hittite confederation; but it is Ramses II., his successor, whose conflicts with the Hittites are especially famous. His records describe the hostilities which began in the third year of his reign, when he gathered together a great army, containing mercenaries from various parts of the Mediterranean coast, including the Shardana—that is, apparently, the Sardinians. The king of the Hittites, on his part, summoned all his allies to his aid, of whom we have a long list, including, from Asia Minor, Lycians, Dardanians, Ionians, and Mysians.

Ramses has left us a standard inscription, engraved on a number of buildings, recounting the events of this campaign; and there has also come down to us, in the Sallier papyrus III., a poem celebrating his exploits in the battle, the nearest approach to an epic which Egyptian literature furnishes. He claims, of course, the victory, but it is evident from his further inscriptions that if it were a victory it was at least a fruitless one. It is difficult from his inscriptions to determine the events of the sixteen years of war which followed. Ramses ascribes to himself all the glory of his great predecessor, Thutmosis III., and enumerates in his lists of conquered cities all the places mentioned in the lists of Thutmosis. This is clearly mere boasting. All we know with certainty is that in his twenty-first year a treaty was concluded between him and Khatesera, king of the Hittites, which was engraved on two silver tablets, one to be preserved by the Hittites, the other by the Egyptians.

Neither of these tablets has been discovered; but on the walls of the temple of Karnak we have a free copy of the Egyptian text of the treaty, from which it appears that Ramses renounced his claim to Syria, and Khatesera agreed not to invade Palestine, so that neither one had made any advance. Later Ramses married the daughter of Khatesera, and made her queen of Egypt, thus establishing close relations between the Hittite and Egyptian powers.

Ramses surpassed all the Pharaohs in the number of his buildings and his monuments. He enlarged the temple of Luxor east of Thebes, he erected the Ramesseum, and he completed the hypostyle hall at Karnak, a temple originally of the twelfth dynasty, but built over and enlarged by many succeeding Pharaohs. Perhaps the most remarkable of his constructions, however, are the temples which he hewed out of the solid rock in Nubia, by the side of which, also cut in the solid rock, are colossal figures of himself, the most famous being the huge rock temple at Abu-simbel. But while Ramses bears the reputation of being the greatest builder among the Pharaohs, the amazing number of monuments bearing his name are by no means all of his erection. He carried out on a much larger scale the appropriation of the monuments of former Pharaohs which had begun before his time. It was his practice to erase the names of former builders, and, by placing his own in their stead, to usurp, as it were, their work. Even the statues bearing his cartouche are many of them under suspicion of being in fact statues of former times, especially of the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties; and some of the temples bearing his pompous and boastful inscriptions on their walls are in fact mere palimpsests, on which, beneath his work, we find traces of the period of the Middle Kingdom.

In Ramses' time Egypt extended southward beyond the modern Khartum, and northward to the Lebanon in Asia. In the matter of internal improvements, his attention was particularly directed toward Goshen or the land of Ramses, a region eastward of the Delta, outside of the Wall of the Princes, which was largely desert before his time, because not irrigated by the waters of the Nile. This land he rendered fruitful by a canal, colonized it with Asiatics, built in it several cities, including a royal residence, Ramses, and a store city, Pithom (Pi-Tum), and added it to Egypt proper. The tradition of his activity here has been preserved to us in the Hebrew records, which

Excavations at the Base of the Tower of Babel



recount the oppression in Egypt of the ancestors of Israel, who were put to forced labor to build the treasure cities of Pithom and Ramses (Exodus i.). Excavations in recent years have revealed the site of the former of these cities, but no mention of the Israelites. Ramses was followed by his son, Merenptah or Merneptah, toward the middle of the thirteenth century B.C., now commonly supposed to have been the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It is in his reign that we find on Egyptian monuments the only reference to Israel yet found. This occurs on a stele discovered by Petrie at Thebes in 1896, which reads in part as follows:—

“No one among the Nine Bows [the foreign nations] raises his head. Tekhony [the Libyans] are destroyed; Khate [the Hittites] are at peace; Pa-kan-ana [Canaan] is captive in every evil(?). Ashkelon is carried into captivity; Gezer is taken; Yenoam is annihilated; Israel is destroyed, its crops are no more; Kharu [Southern Palestine] has become like the widows of Egypt. All the lands are in peace together. Every robber has been conquered by King Merenptah, who like the sun gives life each day.”

In this inscription Israel is mentioned along with peoples and nations of Palestine, as though already settled in that country. The exact inference to be drawn from this is not yet clear. In the reign of the same king, in the Papyrus Anastasi, we meet, apparently, the first mention of Edom in the Egyptian monuments. This inscription says that the Bedawi tribes of 'Aduma (Edom) are permitted “to pass the fortress of King Merenptah in Thuku (Succoth) to the pools . . . of King Merenptah, which are in Thuku, that they may obtain food for themselves and for their cattle in the field of the Pharaoh, who is the gracious sun in every land.” If the 'Aduma of this papyrus are indeed the Edomites, then we find these people in the same position in which the Israelites are represented in their own traditions to have been in the times of Jacob and Joseph, passing into the land of Goshen in times of famine to seek food for themselves and their cattle.

It must be said that while archaeological research in Egypt has thrown much incidental light on the history of Palestine in earlier times, it has not altogether elucidated the Biblical narrative of the history of Israel as it has come down to us in the Book of Exodus.

The period of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties is one of the best-known periods of the world's history.

The innumerable inscriptions and representations found on temples and tombs, and the countless objects of daily use found in graves and in the ruins of towns, enable us to restore the domestic life of those times with a detail which is impossible for almost any other time and country of the ancient or even medieval world. It was a period of great and hitherto unattained magnificence. Conquest and the extension of commerce had given to the monarchs resources of treasures and slave-labor beyond those possessed at any time before or afterwards. At the commencement of this period we find the governmental conditions, and in fact the general conditions, of civilization similar to those at the close of the twelfth dynasty. A change soon takes place, however. The feudal organization which had its beginning in the latter part of the Old Kingdom and reached its full development in the Middle Kingdom, under which the nomarchs possessed courts of their own, and in some cases were mighty dukes or lords, ruling over not one nome only but many, gives way to an absolute monarchy. The wealth which the kings derived from their commerce, and the military power which these conquests developed, enabled them to break down this feudal aristocracy and absorb the power in their own hands. A new nobility was formed from the officers and favorites of the kings. Right to all land was claimed by the throne, and a royal tax levied on all land, conditions which are reflected in the Hebrew story of Joseph. The same centralization was effected in the department of justice, which was administered by mixed courts of officials and priests. With the growth of the royal prerogative the power of the priesthood grew at equal pace. It was the priesthood of Amen which had been instrumental in raising to power the kings of the eighteenth dynasty, and the prestige and the power which that priesthood attained in consequence were naturally great. This prestige and power were increased as time went on by ever new grants to the priests and the temples. The bulk of the people of Egypt were at all times serfs, sometimes of the king, sometimes of the nomarchs, sometimes of the temples. With the breaking down of the power of the nomarchs a good portion of their wealth in land and serfs went to the temples, which, with the centralization of religion about the temples of Amen at Thebes, meant practically to the priests of that god.

We have already noted briefly the development of a pantheon, which was made to center about Amen of Thebes.

Originally a local divinity, this god plays no part in the inscriptions of the Old Kingdom. We find on the pyramids the story of Osiris, and frequent allusions to that cycle of myths which centered about the sun-god, Ra, and his daily contest with the dragon of darkness; but Amen has no place in the mythology of the earlier religion. It is with the promotion of Thebes to a position of power in the Middle Kingdom that the god of that city first begins to assume prominence. Finally, with the New Kingdom, Amen-Ra, identified with the sun-god, becomes the head and chief of all the gods of Egypt, who constitute his court; and the priests develop that form of pantheism which consisted in regarding each god as merely a personification or representation in some special phase of this one great divinity.

The details of Egyptian religion we do not know, for this period or for any other; but excavations of temples and the inscriptions and paintings on the tombs have revealed a few facts. The actual dwelling-place of the god in the temple was, as we know, a dark inner room, precisely as among the Babylonians, the Hebrews, and presumably the Syrians, Canaanites, and Phœnicians. The temple at Karnak, for instance, contained splendid courts, colonnades, and the like, and its great walls afforded opportunities for numerous princes to record their expeditions and their conquests, combined with their praise of the gods; but the dwelling-place of the god himself was in none of these magnificent halls adorned with scenes of battle or of commerce, but in a dark inner room, to which only his especially sanctified representatives had access, precisely as in the temples of Babylon, Jerusalem, and presumably also Syria, Phœnicia, and Canaan. In this inner room the god dwelt in a shrine or naos, made sometimes of stone, but usually of wood. Some of these tabernacles were boxes provided with staves, like the ark of the Israelites; more often the tabernacles seem to have rested in boats. At the great festivities they were carried in procession by priests of a certain order, to whom that function was allotted. It would seem, from the boat form of so many of the tabernacles, that at some period the gods were carried in actual boats up and down the river of the land; but in any period of which we have knowledge, the boat is a mere survival of the vehicle in which the box or tabernacle containing the god was once transported. We have no representation of these tabernacles open, to show us their precise contents,

which were presumably the special symbols of the god to which the tabernacle belonged. All this reminds us of the boxes in which on Assyrian bas-reliefs the gods are represented as carried about the land, a practice which we know from Babylonian inscriptions to have prevailed in Babylon also; but in the Assyrian bas-reliefs the boxes are represented as open, showing the figures of the gods. We are reminded also, as already suggested, of the Hebrew use; for among them the dwelling-place of Yahaweh was in the dark inner room of the temple, in a box or ark. This was kept closed, according to the Hebrew accounts; but its contents were not figures of deities, but stone tables containing prohibitions which remind us singularly of portions of the confession of the soul in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead."

It is of the cult of the dead, the belief in the life after death, the preservation of the body, and the offerings of all descriptions to and for the souls of the dead that we have learned most from the countless pyramids, *mastabas*, rock-cut tombs, monuments, and the like, which have been discovered and examined, and which make upon the mind the impression of a nation absorbed in the contemplation of and preparation for a life in death. It must not be supposed, however, that the Egyptians were mournful, or ascetic, or careless of the joys and pleasures of this life. They were, on the contrary, rather light and frivolous in character. They devoted much toil and wealth to the provision of costly abodes for their habitation after death, and left trust funds to provide proper sacrifices and the like. Their object was to enjoy life hereafter as they enjoyed it here, and it was because they enjoyed it here that they wished it to continue. So the walls of their tombs often contain drinking and playing scenes. Nor is humor lacking in the pictures on the tombs, or even in the inscriptions. It is to us an odd combination of the grave with jesting, gaming, and merrymaking; but it fairly expresses the temper and manner of the people, — excessively religious, or "superstitious," as the Greeks said, having as the central thought of their religious ceremonies the continuance of this life after death, but withal, light liv devoted to gayety and fun.

Constant contact with foreign countries during this period by conquest and by commerce, naturally introduced foreign names, foreign customs, foreign products, and even foreign gods, into Egypt. We have already seen that the eighteenth

and nineteenth dynasties, and especially the latter, were periods of great activity in building. The architecture and art of this period are inferior to those of the Middle or the Old Kingdom. Quantity was more regarded than quality. The period is sometimes described as one of an abundant, cheap, and showy reproduction of the work of former times and the goods of other lands. We find all sorts of cheap imitations in use among the people. It must not be understood, however, that this necessarily implies a decadence in civilization. The history of Egyptian civilization, so far as art and literature are concerned, is strikingly similar to that of Europe. There the cathedral-building period surpassed all succeeding times in its architectural achievements. It, was, however, an age of semi-barbarism from the standpoint of our modern civilization. So also the period of the greatest achievements in art, the time of Michael Angelo and Raphael, was not the period of highest culture. In the history of English literature no age has surpassed the Elizabethan period, but that was not an age to be compared for culture or civilization with our own. We measure civilization by the increase of the culture of the people at large — their higher knowledge, their loftier moral attitude, their improved material conditions, the softening of the roughnesses, the alleviation of the hardships, the improvement of the amenities of life. Measured by such a scale, we of to-day are far in advance of the cathedral builders, of the sculptors and painters of the sixteenth century, of the classical writers of the time of Elizabeth. In Egypt the period of the cathedral builders, so to speak, ~~was~~ the time of the fourth dynasty, the period of the great pyramids; the fifth dynasty was the age of art; the highest literary excellence was attained in the time of the Old Kingdom, and especially of the twelfth dynasty. That was the Augustan or Elizabethan period of Egyptian civilization. Although inferior to these earlier times in building, in art, and in literature, the civilization of Thutmosis and Ramses was nevertheless an advance upon the civilization of those preceding periods, precisely as the civilization of the Victorian era is an advance upon the civilization of the Elizabethan or any preceding time in England. It may be added, also, that the civilization of the New Kingdom had relatively many of the characteristics of our own latter-day civilization. As in buildings, so in literature, the New Kingdom was a period of great productivity, but a considerable part of that productivity was

the utilization or the reproduction of the materials of a preceding age.

In religious literature we have already noticed the development of the "Book of the Dead," and mention has been made of the religious poetry of this time, the hymns to Amen-Ra and the striking "Hymn to the Aten." There is also a considerable body of poetry of another description, and especially love songs, in which the Egyptians appear to have excelled. One collection of these love songs is contained in a papyrus preserved in the British Museum. That the songs in this papyrus were drawn from many sources, and many of them of earlier date, is shown by the method of editing. They are gathered in little groups, generally entitled "Songs of entertainment." The lover and his mistress call one another "brother" and "sister," which might be supposed to be connected with the Egyptian custom of marriage of brothers and sisters, were it not for the fact that we find it so common in other Oriental poetry, as witness the Hebrew love songs contained in the book known as "The Song of Songs" or "Solomon's Song." One pretty little poem from this collection reads as follows : —

"I will go lie down in my house;
For, lo, I am sick with her wrongs.
To see me my gossips flock in;
Among them my sister-love comes.
She will laugh the doctors to scorn,
For she understands my disease."

The Egyptians were evidently fond of songs, and some of the tomb pictures of this period represent the laborers singing songs in the wheat fields, on the threshing floors, and the like, just as do the Fellahin in Egypt to-day, or, for that matter, the peasants of Palestine. The rock-cut tomb of the nomarch Paheri, of the time of the eighteenth dynasty, maternal grandson of that Admiral Aahmes the inscriptions on whose tomb gave us an account of the expulsion of the Hyksos and the invasion of Palestine and Syria, — first discovered at el-Kab, the ancient city of Nekheb, capital of the third nome, at the time of the French occupation, September 20, 1799, — is the most valuable single monument which has come down to us representing the daily life of the people of that time. One scene painted on the west wall of the main chamber of the tomb represents Paheri's public life as nomarch, superintending agricultural operations

and the like, from the proceeds of which he receives the tribute for the king. The meaning of these scenes in general is thus described in the accompanying inscription : "Seeing the seasons of summer, the seasons of winter, and all the occupations performed in the fields, by the prince of Nekheb, the prince of Anyt, who acts and inspects in the corn lands of the south district, the scribe of the accounts of corn, Paheri justified." In one place the reapers are cutting the corn. In answering chant they say : —

"Good day, to the field come out.
North wind has come out.
The sky is after our heart.
Work, be strong of heart."

On the threshing floor a man with a whip drives five unmuzzled oxen, singing as he drives them somewhat thus : —

"Thresh away, thresh away, oxen
Thresh away, thresh away.
Hay for you, hay to chew;
Corn for your master.
It is cool, it is cool;
Move your feet faster."

Naturally such representations as that on the tomb of Paheri are idealistic, showing us the happier side of the every-day life of the people ; but it is clear from the character of the remains that this was for Egypt at large a period of prosperity.

The literature of romance, which we have described as so characteristic of the Middle Kingdom, continues with little diminution through the New Kingdom also. The story of "The Doomed Prince" shows us a result of the contact of Egypt with foreign lands, in the interest felt in the life and doings of those countries. The plot of this story is cast chiefly in Syria or Mesopotamia. Unfortunately, what finally happens to the doomed prince we do not know, because the papyrus of the eighteenth dynasty in which this romance is contained, and which is preserved in the British Museum, is mutilated at the close. But to us the most interesting remnant of all this literature which has yet been discovered is the "Story of the Two Brothers," contained in a papyrus of the nineteenth dynasty. It is in this story that we find the temptation of the virtuous younger brother by the elder brother's wife, which has often

been compared with the temptation of Joseph by Potiphar's wife in the famous Hebrew story of Joseph and his brothers, with the suggestion that this incident in the Hebrew tale was borrowed from or founded on the Egyptian romance. Other parts of the story have a curious resemblance to "Grimm's Fairy Tales," which does but illustrate the essential oneness of this class of literature everywhere.

With Merneptah's reign commences the downfall of the Egyptian power, which seemed for a time to be stayed by the great activity of Ramses II. We have already seen that in the fifteenth century B.C. there existed an extensive civilized world, whose three great centers were Babylonia, Egypt, and the islands and coasts of the Ægean. Shortly after this time a disturbance commenced similar to that which preceded later the downfall of Roman civilization. Hordes of barbarians began to press downward from the north, disturbing and driving out the peoples of the Balkan, and finally of Greece, the Mediterranean coast lands, the Ægean Islands, and Asia Minor. From the Egyptian records we have seen how the Hittites pressed downwards from Asia Minor, and finally, in the fourteenth century, drove the Egyptians out of Syria, establishing there a powerful kingdom, whose centers were Qadesh on the Orontes and Carchemish on the Euphrates. In the reign of Merneptah we find so-called pirates from Europe and Asia Minor, including Sardinians, Achæans, and Etruscans, ravaging the coasts of Egypt and Syria, at the same time that the Libyans invaded Egypt from the west. The latter were defeated, we are told, in sight of Memphis. Nevertheless, Egypt fell into confusion and anarchy, which is thus described in the Harris papyrus, dating from the reign of Ramses III., whose father, shortly before 1200 B.C., reintroduced some sort of order and established a new dynasty, the twentieth :—

"The land of Egypt had fallen into confusion ; every one did what he pleased. For many years they had no ruler who had authority over them. The land was in the hands of the nobles, and the princes of the provinces were lords of the land ; in pride and arrogance(?) they slew each the other. The people lived in exile, the land belonged to aliens. Arisu, a native of Kharu [Palestine], made himself prince ; the land paid him tribute. Every one allied himself with his neighbor to plunder. The gods fared no better than men ; no offerings were brought into their temples."

Ramses claims to have cleared the western delta of Libyans, and to have gained a great victory over the pirates in Palestine. Driven out of their homes by the onward pressure of Dorians, Phrygians, Moschi, and other invaders from the north, the peoples of the Ægean lands and Asia Minor came pouring into Syria, both by sea and by land, an intensification of a movement which had begun as early as the time of Sety I. They overwhelmed and broke in pieces the great Hittite empire of northern Syria, and some of them pushed southward into Palestine. Ramses, according to his own accounts, gathered a great fleet and army, met and defeated the invaders in a combined sea and land battle on the Phœnician coast, and captured all the cities over which Thutmosis III. had ruled in northern Syria, Cyprus, and Mitanni. The latter part of his claim is quite clearly false. He has unblushingly appropriated Thutmosis' lists of conquered cities. For the rest, the Pulasti, or Philistines, from Crete or the southern shores of Asia Minor or both, who constituted a part of the invading hosts, with other tribes ultimately united with them to constitute the historical five cities of the Philistines, seem to have acquired possession of the Palestinian coast land at this time. Ramses' victory, which he so boastfully inscribed on the walls of the Memnonium of Medinet Habu in western Thebes, must have been at best, therefore, a barren one. He seems to have been able to retain little of the Asiatic dominions of his ancestors, and such shadowy authority as he still possessed was lost by his immediate successors.

After Ramses, Egypt falls into a state of decay; the royal power decreases, while the priests of Amen of Thebes continually increase in wealth and influence, until at last, about 1100 B.C., the twentieth dynasty comes to an end with the deposition of Ramses XII. by the high priest Herihor. A papyrus from the end of the reign of this priest-king, preserved in St. Petersburg, is of some interest as showing, on the one side, that the Egyptians still maintained an impotent and almost farcical claim to sovereignty over Palestine; and on the other hand, that the Philistines had been in actual possession of the coasts of that land for a century or so. Wood was needed for the ship of Amen, and Unu-Amen was dispatched to Tanis with a letter to that effect, in "the seventh year, the eleventh month, and the sixteenth day." Thence he sails in the twelfth month to Dor, near Mt. Carmel, to obtain wood of the Lebanon as the

right of Amen. The king of that place asserts his independence of Egypt, and shows by his archives that the Egyptians obtained wood from his father and grandfather only on payment of a price; remarking, "If the king of Egypt were really my lord and I his servant, then he would not have sent me silver and gold." To which Unu-Amen replies that the Egyptian kings had sent his forefathers money, not as payment for the wood which they were bound to deliver, but only out of pity for their poverty; a point of view which reminds one of the present-day Chinese explanation of their payments of indemnities to foreign nations. After many vicissitudes, covering some years and including a shipwreck on the island of Cyprus, Unu-Amen finally reaches his own country once more, bringing, apparently, the wood of Lebanon. This narrative belongs to a class of literature popular in Egypt,—travel stories, similar to the voyages of Sir John Maundeville, and the like, which delighted Europe at a later date, and must not be taken altogether literally. It has value, however, as evidence of the conditions of the time, and the relations of Egypt to the outside world. Egypt has evidently lost both its dominion and its prestige in Palestine and Cyprus, but still continues to maintain a paper claim to its former possessions. There had sprung up in those lands numerous small, independent, hostile or semi-hostile states. Incidentally we learn that the foundations of the commercial empire of the Phœnicians had already been laid at this time.

In this story of Unu-Amen we find Smendes (Nesbindedi) of Tanis (Zoan or Sa'ne) occupying almost the position of an independent king. A little later he overthrew the priestly rulers of Thebes and made himself master of Egypt, founding the twenty-first dynasty. From this time on, for many centuries, Egypt played a very small part in the world's history. Those are dark ages also in our knowledge of the internal history of the country; few inscriptions have been discovered, and no literature has been preserved for the period intervening between the twentieth dynasty and the age of the Ptolemies. It was a weak and distracted country over which Smendes ruled. Ethiopia had become an independent and rival kingdom, and Egypt itself showed a tendency to dissolve into a number of small states. The weakness of the central power is shown, among other things, by its inability to protect the precious tombs of the dead. This difficulty commences, it is

true, at an earlier time; and we have frequent notices of the robberies of the necropoleis, and processes against the robbers. The evil now grew to such dimensions that the Pharaohs of the twenty-first dynasty removed all that remained of the mummies of the kings of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties, and hid them in a hill near Deir el-Bahri; fortunately for our knowledge of the history of those periods, for it is to their prudence that we owe the preservation of the mummies of the famous Thutmosis III., of Ramses II. and III., and others, which were found at that place in 1881.

There are but few Pharaohs of later times whose names and deeds are worthy of special notice. One of these, the Shishak of the Bible, a contemporary of Solomon, whom we now know as Sosenk I. of Egypt, a Libyan by descent, made an attempt to reassert the old Egyptian claims to Palestine, taking advantage of the division of the kingdom under Solomon's successor, Rehoboam. This Shishak or Sosenk was a Libyan, and the founder of a new dynasty, the twenty-second. As in the period of the decline of the Roman empire we find foreign legionaries raising to the imperial throne soldiers of their own number, so at this period the Libyan mercenaries raised Sosenk to the throne of Egypt. He undertook a campaign in Asia, of which we have a brief notice in the Bible (1 Kings xiv. 25), and of which he himself has left us a vainglorious record, inscribed on the south wall of the great temple of Karnak, near the inscription recording the Asiatic victories of Ramses II. One hundred and thirty-three captives, with ropes about their necks, bear shields with the names of the same number of conquered places. Some of these are well-known towns, — Gaza, Ajalon, Bethhoron, Shunem, Megiddo, and perhaps Jerusalem; but numbers of them must have been utterly insignificant places, mere villages. It was apparently nothing more than a successful foray, extending as far north as the plain of Jezreel. The inscription is of value especially for the light it throws on Hebrew history.

In the time of the so-called twenty-third dynasty, Egypt was really divided up into some twenty petty states under rulers of Libyan descent. Now begins a long period of struggle with the Ethiopians. An Ethiopian king, Piankhy, succeeded in conquering all Egypt except the Delta, which, while nominally making submission, remained actually in the hands of the prince of Sais. Piankhy's account of his wars and conquest forms one of the longest inscriptions known to us, covering

both faces and the sides of a large stele of black basalt, found in the temple of Amen at Gebel Barkal, beyond Dongola in Nubia, one of the capitals of this Ethiopian dynasty. Ultimately Bocchoris (of the Saitic or twenty-fourth dynasty) succeeded in driving back the Ethiopians for a time. He has the reputation of having been a great lawgiver; and the legal documents which we begin to meet in demotic papyri, in the time of the twenty-sixth dynasty, are all based upon codes of laws given or collected by him. Finally he was overthrown by the Ethiopian king Sabako, toward the close of the eighth century, and for a time all Egypt was subject to the Ethiopian conquerors, who even undertook to extend their power beyond the confines of Egypt, and to interfere in the politics of Asia, encouraging the states of Palestine to throw off the Assyrian yoke. Contemporary Hebrew writings contain references to this interference of the Ethiopians during the reigns of Sargon and Sennacherib of Assyria; and from the Assyrian annals we learn that in the reign of Esarhaddon, in 671 or 670, Tirhakah or Taharko similarly instigated the Phœnician Ba'al, king of Tyre, to revolt against the Assyrians. Esarhaddon, after having conquered Tyre, invaded Egypt, defeated Tirhakah, captured Memphis, drove out the Ethiopians, and parceled Egypt out among twenty princelets paying tribute to Assyria; one of whom was Necho, prince of Saïs, a descendant of the kings of the twenty-fourth or Saitic dynasty. The weakness of Assyria in the latter days of the reign of Esarhaddon's son and successor, Ashurbanipal, enabled Necho's son Psametik (the Psammetichus of the Greeks) to throw off the Assyrian yoke, and with the help of Greek and Carian mercenaries subdue the rival Egyptian princes, uniting Egypt once more in one kingdom. The period of this twenty-sixth Egyptian dynasty is a period remarkable for a revival of art and architecture. This revival, like the contemporary revival of art in Babylonia under Nebuchadrezzar, was singularly archaistic, copying the models of the twelfth dynasty. Greek influences also made themselves strongly felt in Egypt at this period. Excavations at Naukratis in the Delta have shown that a Greek mercantile colony was established at that place, probably as early as the middle of the eighth century B.C. Under the kings of the twenty-sixth dynasty the Greek colonists were especially favored, and Naukratis became a port and settlement of great importance, as shown by the excavations conducted there.

The overthrow of the Assyrian power in the latter part of the seventh century led the kings of this dynasty to attempt to regain the ancient possessions of Egypt in Asia ; and in 608 Necho II. (Pharaoh-Nechoh of the Bible, 2 Kings xxiii. 29) advanced to the Euphrates, defeating on the way Josiah, king of Judah, and capturing Jerusalem. Four years the brief Egyptian dominion over Palestine lasted. Then the Egyptians were defeated at Carchemish by Nebuchadrezzar, and driven back into Egypt. A little later we find another king of this dynasty, U-ah-el-re, or Apries, aiding the Tyrians and the Jews in their revolt against Nebuchadrezzar. This period of the twenty-sixth dynasty was on the whole one of prosperity, a partial revival of the ancient glory of Egypt. The establishment of the Persian empire brought a change. In 525 Cambyses conquered Egypt, and made of it a Persian province. Our records of the succeeding period are derived, for the most part, not from Egyptian monuments and inscriptions as heretofore, but from the Greek historians ; and with the Persian conquest, therefore, our archæological history may fairly come to a close. Some additional light has, however, been thrown on the pages of history by recent excavations and discoveries. A curious story of an Egyptian priest, Uza-hor, has modified the former accepted view of the religious policy of Cambyses, the Persian conqueror. Uza-hor had been admiral of the fleet under Amasis and Psametik III., but when Cambyses conquered Egypt he was made chief physician. His father had been chief priest of the goddess Nit of Saïs, mother of the sun god, and Uza-hor was an ardent devotee of that divinity. Taking advantage of his relation to Cambyses, he obtained from the latter an order to restore the worship of Nit, and Cambyses himself did her reverence. This is quite in accord with the eclectic religious attitude which the Babylonian inscriptions ascribe to the Achæmenid Persian kings, in contrast with the strict Zoroastrianism formerly attributed to them. Uza-hor's account of his meritorious deeds, and his claims for special divine favor, therefore, remind one oddly of the Jewish Nehemiah, almost a century later : "O ye gods of Saïs, remember all the good that Uza-hor, the chief physician, has done ! O Osiris, do unto him all that is good, even as he has done it who is the guardian of thy shrine for evermore !"

The Persian period was one of struggle and turmoil, according to the Greek historians, the Egyptians repeatedly rising in

revolt only to be reconquered after a longer or shorter interval. Not only was there constant war with the Persians, but internal discord prevailed, in which Greek mercenaries played an important part. Dynasty succeeded dynasty in rapid succession. One would naturally suppose that this must have been a period of deadness in art; but excavations at Saft-el-Henneh, in the Delta, have brought to light a number of monuments of the time of Nectanebos, of the thirtieth dynasty, in the fourth century B.C., which show an artistic skill superior to that attained in the archaistic revival of the sixth century, and a further development on the same line, namely, the reproduction of the ideals of the classical period of the twelfth dynasty. These monuments reveal further a power and wealth on the part of the Egyptian kings of that period which would not have been divined from the accounts of the Greek historians. No literary remains of this period, nor from any part of the long dark ages which succeeded the twentieth dynasty, have been discovered.

These dark ages of Egyptian history were, it will be observed, largely a period of foreign conquest. Libyans, Ethiopians, Assyrians, and Persians conquered and ruled Egypt; but both the Egyptian national sense and the Egyptian power of assimilation assert themselves throughout the whole of this time. Libyan and Ethiopian conquerors become themselves Egyptians; and against a distinctively foreign rule, like that of Assyria or Persia, the Egyptians rise in constant revolt. With the conquest of Alexander, however, a new race and a stronger civilization come to dominate the race and the civilization of the Egyptians, which we have traced from its monuments through a period of three thousand years, and Egypt becomes a part of the great Greek world.

Under the Ptolemies, from the beginning of the third century on, Egypt became again a great and wealthy nation, and entered on a period of prosperity which continued through Roman times. But the Egypt of those days consisted of a relatively small ruling class of foreigners, whose subjects and slaves the Egyptians were. Their civilization and their language were Greek and not Egyptian. Abundant remains of the later periods, both Ptolemaic and Roman, have been discovered; and the papyri and ostraca found in recent years, especially at Oxyrhynchus and in the Fayum, have revealed to us the conditions of every-day domestic and social life,—the banking system, the methods of administering estates, court

processes, and the like, — with a minuteness which leaves little to be desired, supplementing the written histories of that period in a manner equally welcome and unexpected. Those histories deal only with political and dynastic events. It is the archæological discoveries which reveal the true life, the history, of the people of the time.

The ostraca show in a most amusing and surprising manner the scarcity and costliness of writing material in those days. We were already familiar from later periods with palimpsests, — books written on papyrus or parchment which had already been used for the purpose of writing other books, the first writing being erased. For less lengthy writings, it seems that even well-to-do persons used any old piece of pottery or stone, anything which could be written on. These are the so-called ostraca, on which have been preserved letters, business and court records, tax lists, etc.

Recent discoveries in Egypt have also restored to us some lost writings both classical and Christian; and indeed, the discoveries of recent times on Egyptian soil for the Ptolemaic, Roman, and early Christian periods are almost as interesting historically as the discoveries from the earliest prehistoric times. It is these two periods, the latest and the earliest, on which in the last few years the greatest light has been shed by the discoveries on Egyptian soil. But to enter into a discussion of the discoveries of these later periods, or of the latest Arabic period, in the writing of which also archæology must be taken into account, does not come within the scope of our theme. Our object is to narrate the history of Western Asia, including Egypt, as learned through the archæological discoveries of the last century; and we have drawn as the limit of date for our treatment the time when written histories commence, — that is, about the time of the Persian conquest.

But before we leave Egypt behind us, it should be said that the Greek conquest did not altogether destroy the national life and the ancient culture of Egypt. Under the earlier Ptolemies there were frequent revolts on the part of the native Egyptians; and for a brief period, 206–186 B.C., native Egyptian kings claimed to sit on the throne of the Pharaohs. As in the old times, so now, Thebes was the center of the national movement, which found support also from the Ethiopians. Under the Ptolemies likewise, after the lapse of well-nigh a thousand years, we find a revival of that native romance literature which

was so conspicuous a feature of the culture of the New Kingdom (dynasty XVIII.-XX.). But the story-papyri of this period are no longer written in the ancient script. The early monumental script was a form of picture writing, the so-called hieroglyphic; and hieroglyphics continued to be used for this purpose into the late Roman period, long after the time of Christ. For literary purposes and the writing on papyrus, a cursive form of script was early developed out of the hieroglyphic, the so-called hieratic. This became more cursive as time went on, and we have the hieratic of the Old, the Middle, and the New Kingdoms. Finally there was developed out of this hieratic, or substituted for it, a sort of shorthand writing, the demotic. Papyri written in this script in the Ptolemaic and Roman periods contain romances which show us how the old literature lived on in the thought and mouths of the people. Two of these romances now published deal with the adventures of Setne-Khamuas. Now Khamuas is an historical personage, known to us from the monuments of the nineteenth dynasty, a son of the famous Ramses II., and high priest of the god Ptah of Memphis. In later folklore he became a great magician, about whom all sorts of stories of intervening ages gathered. This literary development is parallel to that which we find among the Jews, where the stories of the great Daniel, sifting down for centuries through folklore and tangled with political events of various periods of the intervening times, at last took literary shape in the Maccabæan revival. These demotic stories are of special value in the history of literature, as affording the link between the ancient romance literature of Egypt and its more modern development in the Arabian Nights, and kindred tales. Here we find those magical conceptions which play so important a part in that later literature, and even that malevolent African magician so familiar in the famous story of Aladdin.

With stubborn persistence the conquered Egyptians retained their own language, which even their conversion to Christianity did not cause them to abandon. But for the Christian Egyptians a new alphabet was invented, founded on the Greek; and in Coptic, the tongue of Egypt, corrupted and debased it is true, there has been handed down to our days a considerable Christian literature. Gradually, under Arabic rule, Coptic became a dead language, spoken and understood only by the priests, and Egypt itself became Arabian. Recently, however, with the revival of a new old Egypt, the attempt has begun to

be made among the Coptic Christians to restore to spoken use this ancient language of their people, a link which shall bind the Egypt of to-day with the Egypt of the pyramids and the Pharaohs.

It is to this survival of the Egyptian tongue in its descendant Coptic, that we owe chiefly the facility with which scholars now decipher the ancient texts of Egypt. The key by which the door to the decipherment of these inscriptions was first unlocked was a trilingual inscription of the Ptolemaic period, a decree of the Egyptian priests in honor of Ptolemæus Epiphanes. This was found by the French in digging intrenchments at Rosetta, near the western mouth of the Nile, in August, 1799, and is hence known as the Rosetta stone. It was inscribed in three different forms, the lowest inscription being in Greek. In this it was read that this inscription was ordered to be written "in sacred script, in popular script, and in Greek script," leaving no doubt that the contents of the three inscriptions were identical in sense. It was not, however, until twenty years later that a British scientist, Thomas Young, found the first clew to the decipherment of the hieroglyphics in the name of the Ptolemy. A little later, but quite independently, a young French scholar, François Champollion, made the same discovery, which he followed out to the full decipherment of the hieroglyphics; so that when he died, in 1832, he had succeeded in actually reading correctly entire inscriptions and papyri, and outlining the grammar of the Egyptian language. It was the Rosetta stone which had furnished the clew to the decipherment by means of the names in the Greek inscription. The equivalents of these names being found in the hieroglyphic, the value of certain signs was determined. These, again, were applied in other Egyptian inscriptions on obelisks and the like to the reading of other names, which readings in their turn furnished the value of new signs. Applying these again to the reading of the text of inscriptions, words were formed which found their elucidation in Coptic; and thus, little by little, through ingenuity and patience, by application of the tongue of modern Egypt to the pictures of ancient Egypt, a science of the interpretation of these texts was built up which has enabled scholars to read alike hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic texts, and has thus wonderfully raised to life and speech the very mummies of ancient Egypt.

At the expense of strict chronological sequence, it has seemed to us best to bring the history of Egypt to a close — since it

was, from the end of the thirteenth century onward, to so large an extent a history apart — before turning back to carry forward the history of Western Asia from the fourteenth century, where we had left it. Discoveries in Egypt have thrown, as we have seen, a flood of light on the political history of Syria and Palestine from about 1600 to 1200 B.C. For a still earlier period we have some information from Babylonian sources. Excavations in Syria and Palestine have as yet yielded little additional material. Through the labors of the Palestine Exploration Fund, preceded by the valuable help of individuals, notably the American Robinson, and more recently by the Deutscher Palaestin Verein, the surface of Palestine, both east and west of the Jordan, has been surveyed with remarkable accuracy, and the location of a great many sites determined by a careful collection and study of the names in use in modern times, which have proved to be chiefly survivals from the ancient use. A number of dolmens, menhirs, and stone circles have been found, especially east of the Jordan, identical in type with those found in Northern Africa, Spain, and England, which suggests an identity of the prehistoric populations of those countries, as already pointed out. Excavations have been undertaken in but few sites — Jerusalem, the Jordan valley, and the Shephelah — with, on the whole, unsatisfactory results. The excavations in the Shephelah, the foot-hills between Judæa and the Philistine plain, at the sites, probably, of the ancient Lachish, Gath, Azekah, and Socoh, have revealed a succession of walled towns, the earliest of which date, as shown by Egyptian scarabs found there, from approximately 1800 B.C. Beneath the earliest walled towns were rock-cuttings and other remains, which may perhaps carry us back to 2000 B.C. or a little earlier, dates which synchronize most curiously with those of the earliest remains yet found in Greece. Excavations in Palestine have as yet revealed no earlier remains than these. Whether this is due to the limited number of places at which excavations have been conducted, or to the fact that the earlier populations left no permanent remains, cannot now be determined with any degree of certainty. In Syria systematic excavations have been conducted at only one of the numerous ruin mounds which dot the whole country, namely, Zinjirli, in the extreme northwest; but the remains found here carry us back only to the eighth century B.C. It has been shown, however, from the Babylonian inscriptions, that these regions were occupied at a very early period by peoples whom the Babylonians thought it worth while to conquer,

and with whom they entered, apparently, into relations both commercial and political. As already pointed out, many names of places, much of the mythology and the legends, the temples and the ritual use, which Syrians, Phœnicians, Canaanites, and Hebrews inherited from their forbears, are Babylonian in origin, and must have been mediated to the peoples of those regions at an early date. Some excavations undertaken in the curious mounds found in the Jordan valley have revealed the existence of structures singularly resembling the ziggurats of Babylon; a form of building which, like the mythology and the place-names of Palestine, we must apparently refer to Babylonian conquest and Babylonian influence in the earlier times. The entire period of this Babylonian domination was from the latter part of the fourth millennium to the early part of the second millennium B.C., a period of 1200 or 1500 years.

What were the ethnic affinities of the people who occupied Palestine in the earliest times we can only conjecture from the indications of the stone remains mentioned above. At what time this people gave way to a Semitic race, and how many layers of population succeeded one another in Palestine before 2500 B.C., we do not know. It seems probable, from a comparison of names, that at about this time, or somewhat later, an earlier population, or populations, in Palestine and neighboring regions, was displaced or overlaid by an invasion of a people from Arabia, kindred to or identical with the people who established a new dynasty and a new kingdom in Babylon in the latter part of the third millenium. Egyptian discoveries seem to confirm this, and pictures and names on Egyptian tombs certainly show that the people inhabiting Palestine and neighboring regions at about 2000 B.C. were Semites. This people seems to have been the Amorites of Bible story.

Egyptian domination in Syria and Palestine begins somewhere about 1600, and for the period from 1600 to 1200 B.C. we obtain considerable information, with regard to the conditions of Palestine especially, from the Egyptian records. Some of the discoveries of recent years have thrown a new light on the ancestral traditions of the Hebrews contained in the Book of Genesis. From the Egyptian inscriptions we learn that the land east of the Jordan was called in early times Ruten, which, transliterated into Semitic, is Lotan. This was in Bible times the territory of the Ammonites and Moabites, who are called descendants of Lot, which is the same as Lotan. It would seem that the Ammonites and Moabites, kindred peoples with the

Hebrews and belonging to the Khabiri whom we find mentioned in the Tel el-Amarna letters, entered and occupied in the fourteenth or following centuries this territory, which had formerly been occupied by the people of Ruten or Lotan. The traditions and ancestry of the former population these Khabiri took over with their land, which is represented in the Bible by the statement that they were the children of Lot, the former people of that country. Similarly, we learn from the Egyptian inscriptions that parts of Palestine were known in pre-Israelitic times as Joseph-el and Jacob-el. The Hebrew tribes who later occupied the territory of Joseph-el, the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, are accordingly counted genealogically as children of Joseph or Joseph-el. Israel, taking possession of the territory of Jacob-el, was identified with Jacob; and the two names, Jacob and Israel, were explained in the race legends as different names for one and the same man, the first the earlier or birth name, the second the later and God-given title. Similarly Abram and Abraham were combined.

The Egyptian inscriptions show us that long before the Hebrew conquest most of the important cities of after times were already in existence, with the same names which they bear later in Bible times. In the case of Jerusalem this was distinctly a surprise; since, until the discovery of the Tel el-Amarna letters in 1887, it had been supposed that the name Jerusalem was of Hebrew origin, and given by David to the old city of Jebus. The names of many of these ancient cities prove them to have been the site of the cult of some special deity; and many of these deities, as already pointed out, were of Babylonian origin. A study of the Hebrew historical records, and of the Jewish lists of sanctuary and priestly cities, shows that it was precisely the cities sacred in the earlier periods which became centers of worship or sacred places among the Hebrews.

It was out of the confusion and turmoil of the period following Amenophis IV. that Israel was born. The Tel el-Amarna letters have thrown much light on that period. They reveal the existence in Syria and Palestine of numerous small states, subject to Egypt, the latter of which were threatened by invasions of the Suti and Khabiri, Aramæan peoples, who were pressing in from the East, while the former were being overwhelmed by the invasion of the Hittites from the North. These letters show us also that the language spoken at that time through all these regions was Canaanite, that dialect or tongue of the Semitic which we find later in use among Phœni-

cians, Moabites, and Hebrews, and which it would seem that the two latter peoples adopted from the Canaanite or Amorite nations whom they displaced or conquered, in place of their original Aramaic speech. Extracts from a few of these letters will disclose the general situation. Zimrida of Sidon writes: "To the king, my lord, my god, my sun, the breath of my life; at the feet of my lord, my god, my sun, the breath of my life, seven times and seven times I worship. Let the king my lord know that Sidon, the handmaid of my lord the king, which he gave into my hands, is safe; and when I heard the word of my lord the king, when he wrote to his servant, then my heart was glad, and my head was exalted, and mine eyes beamed, when I heard the word of my lord the king; and the king knows that I am at the service of the troops of the king my lord; I serve all things after the command of the king my lord, and the king my lord knows that a powerful enemy is over against me. All the cities which the king gave into my hands have surrendered to the Khabiri; and let the king give me into the hand of the man who shall march before the troops of my lord to retake the cities which have surrendered to the Khabiri, and let him restore them to my hand; and so shall I serve the king my lord, like my fathers before me."

Abi-milki, king of Tyre, tells a different tale, praying for help against Zimrida, whom he alleges to be in league with the enemy. We have several of his letters, which as they go on grow more urgent in their demands for help. He is besieged in Tyre, and sadly in need of wood and water. In answer to a request for information he tells of the death of the king of Danuna, who has been succeeded by his brother; of the burning of half the city of Ugarit, of wars and invasions everywhere, and how Zimrida of Sidon is collecting a fleet to attack him by sea. Still a little later he tells the Pharaoh that Zimrida of Sidon and the king of Hazor have joined the Khabiri, and begs for troops to defend Tyre.

A somewhat similar series of letters was written by Abdi-khiba, king of Jerusalem: "To the king, my lord, Abdi-khiba thy servant. At the feet of my lord the king seven times and seven times I worship. What have I done to the king my lord? They have slandered me before the king my lord, 'Abdi-khiba is faithless toward the king his lord.' See, nor I, nor my father, nor my mother set me in this place. The strong hand of the king brought me into my father's house. Why should I commit offence against the king my lord? As the

king my lord liveth, I said to the officer of the king my lord, Why do ye favor the Khabiri, and the princes ye treat with disfavor? and therefore they have spoken falsely before the king my lord, because I said, The lands of the king my lord suffer loss, therefore they have spoken falsely to the king my lord." In the same letter he urges the imminent danger of the loss of that region unless the king will send reënforcements at once. It is addressed to the king's secretary, and has a postscript as follows: "Read the words aloud to the king my lord, 'All the lands of the king my lord are being lost.'" His appeals for aid against the Khabiri grow constantly more urgent; he tells of the misdeeds of other vassals, who are allied against him and who slander him, and protests his faithfulness: "Behold, this land Jerusalem, neither my father nor my mother gave it to me; the mighty arm of the king gave it to me." "See, the king has set his name in Jerusalem forever and cannot forsake the land of Jerusalem." In one place he mentions Zimrida of Lachish as in danger of being captured and killed by his subjects. We have in the collection one letter from this same Zimrida; and excavations at the mound of Tel Hesi, the site of Lachish, have furnished us with one letter about him in the only clay tablet yet found on Palestinian soil, a letter from a Canaanitish prince to an Egyptian officer with regard to a conspiracy in which Zimrida seems to have been involved. The picture disclosed by these letters is one of great confusion: intrigue and disaffection among the small states subject to Egypt going hand in hand with the invasion and conquest of the country by outside invaders.

Greek traditions and Greek archæology combined throw some light on the catastrophe which befell Western civilization at this period. Greece was inhabited in early days — as were the other two great peninsulas of the Mediterranean, Italy and Spain — by a white folk speaking an unknown language. This same people spread over the Ægæan Islands and the coast of Asia Minor. It was the men of this primitive race who gave to many hills and rocks in Greece those unintelligible names which lingered on through all succeeding ages, — Corinth, Tiryns, Parnassus, Olympus, etc. Of this people and its civilization we have obtained knowledge only in very recent times, chiefly from the excavations conducted at Troy, Tiryns, Crete, and in the little island of Amorgos. Recent discoveries of Ægæan pottery among the earliest Egyptian remains at Abydos seem to point to some degree of civilization and commercial inter-

course as early as the fourth millennium B.C.; but the earliest remains found in Greece and adjacent regions appear to be of later date. These remains show us that at the close of the third millennium there was an advanced civilization in eastern Greece and the Ægæan islands, and an active commercial intercourse with lands as far away as the Danube and the Nile. There have been found in the remains of the most ancient cities ivory from Africa or Asia (for, as we have already seen, elephants abounded even in the neighborhood of Aleppo in those days), copper from Cyprus or from Sinai, silver and tin from the Iberian peninsula, or perhaps even the shores of Great Britain, and amber from the Baltic; while in one of the earliest cities on the site of Troy, dating from 2000 B.C. (or even earlier it may be), there was found white jade, showing some sort of commercial intercourse with China. At the time of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty, 2000 to 1800 B.C., there was active commercial intercourse between Crete and Egypt, as shown by remains found in the débris of both countries. Crete was at that time, apparently, the sea power of the world, and a place, consequently, of the contact of many peoples. Libyans from Africa and Indo-Europeans from the Troad met in Crete; and here, probably because of such contact and combination of peoples, and of the trade and commercial intercourse of the population connected with it, we find the first use of writing in Europe, influenced by or adopted from the Libyans and Egyptians. With Libya the relations of Crete were very close. The route of traffic with Egypt was by way of Libya, ships sailing straight across from the western end of Crete to the Libyan shore, and thence eastward along the coast to Egypt. It may be also that the Libyans and the primitive Cretans were of the same stock. Connection with the Troad at an early time is attested, among other things by such names as *Ida*. It is in Troy that excavations have enabled us to trace the course of Ægæan civilization farthest backward. The earliest city of the Trojan site is almost in the stone age; metal has barely come into use. The next city shows the same methods of palace construction which prevailed through all succeeding ages; and these constructions, and the pottery and the gold vases and ornaments, prove that at that time the Ægæan civilization was already established. This city was destroyed by fire, presumably after capture by an enemy, some time it may be about 2000 B.C. What people inhabited this second city we cannot surely say. It may have been its destruction which

drove people from this region southward to Crete. Their successors were an Indo-European people; Phrygians, who had crossed over from Europe. They were the advance guard of that movement of Indo-European peoples from the north, which was later to overrun this whole region; but for many centuries after their settlement in the northwestern corner of Asia Minor, the islands and shores of the Ægean remained in the hands of the earlier non-Aryan population. These latter developed their civilization unchecked; and the civilization of Troy, similar to and yet somewhat apart from the civilization of the Ægean islands and the eastern shores of Greece, was itself in reality a product of this primitive non-Aryan civilization. Three cities follow one another on the Trojan site before we reach the town which was contemporary with the famous remains at Mycenæ, which represent the time of the highest development of this civilization. These remains of Mycenæ — its magnificent domed tombs, its splendid palace, its fine jewelry and metal work, its beautiful pottery and glazed ornaments — belong to the fifteenth century B.C. It is these discoveries at Mycenæ which led to the description of this civilization itself as Mycenaean. It has been shown, however, that its first home was the islands rather than the mainland of Greece; and recent discoveries in Crete have revealed remains which apparently excel, in the degree of civilization which they evince, those famous remains of Mycenæ. We would probably better call it Ægean. At this period there had developed in the island of Crete a new linear script, many records in which have recently been discovered at Cnossos. This linear script had by the fifteenth century supplanted the older hieroglyphics mentioned above. The key to its decipherment has not yet been found. It marks, however, great progress in civilization and a long preceding history. The wall painting, the gold, silver, and copper work (iron was not yet in use), and above all the beautifully decorated pottery found at Cnossos, Mycenæ, Tiryns, Troy, and elsewhere testify similarly both to the high development of the artistic sense, and also to the long period of training which alone could have produced such skill of execution and such beauty of design. Ægean pottery at this period surpassed in beauty of shape and of decoration that of all other peoples, and constituted a chief article of export to other countries. Remains of this pottery have been found in the excavations in Palestine, and at various places in Egypt; and the study of these pottery remains, reduced as it has been

to a science, is one of the means by which archæologists are enabled to date ruins and establish synchronisms between different countries. Mycenæan vases are depicted on a wall painting of the eighteenth dynasty at Thebes, and false-necked Ægean jars were discovered at Gurob in Egypt, a city built in the fifteenth century. Egyptian objects found in Ægean ruins reverse the process and check the results thus obtained. Some pieces of porcelain with the name and cartouche of Amenophis III., of the fifteenth century, and a scarab with the name of his wife, were found, for instance, in the chamber tombs of Mycenæ.

It is at the close of the fifteenth century or the beginning of the fourteenth century B.C. that we first observe that movement of the nations which made itself felt in Syria in the descent of the Hittites from the North, overturning and disturbing the Amorite populations as far south as Palestine. The settlement of a Mycenæan community at Ialysos in Rhodes at this time, as shown by excavations conducted there, suggests that some pressure from behind was beginning to be exerted on the peoples of the Ægean region. Indo-European peoples were beginning to press down from the Balkan peninsula into Greece, the Ægean Islands, and the coast lands of Asia Minor, unsettling and to some extent driving out the population formerly occupying these territories. It was probably this pressure of Indo-European peoples into Asia Minor which forced the overflow of the Hittites into Syria. This advance of the Indo-European peoples southward was a slow movement, extending over a considerable period of time, but ultimately involving a vast extent of territory. Italy felt the effects of the same movement of Northern peoples crowding southward at about the same period or a little later. In the thirteenth century we find Sardinians, Etruscans, Achæans, and other European peoples descending on the shores of Northern Africa (Libya and Egypt) and the coast lands of Palestine. At first the invaders came by sea in boats, and attacked the coast lands only; about the close of the thirteenth century the movement assumed greater proportions. A large part of Asia Minor seems to have been affected by it; and we have the great land migration of the time of Ramses III., which broke in pieces the Hittite kingdom, deposited the Philistines in Palestine, and drove downward from the North Amorites and Hittites. We have a reference to these movements of the Amorites in the Hebrew book of Numbers, in the account of Amorite kingdoms established in Bashan, and between Ammon and Moab, by which



the latter people were partially dispossessed. These Amorites the Hebrews, kinsfolk of the Moabites, in their turn assailed and conquered.

The height of this period of confusion in the Ægæan world was reached in what is known in Greek tradition as the time of the Dorian invasion, about 1200 B.C. After this last movement had run its course, somewhere perhaps toward the close of the eleventh century, and we can begin to sum up results, we find that the Phrygians have been pushed across the center of Asia Minor, and that Greeks of various sorts — Ionians, Æolians, and Dorians — are in possession, not only of all Greece and the isles, but also of the greater part of the coast lands of Asia Minor, both west and south. The Greek language has supplanted the former non-Aryan tongue or tongues of all these regions, and a condition of semi-barbarism has succeeded the brilliant Ægæan civilization.

Farther eastward we find similar conditions ; but, precisely as in the third and following centuries A.D., the civilization of the West went down before the inroads of the barbarians, to give place after the period of the Dark Ages to a new and higher culture, while the East managed, with great struggle and after much loss, to maintain itself still for a long period, and by doing so was able to aid in mediating the best results of the old civilization to the new-born West, before it sank down at last in decrepitude and decay, — so it was at this period. The Ægæan civilization was overwhelmed. Egypt, as we have seen, fell into a state of decay, the result of the struggles with the invaders, whom it succeeded in repulsing, it is true, but with such a weakening and disintegration of its own power as to subject it to invasion and conquest by the Ethiopians of the South. It was not only the North which poured forth its barbarous hordes at this period. Precisely as in the post-Christian period the civilized world found itself invaded by Arabian hordes from the South even while struggling with the Teutons from the North, so it was now : Aramæan hordes were pressing northward from Arabia at the same time that the Northern peoples were moving southward. The two streams met in Syria, which completely changed its character and its population at this period in consequence. Farther East, in Assyria, we find the same race movements in progress, although their full effects are felt there somewhat later than in the West. Ashur-Uballit, king of Assyria, was contemporary with Amenophis IV. of Egypt ; and among the Tel el-Amarna letters is one from him

to that king, asking for gifts in return, and telling of the condition of the roads between Egypt and Assyria. His grandson, Pudi-ilu (1860 B.C.), is represented as in conflict with a nomadic people, the Sutu, who are pressing in from the Southwest. These were, apparently, the same Sutu who were threatening Palestine at the time of Amenophis IV., part of the great Aramæan invasion. His son, Adad-nirari (Ramman-nirari), is the first Assyrian king who has left us an inscription of any length; which has also this further distinction, that it is the first inscription dated by an eponym, the system which later gives us such accurate dates for Assyrian history. Like his predecessors, he waged war with Babylon,—as to the success of which Assyrian and Babylonian records are at odds,—and conducted campaigns against the mountaineers of the East. During his reign or that of his immediate predecessors the kingdom of Mitanni, which occupied Mesopotamia in the days of the Amenhoteps in the fifteenth century B.C., had fallen from power, and the better part of its territory been overrun by the Aramæan invaders. Accordingly Adad-nirari's successor, Shalmaneser I., was able, according to the statements of Ashurnazirpal and other late Assyrian kings, to carry his arms westward to the Euphrates, and even to cross the upper waters of the stream for the first time. He also moved his capital northward from Ashur to Calah, the present ruin mounds of Nimroud. So far, the upheaval and disaster of the West seem on the whole to have accrued to the advantage of the Assyrians.

With Tukulti-Ninib, about 1250 B.C., begins a long struggle with the Babylonians. Tukulti-Ninib actually succeeded in making himself king of Babylon, as is proved by a seal of his found in that city by Sennacherib in 689 B.C., which he says had been left there by Tukulti-Ninib "600 years" before. But the Assyrians were soon driven out again. War between the two countries continued with varying fortunes for about 150 years. Our knowledge of this period, which is very slight, is obtained mainly from the so-called Synchronistic History, a brief chronicle of the relations of Assyria and Babylonia, and for the greater part of the time we know nothing of the relations of Assyria and Babylonia to the outer world. About the close of the twelfth century the Kassites or Kossæans, who had so long ruled in Babylon, were overthrown, and a native Semitic dynasty, called the dynasty of Isin, put upon the throne. It is possible that the new Semitic invasion from Arabia made itself felt in this revolution. Between Babylonia

and Assyria at this time also we find Aramæan nations or tribes located. About the middle of the twelfth century we have a welcome inscription from Nebuchadrezzar I., the sixth king of this new Semitic dynasty, on a boundary stone granting special privileges, in which he tells of a successful expedition against the ancient foe and rival of Babylonia, Elam. On the west he seems to have extended his expeditions as far as Syria. He also contended with Ashur-rishishi, king of Assyria, for the possession of Mesopotamia. In this war the Assyrians were victorious, and when Tiglathpileser I., son of Ashur-rishishi, came to the Assyrian throne, about 1120 B.C., he was king of no despicable kingdom.

Tiglathpileser I. (Tukulti-pal-esharra) was the greatest of the kings of the old Assyrian kingdom. A long inscription of his, written on four octagonal clay cylinders, and deposited in the four corners of a temple which he built at Ashur (the modern Kalah Sherghat), is invaluable for the history and the geography of this period. He was, according to his own accounts, a mighty conqueror: "With sixty kings furiously (?) I fought, and mighty rivalry with them I made. An equal in the fight and a peer in battle I have not. To Assyrian land, to her men, men I added. The boundary of my lands I widened, and all their lands I conquered." His chief foes were the Mushke, the Moschi of the Greeks and the Meshech of the Old Testament, who occupied the country northwestward of Commagene on the borders of Asia Minor. They had gradually been pressing downward and occupying more and more of the territory formerly tributary to Assyria. In Tiglathpileser's time they invaded Kummukh, that is, Commagene. Tiglathpileser reports that he defeated them, wasted their cities with fire, captured their kings and took a great booty, adding the whole land of Kummukh to the Assyrian empire. The next few years were occupied in similar campaigns against various peoples of the north, especially the Nairi, whom he pursued as far as Lake Van. All of these people he claims to have conquered. He seems to have found it expedient, however, to remove his capital southward from Calah to Ashur, which he rebuilt. On the south he conducted a successful war with Babylonia. He seems to have captured Babylon itself, and claims the old Babylonian title of "king of the four-quarters of the world." On the west he overran all Mesopotamia (inscriptions of later kings tell us that he reached the Mediterranean, and sailed in ships of Arvad on that sea) as far as the city of Carchemish, of the land of

the Hittites. It is curious and interesting to learn that "in the land of Harran and the bank of the Khabur" he slew "ten mighty male elephants" and took four elephants alive. At various times also he slew 120 lions on foot and 800 from his chariot, under the protection of the sun god, and made himself a great preserve for hunting, full of goats, deer, wild sheep, antelopes, etc. He also planted groves of cedars and other foreign trees hitherto unknown in the plantations of his country, and he introduced "more than before" chariots and horses. He was apparently a doughty warrior, and his inscriptions would lead us to suppose that he greatly increased the extent and wealth of Assyria. More careful study of his inscriptions and of the sequence of events suggests that during the preceding reigns, of which we know so little, the Moschi and other peoples, pushed on from behind, had been encroaching on the Assyrian borders to the north and northwest; that Tiglathpileser's wars were an attempt to stem these encroachments; and that his victories were fruitless to stay the onward march of the invaders. We have here, in fact, a part of that great movement of the nations which we have already traced in the West. Tiglathpileser was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the invading hordes of the North. He was temporarily successful; but his successors were unequal to the struggle, and shortly after his death the Assyrian kingdom collapses. About the same time also Babylonia falls into a state of confusion, the ruling kings being, apparently, overthrown by invaders of some sort. More than this we do not now know.

All this took place in the early part of the eleventh century, and for a time great darkness settles over the whole Asiatic world. It was at about this same period, it will be remembered, that the twentieth dynasty came to an end in Egypt, to be followed there by a period of confusion; and the Ægean world also was in its period of greatest darkness at about the same time. It is out of this period of confusion that there sprang up in the extreme western part of Asia the new civilization and the great sea power of the Phœnicians; while inland and a little farther south another nation, Israel, was coming into being, small in its extent of territory, but destined to exert so powerful an influence on the civilization and religion of the world.

The Phœnicians, according to their own traditions as reported by the Greeks, came originally from the shores of the Persian Gulf. The imperfect excavations so far conducted in

Phœnicia have revealed nothing of their early history and origins, the little that has been found — like the votive inscription of Yehau-melek, king of Gebal (Byblus) ; the sarcophagi of Tabnit and Eshmunazar, kings of Sidon ; pottery, glass, and the like — belonging to later periods. Some time before 1000 B.C. the Phœnicians had become a great seafaring and commercial people, succeeding in this the Cretans. They occupied a strip of land along the Syrian coast from Mt. Carmel northward to the neighborhood of Antioch. Their most famous cities were Sidon and Tyre, toward the southern end of that strip. From these, colonies went out to various points on the Mediterranean shore, the most famous of which was Carthage in Africa. The oldest Phœnician inscriptions found have come, not from Phœnicia itself, but from Cyprus, France, and Greece and its isles. The Ba'al Lebanon inscription, on some fragments of a bowl dedicated by the governor of Carthage, "the servant of Hiram king of the Sidonians, to Ba'al Lebanon his lord, as the choicest of the bronze," is possibly the oldest alphabetic inscription yet found. This Carthage (the word means "new town") was in Cyprus, and is mentioned in inscriptions of the Assyrian kings, Esarhaddon and Ashurbanipal, in the seventh century B.C. The inscription from Marseilles is a tablet prescribing the tariff of offerings for "the house of Ba'al Zephon," and is important for the light it throws on Phœnician religious use. It reminds one, in its technical terms and in its rules for the portion of the sacrifices accruing to the priests, of the sacrificial prescriptions in the Hebrew book of Leviticus. From Carthage we have a similar but less perfect tablet. Carthage has been more fully explored than any other Phœnician site, but the numerous inscriptions found here are of a late date. In general, the Phœnician remains so far discovered give us some idea of the life, the art and manufactures, and the religion of this people, but none of their history. The language of the Phœnicians was a dialect of that same Canaanitic Semitic stock to which Hebrew belonged. The Phœnicians, according to the testimony of all antiquity, were the inventors of the alphabet ; and archæological discoveries confirm the testimony of tradition in this regard. Whence they derived the material, the ideas, and the characters for this invention is uncertain. De Rougé supposed it to be an adaptation of the Egyptian hieratic script of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty, about 1900 B.C. This theory is now exploded, but no other can be fairly said to have taken its place. It is clear from the names which the Phœnicians gave

to the letters, and which Greeks, Syrians, Hebrews, and others borrowed from them, that the basis of their invention was some foreign script or scripts previously invented. The earliest specimen of alphabetic writing yet found is either the Ba'al Lebanon inscription, of the middle of the ninth century B.C., mentioned above, or the Moabite stone, an inscription found at Diban or Dibon, in Moab. Evidence shows, however, that the alphabet must have been invented somewhat earlier than this. It was borrowed by the Greeks, names and all, somewhere apparently about 1000 B.C. (although the earliest Greek inscriptions yet discovered are later than this). At about the same time it was adopted by the Minæans and Sabæans in southern Arabia. Apparently we must assign its origin to the dark period between 1200 and 1000 B.C. All that we can say absolutely is that about 1400 B.C. all Syria and Palestine used the cumbrous Babylonian cuneiform script. Then follows a long period from which we have no inscriptions or documents of any sort. About the tenth century B.C. we find the Phœnician alphabet full-fledged and in use apparently all over Syria and Palestine, in Greece, and in southern Arabia. The alphabet is one of the epoch-making inventions in the history of mankind.

Another event of importance in the history of civilization is connected with these dark ages, namely, the introduction of iron. Before this time, copper and bronze had been the metals used in the manufacture of tools; and the splendid civilization of the fifteenth century in Babylonia, Egypt, and Greece alike belongs to the bronze period. Iron was used only for purposes of ornament in the latter part of that period. At some time during these dark ages iron took the place of bronze for use in tools, weapons, and the like, over this same region, commencing perhaps in Armenia or still farther east: and about 1000 B.C. we find it in general use as far west as Greece, although it does not appear to have reached Italy until about 800 B.C. It is at first sight somewhat surprising to find two such important inventions or discoveries as the alphabet and iron having their origin in the dark ages, but one is reminded of the discovery of printing and gunpowder in a similar period of European history; and as these last-mentioned discoveries played so important a part in the development of our modern civilization, so did iron and the alphabet play a similar part in the civilization which succeeded those dark ages of the older world. We might perhaps go farther in our analogy, and compare the part played in

the development of modern civilization by Venetian commerce and enterprise with that played by Phœnicia at and before the close of those more ancient dark ages ; while, possibly, the religious movements which culminated in the Reformation might be compared with the great religious reformation of the old world portended and prepared for by the little kingdom of the Hebrews.

Excavations in Palestine have as yet thrown no light on the origins of Israel. What light Egyptian records throw, we have already seen. The nation came into being in the struggles and confusion of the dark ages between 1200 and 1000 B.C. By about the latter date it had become a powerful kingdom under David, whose conquests extended from northern Syria, above Aleppo, to the borders of Egypt. This was the period of the decadence of Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt. Along the coast of Syria stretched at that time the wealthy and powerful Phœnician cities, with which the Hebrews maintained friendly relations. The interior of the country was occupied by a number of small states, mostly Aramæan. It was during David's prosperous reign, and the more peaceful and cultivated if less aggressive and extensive dominion of his successor Solomon, that Israelite literature had its beginnings. This fact, and the relations with Egypt ascribed to Solomon in the Bible narrative, are curiously attested by the Egyptian references in the story of Joseph, contained in the Book of Genesis. The account of the concentration of power and the ownership or rent of all the land in the hands of the Pharaohs, reflects, it is true, the conditions of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, the days of Thutmosis and Ramses ; but the Egyptian names in the Hebrew narrative are characteristic, not of that period, but of the tenth century, the time of Solomon. It is to this period that the story as a literary production must, apparently, be referred. That the author of the tale displays some acquaintance with Egyptian romance literature has been already suggested. The inscription of Sosenk or Shishak, which records the invasion of Palestine in the time of Solomon's successors, Rehoboam of Judah and Jeroboam of Israel, has been already noted. After this there is nothing in archæological discoveries directly bearing upon the history of the Israelites until the time of Shalmaneser II., king of Assyria.

It is not until the commencement of the ninth century that we begin again to obtain monumental records from Assyria. These records show us that in the intervening period great

changes had taken place in the West. The country formerly occupied by the Hittites is now, for the most part, occupied by Aramæan kingdoms — Aleppo, Hamath, and, chief of all, Damascus. A few Hittite states still remain, however, the most important of which is Carchemish on the Euphrates. Eastward of the Euphrates, Aramæans have displaced the ancient kingdom of Mitanni. They have even followed up the course of the Euphrates into the mountains of Asia Minor. In Palestine we have the two kingdoms of Israel and Judah. The Syrian and Palestinian coast land is occupied by the various cities of the Phœnicians and Philistines—the former great sea powers, with the commerce of the Mediterranean in their hands, the wealthiest and probably the most highly civilized communities of the day.

It is with Ashurnazirpal (885–860) that the new Assyrian empire may fairly be said to commence. His standard inscription, contained on a tablet from the temple of Ninib and on a monolith from the royal palace at (Nimroud Calah), contains 389 lines of writing. Besides this we have a number of other texts, some fragments of and some episodes from the same standard inscription. This inscription is a record, in language which has been described as of almost epic grandeur, of wars and conquests, depicting the great difficulties which Ashurnazirpal overcame in hunting his opponents through the fastnesses of Armenia, and giving a vivid impression of the cruelty of the warfare which he waged. At one place 260 heads were built into a pyramid. At another the son of the chief man was flayed, and his skin spread on the wall of the fortress of Arbela, the city of Ishtar. At another the nobles of the city, who had revolted after once being conquered, were flayed, and their skins stretched over a pyramid erected for the purpose at the gates of the city. In this same city the legs of the officers were cut off. It is a record of atrocities, plundering campaigns, countries devastated by fire and sword, and cattle and goods carried off to enrich the king, his princes, and his soldiers. This ill-gotten wealth Ashurnazirpal used in part in the reconstruction of the city of Calah, which he made his capital, and the erection there of a great palace covering an area almost 400 feet square, — the so-called northwestern palace, which was to remain the royal residence for centuries. He also constructed an aqueduct to supply the city with water, and a canal. The following translation of a few lines of the standard inscription will give some idea of its style and contents:—

"In the beginning of my reign, in my first year, when Shamash, judge of the world-ends, put his goodly canopy over me, I was firmly seated on the royal throne, the scepter of the rule of men in my hand, I gathered my chariots and warriors, I traversed rough places, pathless mountains, which were not meant for the passage of chariots and warriors; to the land of Nummi I went; Gubbi, their strong fortress, Surra [etc., etc.] which lay in the midst of . . . mighty mountains I took, their countless soldiers I slew, their spoil, their goods, their cattle, I spoiled. The fighting men fled; a pathless mountain they fortified, a mountain steep exceedingly. Behind them I came not. A mountain, like the point of an iron dagger its peak arose; the very birds of heaven spread not their wings in the midst thereof; like the nest of the Udini-bird, in the midst of it they made their stronghold. Into the midst of them, whither none of the kings my fathers had attained, in three days my heroes clomb the mountain, their brave hearts eager for the fray they ascended, with their feet they trod down the mountains, they broke in pieces their nest, their brood they scattered. Two hundred of their warriors I smote with the sword, their rich spoil like a flock of sheep I spoiled. With their blood I dyed the mountains as one dyes wool. The residue of them I slew in the holes and crannies of the mountains; their cities I wasted, destroyed and burned with fire."

From this time onward, Assyria figures as a great, plundering, robber state, levying tribute on the nations, making others toil that it might reap. Ashurnazirpal extended the little kingdom which he found northward and southward, but above all westward, defeating the numerous small Aramæan states of Mesopotamia and northern Syria time and again, carrying his arms as far west as the Amanus and Lebanon mountains, and exacting tribute of the rich Phœnician cities of the coast, Tyre, Sidon, Tripolis, and Arvad, which preferred to buy him off from farther advances rather than to encounter him in the field. For the campaigns of his reign we are able to give exact dates. The Assyrians had adopted, as early certainly as the fourteenth century B.C., a system of dating by eponyms. The names of the chief officers of the state were set down yearly in regular succession, the name of each new king being entered in the year of his accession. Numerous fragments of these eponym canons have been discovered in the excavations at Nineveh and Calah, which give us a complete series from the year 902 to the year 667 B.C. The historical inscriptions frequently refer to these

eponym canons, mentioning the name of the Limnu or eponym of the year; and some of the fragments of the canons themselves contain notes of events occurring in certain years. Given such a system, it is clear that, one year being fixed, the whole series can be determined. The fixed point required was obtained by an eclipse in the year 763. The records of this and the few succeeding years will show the nature of these lists:—

(763) Esdur-sarabe. Governor of Gozan. Revolt in city of Ashur. In month Sivan sun was eclipsed.

(762) Dabu-bel. Governor of Amida. Revolt in city of Ashur.

(761) Nabu-kin-uzur. Governor of Nineveh. Revolt in city of Arbela.

(760) Laqipu. Governor of Kalzi. Revolt in city of Arbaha.

(759) Pan-ashur-lamur. Governor of Arbela. Revolt in city of Gozan. Pestilence.

The existence of this well-dated chronology has been of great value, especially to Bible students, although the application of the synchronisms to the Biblical chronology, which had been formed out of the lists of the kings of Judah and Israel, has led to some surprises.

The remains of Ashurnazirpal's reign indicate a considerable development in literature and in art at this period. The literary form of the standard inscription has already been noted. The work of engraving is admirably done. The Assyrian cuneiform, it should be said, was from the outset different from the Babylonian in form and arrangement of the wedges, testifying to some originality on the part of the Assyrians. On the monolith inscription we have a beautifully executed, although conventional, figure of Ashurnazirpal, before which was found a small altar. Some bas-reliefs of horses and lions on a wall inscription describing a lion hunt are stronger, and more true to nature. Ashurnazirpal wainscoted the walls of his palace with stone slabs containing a written record of his deeds, illumined by such bas-reliefs. A tablet to the sun-god Shamash, at Sippara, in Babylonia, dedicated by Nabu-apla-iddina, king of Babylon, a contemporary of Ashurnazirpal, is as a work of art inferior to these Assyrian bas-reliefs of the same period. It possesses considerable interest, however, from a religious and historical standpoint. The bas-relief at the top of this tablet represents the worship of the disk of the sun, the same worship which Amenhotep IV. endeavored to introduce in Egypt. The accompanying inscription tells how sorely the

land of Babylonia had been harried during the dark period preceding Nabu-apla-iddina, by "the wicked foe, the Sutu-folk, whose sin was heinous." These apparently Aramæan invaders Nabu-apla-iddina had succeeded in bringing into subjection, thus restoring order in Babylonia at about the same period that Assyria starts on its new career of empire.

Ashurnazirpal's successor, Shalmaneser II., has left us a beautiful obelisk of black basalt, one of the most famous of the Assyrian monuments which have come down to us. In the engravings on this stone we find art of no mean description. The upper parts of the four faces contain carved figures of various animals, each illustration accompanied by an epigraph explaining its meaning. The execution of these figures is admirable; but still more remarkable from the artistic standpoint are the inscribed bronze gates found by Hormuzd Rassam in the mounds of Balawat, in 1877. The remains of these gates which we possess consist of a number of bronze plates, which had once been fastened upon massive wooden doors. These plates contain pictures descriptive of Shalmaneser's campaigns, with accompanying inscriptions. The whole is one of the most striking pieces of ancient art ever discovered. The design is bold and the execution strong, but perspective is of course wanting. These pictures give us some idea of the camp life, the marches, and the sieges of Assyrian kings, but nothing whatsoever of the ordinary domestic life of the people. The inscriptions of this king on these and other monuments contain, like those of his father, Ashurnazirpal, records of campaigns, twenty-six of which he conducted in person; after which command was intrusted to Ashur-dayan, who held the office of Tartan. These campaigns were, for the most part, directed against the Aramæan states of Mesopotamia and Syria, to enforce the payment of tribute. A number of these states, with Damascus, under King Ben-Hadad II., at their head, formed an alliance to resist the further advance of Assyria to the west and south. This alliance included also Hittite, Aramæan, and Palestinian states, among the latter being the kingdom of Israel. It was in 854 that the Tartan met the allies at Karkar, near Hamath, and, according to the account of Shalmaneser, inflicted upon them a disastrous defeat. This is the first contact of Assyria with the Israelites of which we have monumental evidence, and it is this which lends special interest to an inscription on a stele found near Diarbekir, which records this campaign. In the account of the contingents of

the allies we read, "2000 chariots, 10,000 men of Ahab, the Israelite." Only one state furnished a larger contingent, namely, "1200 chariots, 1200 saddle horses, 20,000 men of Dada-idri of Damascus." Hamath was third in importance, with "700 chariots, 700 saddle horses, 10,000 men of Irkhulina the Hamathite." Shalmaneser claims a great victory for the Assyrians. "Fourteen thousand of their warriors I slew with arms; like Adad, I rained a deluge upon them, I strewed hither and yon their bodies, I covered the ruins [of their towns] with their countless soldiers, with the sword I poured out their blood." In his other inscriptions the number of the enemy slain is put down variously at 20,500 and 25,000. This inscription is further interesting as showing the political relations existing at that time. The Assyrian empire seemed to be recognized as far westward as Aleppo; that is, up to that point in the royal progress all the cities opened their gates and offered gifts. In the last-named city, Shalmaneser says that he offered sacrifices to Adad, or Hadad, the god of the place. From Aleppo southward his march was through hostile country. The list of the allies that met him is also interesting. We have contingents from Cilicia in the northwest, and on the southeast from Ammon, and from an Arabian prince, Gindibu, who sends one thousand camels. The victory that Shalmaneser claims to have won was evidently inconclusive.

Another campaign was undertaken five years later, and at this time again Ben-Hadad of Damascus was at the head of the allies. Shalmaneser, of course, claims a victory, but one may be justified, reading between the lines, in believing rather that he actually suffered a reverse. Three years later, and again four years after that, his attempts upon the west were renewed. It was not until the last occasion that he seems to have met with any real success. The revolution in Damascus and Israel, recorded in the latter part of the first book of Kings, had taken place. Hazael reigned in the former and Jehu in the latter city. The alliance had gone to pieces, and its former chiefs were fighting among themselves. Jehu had sent tribute to Assyria, as we learn from the obelisk which depicts his ambassadors paying tribute to the great king, with the inscription, "The tribute of Yahua, son of 'Omri, bars of silver, of gold, basins of gold, bowls of gold, cups of gold, buckets of gold, bars of lead, a royal scepter and spear-shafts (?)." Evidently the power of Damascus had come to be more feared in the west, because more immediately threatening, than that of Assyria.

Jehu's act in sending tribute to Assyria was for the purpose of gaining an ally against the nearer enemy. Hazael of Damascus was thus left alone to resist the Assyrian king. The records of the campaigns which followed show us scenes of devastation: the trees about Damascus were cut down, the Assyrians marched into the Hauran and laid waste the cities there; but in the end no permanent conquest was achieved.

Other campaigns of this king were directed against Armenia (Urartu, the Hebrew Ararat); and as in the records of Ashurnazirpal, we read of pyramids of heads, men impaled upon stakes about conquered cities, and the like. Shalmaneser claims continual victories, but always has to march again to the same place. In fact, his records show us the growth of a new and strong kingdom to the north of Assyria. Eastward and north-eastward he conducted campaigns in the mountains of Persia and the highlands of Media, but evidently without achieving permanent results. In the south he succeeded in conquering Babylon and making its king a subject prince of Assyria. All his campaigns show us Assyria as the great state of the day. On every side of it are innumerable small states, no one of which alone is a match for the Assyrian power. Against these states, in every direction, the Assyrians conduct campaigns for the mere purpose of levying tribute and carrying off booty. The conditions of their rule are evidently intolerable, so that the cities which have paid tribute seize every opportunity to cast off the yoke and refuse to submit to further exactions, in the belief and expectation that Assyria, with its numerous enemies on all sides, will be unable to reach and chastise them. All these small states are also engaged in wars with one another. The whole condition revealed by the Assyrian inscriptions of this period is in the most striking contrast with the period of peace, great kingdoms, and widespread commercial intercourse which we saw prevailing in the fifteenth century B.C.

One of the only two inscriptions of the early Hebrew period yet found on Palestinian soil belongs to this period of the reign of Shalmaneser; namely, the famous Moabite stone, already several times referred to. This monument, found at Dibon in Moab by a missionary, Dr. Klein, in 1868, was a stele erected by Mesha, king of Moab, to celebrate his successful revolt against Israel, mentioned in 2 Kings i. and iii. It commences thus: "I am Mesha, son of Kamus-Malak (Chemosh Melech), king of Moab, the Dibonite. My father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I reigned after my father; and I made this

high place to Kamus (Chemosh) at Korkhah, a high place of victory, for he delivered me from all my foes, and let me see my desire on all mine enemies. Omri was king of Israel and oppressed Moab many days, for Kamus was angry with his people. His son followed him, and he also said, I will oppress Moab. In my day Kamus said, I will see my desire on him and his house; and Israel surely perished forever." Then follow the details of the war in which he tore the land of Kamus out of the hand of Yahaweh.

At the end of the reign of Shalmaneser occurred a great civil war, of which we have a record only in the inscriptions of his son, Shamshi-Adad IV. The conditions were not unlike those which so nearly caused a civil war in Judah before the death of David, when, in his weak old age, one party in the state endeavored to put Adonijah on the throne, and the other party Solomon. Finally Shamshi-Adad (Ramman), some two years after the death of his father, succeeded in establishing himself upon the Assyrian throne; but the land was much weakened by this civil strife, which had given an opportunity to the kings of Armenia, Babylonia, and other neighboring regions to strengthen themselves or to throw off the yoke of allegiance, and it is some time before we again hear of Assyrian expeditions which affect Israel or Palestine. Shamshi-Adad proclaims his complete control of his country in an inscription which tells us how he marched up and down over the entire land of Assyria, "from the city of Paddira in the Nairi to Kar-Shulmanasharid of the territory of Carhemish; from Zaddi of the land of Accad to the land of Enzi; from Aridi to the land of Sukhi." According to his own accounts, his expeditions in Babylonia extended to the extreme south, to the regions of the Chaldeans; in Media, he penetrated as far as the White Mountain, the Elvend, near Ecbatana, the modern Hamadan, while on the west he marched as far as the Mediterranean. In Babylonia he claims to have defeated an army consisting of Babylonians, Chaldeans, Elamites, Aramæans, and men of Namri; but it seems that he did not succeed in reducing Babylonia to obedience. He was still less successful upon the north, where Sarduri I., the king of Urartu, — that is, Armenia, — at least maintained his own against the Assyrian power. This kingdom of Armenia was by no means an uncivilized state. It had adopted the cuneiform script from the Assyrians, and there have been found, at various places in the Armenian mountains, rock-cut inscriptions of several Armenian kings, the earliest

being those of Sarduri I., who was a contemporary both of Shamshi-Adad and of his father, Shalmaneser. These early inscriptions are written, not in the language of the country, but in Assyrian. In the times of Sarduri's successors we find the cuneiform script applied to the language of the country, which was a dialect related, perhaps, to the modern Georgian. Outside of these inscriptions and the references in the Assyrian records we have no other monuments of the civilization or the history of this kingdom, which played an important rôle for a brief period.

Adad-(Ramman-)nirari (811-783) contended, on the whole unsuccessfully, with Menuas, grandson of Sarduri and son of Ispuinis, who in his inscriptions calls himself "powerful king, great king, king of Biyaina (Van), prince of the town of Tuspa." This monarch deprived the Assyrians of some territories to the north and northwest. On the other hand, Adad-nirari appears to have been successful in his campaigns in Media, where he carried the Assyrian standard farther than it had ever been carried before, to the Caspian Sea. In the south, in Babylonia also, he reëstablished Assyrian power, extending his expeditions into the lands at the head of the Persian Gulf. In connection with these campaigns he undertook a certain reform in the Assyrian religion. That religion, identical in principle with the Babylonian, had for its chief god the local god of the city of Ashur. The great feminine divinity was Ishtar, localized especially at Arbela and Nineveh. There was, of course, a pantheon, prominent in which were the thunder-god, Adad or Ramman, the sun god, Shamash, etc. The especial cult of these gods had been developed in a somewhat different manner from the cults prevailing in Babylonia; and one of them, the chief god of the whole pantheon, the local god of Ashur, was unknown or practically unknown to the Babylonians. Adad-nirari III. built in Assyria temples modeled after the Babylonian use, and introduced the Babylonian ritual, the most striking instance being his erection in his capital city, Calah, of a counterpart of the temple, Ezida, of the god Nabû in Borsippa. His object was to effect the religious unity of Babylonia and Assyria, and thus unite them as closely as possible in one empire, a policy carried out more fully later by some of his successors.

But most interesting to the ordinary man are Adad-nirari's expeditions to the west, because they throw light on a dark period of Israelite and Jewish history. We learn, in the book

of Kings, of the increasing power of Damascus in the west; for which, as we now know from the Assyrian inscriptions, the opportunity was afforded by the weakness of Assyria, following the civil war in the closing years of the reign of Shalmaneser. It would seem that the kings of Damascus took advantage of this opportunity to establish a great and independent empire in the west, precisely as the Babylonian kings did in the south and the kings of Armenia in the north. It was at this period that Hazael of Damascus and his successors conducted those successful wars against Israel and Judah, of which we read in the second book of Kings, which almost annihilated the former kingdom and made both Israel and Judah tributary to Damascus. From the Bible we learn nothing of any relations with Assyria during this period. It appears, however, that finally the Israelites were able to throw off the yoke of Damascus, regain their independence, with a large part if not all of their former territory, and even establish an Israelite quarter in Damascus. The inscriptions of Adad-nirari, recounting his expeditions to the west, show us how and why this took place. We have, it is true, no notice of appeals for aid on the part of Israel; but we may assume, from what occurs, that as when later Damascus and Israel combined to threaten the existence of Judah under King Ahab, the latter declared himself a vassal of Assyria and summoned Tiglathpileser to his aid, so now the kings of Israel took the same course. Adad-nirari recounts three expeditions to the West-land in 806, 805, and 797 respectively, in which he claims to have received tribute and gifts from the land of the Hittites, from Tyre, Sidon, Edom, the Philistines, and the land of Omri,—that is, the kingdom of Israel, so called constantly in the Assyrian inscriptions after Omri, the father of Ahab, who must evidently have been a king of much greater importance than we should gather from the brief mention of him in the Bible. It would appear that these kings, in danger of being overwhelmed by the ever growing power of their neighbor Damascus, preferred to declare themselves subject to the Assyrian king and summoned him to their assistance. So it is that we find Adad-nirari making no mention of war with these nations which paid him tribute, but only with Damascus, which he besieged and from which he claims to have carried off booty. Putting the Assyrian records and the Bible story together, it is clear that, through this war with Damascus, the power of the latter was so weakened that its vassal states were enabled to throw off their allegiance and

regain their independence. Damascus still remained the most important country of the West-land, but it was unable to maintain the authority which it had endeavored to establish over the neighboring states of the West-land.

The next half-century was a period of Assyrian decay; the reason of which is explained by the inscriptions of the kings of Biyaina or Van, Argistis (780-760) and Sarduri II. (760-730), which show us that this was a period of the growth in power of that kingdom, which, at the end of this time, extended from the Lake of Urmia in modern Persia on the east, to Melitene in Asia Minor on the west. Northern Syria acknowledged itself tributary to the Armenian king. Babylonia likewise was able at this time to cast off the Assyrian yoke. This was the period when Egypt was broken up into a number of semi-independent kingdoms and overrun by Ethiopian armies; and, both Assyria on the east and Egypt on the west being in a state of eclipse, a period of relatively peaceful progress and development was possible in Syria and Palestine. It was during this time that the kingdom of Israel reached its greatest extent and power under Jeroboam II., while Judah also prospered under King Uzziah or Azariah. It is clear from this that Damascus had suffered so much from its contest with Assyria, which was in fact continued during a part of this period, that it was unable to establish its supremacy over the other kingdoms of the West.

It was during this period, in the reign of Ashur-dan, that that eclipse of the sun occurred in the month of Sivan which is recorded in the Eponym List of the year 763, which, as already stated, has given us a fixed point from which to count the years backward and forward. This same eclipse is referred to in the book of Amos (viii. 9) as happening in the reign of Jeroboam II., king of Israel. In the reign of Ashur-nirari II., the last king of this half-century of decay, the Eponym List has little more to record than "in the country," which means that the king conducted no campaigns. States refused tribute, and the king was evidently either unable or incompetent to conduct expeditions to collect it, or to retain the territory which his fathers had won. In 764 there was a "revolt in the city of Calah"; and with the next year we find a new king on the throne, of whose origin we know nothing, one of the greatest conquerors and the greatest monarchs that Assyria ever knew.—Tiglathpileser III., the Pul or Pulu of the Bible and the Babylonian records, the Poros of the Greeks. His inscriptions have

unfortunately come down to us in a mutilated form. He restored the temple of Shalmaneser II. in Calah, wainscoting its walls, after an Assyrian fashion, with stone tablets containing inscriptions recounting the campaigns of his reign. At a later date, Esarhaddon stripped off these tablets to use for a temple of his own. In the process they were reduced in size, and the beginnings and endings of some of the inscriptions were cut off. Apparently he had intended to have the inscriptions erased and use the tablets for new inscriptions of his own. Fortunately for our knowledge of this period, he died before the purpose was entirely accomplished. Besides these somewhat mutilated stone tablets we have clay cylinders, giving accounts of the king's campaigns, not in chronological but in geographical order, and some lists of the countries conquered by him without details of any kind. His reign was a relatively short one, from 745 to 727 B.C.; but in those eighteen years he made Assyria the great world power. His first campaigns were devoted to the expulsion from Babylonia of the Aramæans, who had again overrun that country. He entered Babylonia, not as an enemy, but as an ally of the Babylonians, who were quite willing to recognize his suzerainty if only the Assyrians would expel the Aramæan invaders. In this he was entirely successful. He led his armies as far southward as Nippur, reorganized the whole country, dividing it into four provinces, placing Assyrian governors over them, and building two garrisoned cities. Here he inaugurated a policy of colonization, intended to unify the empire and break up opposition, by separating those elements the union of which tended to maintain antagonism to the central power. He took peoples from one conquered province and settled them in the cities and lands of another, thus breaking up their national existence, their relation to their lands and their gods, and making or endeavoring to make them merely subjects of Assyria. He did not at this time make himself nominally king in Babylon, but left Nabonassar, or Nabu-nasir, the reigning prince, as titular sovereign of that city.

Our geographical knowledge does not permit us to follow with exactitude the expeditions and conquests of Tiglathpileser in the East. His methods here were in part the same; but though his armies penetrated into Media and compelled the payment of tribute, he only in fact added to the Assyrian empire some small states lying on the border, in which he pursued the same system of colonization already begun in Babylonia.

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On the south and to the east he was opposed by no great power. His conflicts were with small cities and semi-barbarous tribes.

His great struggle was with the kings of Van for the possession of Syria. Sarduris II. of Van, or Urartu, claimed the title of King of Syria, and was actually in possession of the northern part of that region, including the city of Arpad, an old-time subject state of Assyria. Among his dependent allies were Kushtashpi of Kummukh, Pisisir of Carchemish, Sulumal of northern Melid, or Melitene, and Panammu of Sam'al. He held therefore the northern fords of the Euphrates, and controlled all the upper waters of that river. In his third year Tiglathpileser crossed the Euphrates at the lower fords, invaded northern Syria, and laid siege to Arpad, north of Aleppo; whereupon Sarduris invaded Assyria, compelling him to raise the siege and turn back for the protection of his own country. A battle was fought in Commagene, in which Tiglathpileser was victorious; and although unable to pursue his enemy into his own land, the victory was so far conclusive that it detached the allies of Sarduris, who forthwith sent presents and tribute to Tiglathpileser. Tiglathpileser devoted his three following campaigns to the reconquest of the former Assyrian possessions in northern Syria, from the bend of the Euphrates westward or a little southwestward to the Mediterranean. The kings of these countries were reduced to submission; and one of them, Unqi, which lay between the river Afrin and the Orontes, and whose king refused to pay tribute, was provided with an Assyrian governor and garrison and incorporated in the Assyrian empire, according to Tiglathpileser's definite policy. In the year 739, as we learn from his annals, Tiglathpileser turned his attention northward, undertaking first of all to reconquer the Nairi lands, former possessions of Assyria, which had been annexed by the kings of Van. He was successful in these campaigns, and carried his conquests to the very borders of the kingdom of Van itself; but rebellions and refusal of tribute on the part of the petty states of Syria and the cities of the Phœnician coast compelled him to turn his attention westward once more. Here an alliance had been formed, the moving spirit of which was Azriyau or Azariah of Ya'udi. With him were allied some nineteen states in all, including Commagene, Que or Cilicia, Melid or Melitene, Carchemish, Damascus, Samaria, Gebal, Tyre, and some Arabian states. This Azriyau of Ya'udi was long supposed to be Azariah, king of the Jews. The similarity of the name is most striking; but, unfortunately for this identification,

the capital of Azriyau is stated to be Kullani, which, in Hebrew transliteration, would probably be Kalneh. Scholars now suppose the Ya'udi to have been a people dwelling between the Afrin and the Orontes, north of Hamath and south of Aleppo. The Aramaic inscriptions discovered by the Germans at Zinjirli have shown that the Aramaic spoken in these regions was very closely allied to Hebrew, much more closely than any other Aramæan dialect heretofore discovered. Indeed, it is difficult to say whether it is properly to be classed as a Canaanite or an Aramæan dialect, so close is the connection. It would appear from the name of Azriyau of Ya'udi, that along with this close connection of language between the Jews and the Aramæans of northern Syria went a connection in other things also; for the name Yahu (Yahaweh) was known to both, and both had the same race or tribal name, Ya'udi. Some of the other names of kings contained in Tiglathpileser's records of this campaign are also of interest, especially to the Bible student, namely Rassunnu, king of Damascus, the Biblical Rezin; Minichimmi of Samarina, that is Menahem of Samaria; and Hiram of Tyre.

Tiglathpileser marched against Azariah in 738, defeated him, incorporated his land in the Assyrian empire, and placed an Assyrian governor in his capital city Kullani. The various kings mentioned above, and others, hastened to pay tribute to the conqueror, and the whole region, from Cilicia and Commagene on the north to Samaria on the south, acknowledged itself tributary to the Assyrian king and paid him tribute. At the same time that Tiglathpileser was conducting these campaigns in the west, a rebellion broke out in the east; and the excellent organization which Tiglathpileser had succeeded in establishing, shows itself in the fact that he was able to remain in the west, leaving the Assyrian governors of the eastern province to put down the revolts in that region, which they did with the utmost severity. The plan of deportation of rebellious subjects was carried out between these two extremes of the empire, and some thirty thousand colonists were brought from the lands of the east to be settled in Kullani and neighboring territories, Aramæans from that region being in turn deported to the mountains of the east.

In 735 Tiglathpileser felt himself strong enough to undertake the conquest of Urartu. He succeeded in penetrating to the capital city, Tospa or Turuspa, on the shores of Lake Van, but was unable to capture it. He devastated and laid waste the whole country, however, inflicting such a punishment as

to inspire king and people alike with a dread of the Assyrian arms and an anxiety to avoid all further conflict with that power. In the mean time the cities of the west had formed a new league to resist the Assyrian power. As in the days of Shalmaneser, we find Damascus the leading state in this new federation, which included the coast cities of the Philistines, but evidently did not the wealthy Phœnician cities, which preferred to buy peace by tribute. This attitude of the Phœnician cities enabled Tiglathpileser to march down the Mediterranean coast without opposition. He took Gaza, whose king, Hanno (Khanunu) fled to Egypt, and set up there his royal throne and his image in stone, as token of his kingship, as also a statue of the god Ashur. The capture of Gaza, Ascalon, and Ekron, which he also records, implies the control of the entire Syrian and Palestinian seacoast by Tiglathpileser.

Tiglathpileser's records throw most welcome light on Bible history. According to Isaiah vii. and 2 Kings xv., Rezin of Damascus and Pekah of Israel had undertaken to dethrone Ahaz, King of Judah, and set upon the throne in his place a certain Tabul, a Syrian. Ahaz, against the protest and advice of Isaiah, sent messengers to the king of Assyria with tribute, recognizing him as his suzerain. Putting this account and the records of Tiglathpileser together, it is clear that Rezin and Pekah had attempted to force Ahaz into the confederacy of the western states, formed to resist the Assyrian great power. Ahaz, dreading these powerful and aggressive neighbors more than the distant power of Assyria, preferred to summon the latter to his aid by declaring himself its subject. This gave occasion for the campaign above described, and led Tiglathpileser to attack the allies on the west and south, thus giving relief to Judah, and at the same time bringing him into touch with his new ally. But the capture of the seacoast and the relief this brought Judah, now a subject state of Assyria, did not altogether break up the confederacy or finish the war in the west. In 733 Tiglathpileser again marched down the seacoast and fell upon the land of Israel. For the results of this campaign we are in part dependent upon the Bible narrative, which shows us that the Assyrians took and annexed to Assyria, apparently as a province of the empire, Galilee and Gilead,—that is the land north of the plain of Jezreel and east of the Jordan,—leaving of the kingdom of Israel only the central state of Samaria. Pekah himself was killed (it may be noted that in the Bible story we have two

kings, Pekah and Pekahiah, who, it would seem, are really one and the same), and Hoshea (Ausi'i of the Assyrian inscriptions) became king in his stead. Then Tiglathpileser fell upon Damascus, which he finally captured in 732, after a terrible devastation of the land, in which he destroyed, as he boasts, 591 cities, whose inhabitants with all their possessions he carried away to Assyria. Damascus was thus made a province of the Assyrian empire under a governor. His inscriptions tell us that Sanibu of Ammon, Salaman or Solomon of Moab, and Ya'uchazi (that is, Jehoahaz, whom the Bible calls Ahaz, omitting the divine element, Yahu, in his name), king of the Ya'udæans, or Jews, and Kaus-malak of Edom, were all compelled to pay tribute. Among the allies who had opposed him in his first campaigns in the west, in 738, was a certain queen of Arabia, Zabibi by name. She had been succeeded by another queen, Shamshi, and against her country Tiglathpileser now directed his victorious arms. She also was defeated, and a great booty of camels and oxen taken. As a result of this victory, Arabia, as far south as the kingdom of the Sabæans, at that time a wealthy and important kingdom in southern Arabia, sent tribute to Tiglathpileser.

While he was engaged in these remarkable campaigns in the west, Babylonia was disturbed by internal wars, and by invasions of Aramæans and Chaldæans, a people occupying the extreme southern part of the country at the head of the Persian Gulf. At last a certain Ukinzer, a Chaldæan prince, succeeded in making himself king of Babylon. In 731 Tiglathpileser found himself free to carry his arms against this king. His campaigns lasted several years and were completely successful. He subdued and pacified the country, offering sacrifices to Marduk in Babylon, Nabu in Borsippa, Nergal in Kutha, En-lil in Nippur, Sin in Ur, etc. Finally he "took the hands" of Marduk in Babylon, and was declared king of Babylon on New Year's Day, 728, bearing in the Babylonian king lists the name of Pulu.

Under Tiglathpileser Assyria had reached a greater extent of power than it had ever attained before. Through his conquests the whole territory, from Media to the Mediterranean, and from the borders of Armenia in Lake Van to the borders of Egypt, had been united under one sovereign, and even the kingdoms of southern Arabia had done him homage. To be sure, the greater part of this territory was occupied by subject states; but Assyria and Babylonia were united in one kingdom,

and here and there along the mountains of Media and Persia on the east, and in Syria and Palestine on the west, were regions which had been formally incorporated into the Assyrian empire, and which were governed by Assyrian governors and occupied by Assyrian garrisons. The policy which Tiglathpileser had inaugurated, of removing turbulent and disaffected peoples from their homes and scattering them in various parts of the empire, tended to consolidate the power of Assyria and to amalgamate the nations of Western Asia into one whole. However much tyranny and oppression was connected with such an empire as that established by Tiglathpileser, it certainly had the effect of bringing the nations into contact one with another over a very wide extent of country, and thus promoting the progress of civilization.

Tiglathpileser was succeeded by Shalmaneser (Sulman-asarid) IV., who reigned from 726 to 722. We have no historical inscriptions from his reign; and even the Eponym List, from which we might have obtained at least the order of events, is, unfortunately, here broken off. We have only a brief notice in the so-called Babylonian chronicle, and a couple of references in the Bible, which enable us to piece together a history of his short reign. Following the example of his predecessor, he seems to have become king of Babylon, and taken the hand of Marduk under the title of Ilulai or Elulæus. In the west he evidently had to contend with a revolt of subject states, in which Samaria took part, instigated or supported by Egypt. This was a period of partial Ethiopian supremacy in that country. Shabaka the Ethiopian had deposed and killed King Bakenrenf (Bocchoris), and made himself overlord of Egypt. He is not, however, the one who is mentioned in the Bible as entering into alliance with Hoshea. There we are told that Seve or So, king of Musri, was the ally of the Samarian king. We can only conjecture that he may have been a subject king in Lower Egypt under Shabaka, though some have identified this Musri with an Arabic region bearing the same or a kindred name, and supposed that it was an Arabian and not an Egyptian prince who instigated the rebellion of the West. However that may be, Hoshea rebelled in 725, and Shalmaneser invaded Israel and laid siege to Samaria. The Bible narrative would seem to imply that he took the city; but the Assyrian records show us that while he commenced the siege he did not live to finish it. He was succeeded by the first king of a new dynasty, Sargon II., who bore or assumed the name

of the ancient and famous Sargon of Accad. He found an empire, whether as the result of the incompetence of his predecessor or of disturbance connected with his own accession to the throne, — for he seems to have been a usurper and not of royal blood, — in revolt on all its borders. Sargon captured Samaria in 721, and deported 27,290 men, whom he settled by the rivers Balikh and Khabur in Mesopotamia and in the Median mountains, putting in their place colonists from Kutha in Babylonia and other newly conquered regions. Samaria was turned into an Assyrian province, over which was set an Assyrian governor. Of course the captives who were deported on this and similar occasions did not constitute by any means the whole population of the country, but rather the better class of mechanics, artisans, tillers of the soil, and the like.

Sargon built himself a new palace and city, which he named Dur-Sarrukin, "Sargon's Tower," at Khursabad, about twenty miles northeast of Nineveh. This palace and town, alone of all Assyrian sites, have been excavated with any degree of thoroughness, by the French in the years 1842-1845. From the town itself we have practically nothing of value. The palace has furnished us with remains of the most interesting and valuable description. The walls of this palace were wainscoted with slabs containing inscriptions recounting the great events of his reign, and containing artistic representations of various sorts of a high degree of excellence. The excavations revealed, also, some interesting details of palace arrangement and court life. The palace was divided into three parts, one for the court, the administration of justice, and the like, one for the king's residence, and one for the harem. The arrangement of the harem shows that the king had four wives, a usage familiar later under Mohammedan law. One of the odd discoveries of the excavators was the king's wine-cellar. More important was an admirably preserved ziggurat, erected in connection with the palace. Almost at the outset of Sargon's reign, Babylonia rose in rebellion under a certain Merodach-baladan, king of the sea lands, who had as his allies Elam and various Aramæan tribes and states. Sargon seems to have been unsuccessful in his first attempts to subdue Babylonia, although, in his inscriptions, he claims a victory. At once the West rose in revolt. We shall not attempt to follow his campaigns in detail. His records and those of the succeeding kings show us that the instability of the Assyrian power was due to the oppression of Assyrian rule. The sole object of the Assyr-

ian kings, like that of the Pharaohs of Egypt in the time when they ruled Syria, was to exploit conquered countries for the benefit of their own land. It was their policy to exact the largest possible tribute from subject states, and this tribute was collected by corrupt officials, who presumably made the burden still heavier. Consequently we find these subject princes continually rising in revolt, deeming it better to take the risk of utter destruction than to continue to submit to such extortions.

The first rebellion of the West which we read of in Sargon's reign centered about Hamath, which was ruled at that time by a certain Ya'ubidi or Ilubidi, names interesting to us because they contain in composition what is apparently the same divine name as the Hebrew Yahu, which in Hebrew names also is often used interchangeably with the more general designation of divinity, El or Ilu. The king of Gaza, Hanno, and Seve or So of Egypt, whom we met with in the preceding reign, supported and assisted Hamath. Damascus and Samaria, which had been reduced to the condition of Assyrian provinces, were involved in this revolt. Later we read of another revolt which involved more particularly Judæa and the Phœnician cities. The twentieth chapter of Isaiah is dated in the year when Tartan — that is, the Assyrian general — came to Ashdod, at the beginning of the reign of Sargon, king of the Assyrians, and fought against Ashdod and took it. The Assyrian inscriptions give us further information with reference to this event; namely, that a certain Yamani, with the expectation of Egyptian assistance, had deposed the legitimate king of Ashdod and set himself upon the throne. All the Philistine cities, together with Judah, where Hezekiah was now king, Moab and Edom, were drawn into this revolt; which was suppressed, apparently, without great difficulty.

One of the most interesting events of Sargon's reign was the capture, in 717, of Carchemish, the last remnant of the once great and famous Hittite empire. It had rebelled in conjunction with the Mushke or Moschi, who had been adversaries of Assyria for the last 500 years or so, and who were now settled north and east of the Taurus Mountains. The Assyrian king captured and destroyed Carchemish, carried off the king and his family to Assyria, then rebuilt the city and made it an Assyrian colony. Carchemish is to-day the ruin mounds of Jerabis, where a few partially excavated slabs excite, by their rude carvings, curiosity as to the people who made them. It was these slabs, with their uncouth sculptures and clumsy hieroglyphs, and similar remains from Hamath, which were first

identified as Hittite. Since then similar monuments have been found at various points in Syria, while in Asia Minor, from the borders of Armenia on the east to Lydia on the west, have been found rock carvings with occasional inscriptions. These sculptures and bas-reliefs are uncouth and clumsy. The motives in many cases are clearly borrowed from Assyrian originals, as in the case of the winged disk ornaments, and the processions of gods and goddesses mounted on symbolic animals at Boghaz Keni in Cappadocia. Of inscriptions we have, in all, about 100, including a couple recently found at Babylon. Various attempts at decipherment have been made, founded largely on the bilingual boss of a certain Tarkondemos. This boss, of silver, of uncertain provenance, was originally offered for sale in Constantinople thirty years or so ago. The British Museum obtained an electrotpe, after which the boss disappeared. It is supposed to have been destroyed in a fire in Pera. There is a medallion head surrounded by a bilingual inscription in Assyrian and in the rude hieroglyphs which we designate as Hittite. Up to the present time none of the attempted decipherments has won general acceptance. We know that the inscriptions are written *boustrophedon*, that is, alternately from left to right and from right to left. The general meaning of some of the signs is known, such as *king*, *son*, etc., but not their transliteration. No inscription has yet been read with any degree of certainty, and we do not know the racial or linguistic affinities of the people who wrote the inscriptions. Their costume, as represented on their monuments, suggests a mountain origin, which agrees with what little we know of their history from the inscriptions of other peoples.

Another interesting event of Sargon's reign was his expedition into Arabia for the collection of tribute. How far he penetrated we cannot say with certainty, but the tribes mentioned in his inscriptions seem to have been settled along the western coast from Medina to a point somewhere below Mecca. These were all conquered and reduced to subjection, in addition to which he received tribute from Shamshi, queen of Arabia, whose kingdom was in the north, and It'amer of Saba, king of the Sabæan kingdom in the south. Recent explorations have thrown considerable light on the civilization of this kingdom, and a still earlier Minæan kingdom in the same region. Ancient traditions of other peoples, like the Bible story of the Queen of Sheba, told of wealthy and important peoples in southern Arabia. Explorers have now proved the truth of these

traditions. It is clear that a wealthy and highly civilized people, having commercial relations with Egypt, Babylonia, and Syria, occupied this country from the middle of the second millennium on. Written monuments in Minæan and Sabæan script, a national Arabic development of the Phœnician alphabet, begin somewhere after 1000 B.C. These inscriptions, valuable as they are as proving the existence of Minæan and Sabæan culture and civilization, cannot be said to be interesting, and but few of them have yet been published. From the north of Arabia we have a few Aramaic inscriptions, like the stele of Tema, interesting chiefly because of the light which they throw on the religions of those regions, which show us that northern Arabia was — for the most part certainly — Aramæan until a much later period than this.

In the north, Sargon fought with the Armenians, or Chaldeans as they called themselves, over whom a certain Rusas now ruled. All the subject states of this king he conquered, and devastated his country; but the Chaldeans themselves remained unconquered, and Rusas, and his son Argistis II. after him, continued to rule over a kingdom about Lake Van and the head waters of the Euphrates. In the east we read of numerous Median states and tribes who rendered submission to Sargon, and of extensive deportations of population from those regions. In the south, Sargon seems finally to have entered Babylon as a deliverer of the Babylonians from the tyranny of Merodach-baladan the Chaldæan, and his Elamitic and Aramæan allies. He did not, however, "take the hands of Marduk," but simply styled himself *shakkanak*, governor or viceroy of Babylon. He invaded the territory of Merodach-baladan at the head of the Persian Gulf, and plundered and destroyed his capital city, Bit-Yakin. Dilmun, an island in the Persian Gulf, paid tribute, and the Elamite king sent presents. His campaigns added, in the end, very little to the kingdom ruled over by his predecessors, except that in the north and northwest he captured territories formerly held by the Armenians and the Moschi. The last year or two of his reign is a period of darkness, from which we have no inscriptions.

Then follows Sennacherib, the best known to the world at large of all Assyrian kings, on account of his famous campaign against Judah. His rule lasted from 704 to 682. No sooner was Sargon dead than a rebellion of subject states began. A suggestion of the cause of it we find in an innocent-looking reference in the Bible to a message from Merodach-baladan,

king of Babylon, to Hezekiah, king of Judah, congratulating him on his recovery from his sickness. The Babylonians appear to have welcomed back again Merodach-baladan with his Elamitic and Aramæan allies. At the same time, the Philistine and Phœnician states, with Hezekiah, king of Judah, at their head, and the Ethiopian Pharaoh of Egypt as their ally, threw off the Assyrian yoke. Sennacherib's first campaign was directed against Merodach-baladan, whom he defeated and expelled from Babylon, putting on the throne a tool of his own, a certain Bel-ibni. He treated the land with great severity, and carried back from this campaign to Assyria an immense booty, besides 208,000 captives. In the following year, 701, he marched against Hezekiah and his allies. The Assyrian inscriptions throw a most interesting light on the Bible records at this point, and the Bible equally explains and supplements the monuments. We find that Hezekiah held the king of Ekron, Padi, a prisoner in Jerusalem. This man had refused to join in the revolt against Assyria, whereupon he had been dethroned, another king put in his place, and he himself carried a prisoner to Jerusalem; precisely that which Rezin of Damascus and Pekah of Israel had intended to do with Ahaz, king of Judah, in 734 B.C. Sennacherib marched along the Phœnician coast, devastated the territory of Tyre, and captured Sidon, where he set up a new king, Ethobal, in place of Elulæus, who had fled to Cyprus. Most of the rebellious princes, on the approach of the Assyrians, paid tribute. Among these we find the names of Puduilu of Beth-Ammon, Kammusu-nadab of Moab, and Malik-rammu of Edom. On the other hand, Ashkelon, Beth-Dagon, and the Philistine cities in general, which were subject allies of Hezekiah, held out and were treated with great severity. At last a force from the south, from Egypt and the Arabian Melukhkha, met Sennacherib in battle at Eltekeh or Altaku, but was defeated. Sennacherib was thus free to punish the arch-conspirator, Hezekiah. Forty-five cities of Judah were captured, according to Sennacherib's inscription, and 200,150 captives were carried off. We have in Sennacherib's bas-reliefs a representation of the siege and capture of one of these cities, Lachish. Hezekiah was obliged to pay a great tribute of gold and silver, which necessitated, as we learn from the Bible, stripping the temple of its ornaments and furnishings. He was also obliged to surrender wives and daughters to Sennacherib for his harem. But with these gifts Hezekiah did not succeed in buying off the Assyrians. While

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he lay before Lachish, Sennacherib sent a part of his army, under an officer whom the Bible designates as the Rabshakeh, to Jerusalem to demand its surrender; and, that failing, to blockade the town until he himself should come to lay siege to it and destroy it. The book of Isaiah gives us most picturesque descriptions of the terror which prevailed in the city and the preparations for defense. Sennacherib says of Hezekiah that he "shut him up like a caged bird in Jerusalem, his royal city," and tells us of the Arabian and other mercenary allies on whom he relied for his defense. In the meantime, the Ethiopian Pharaoh, Tirhaka, was advancing with an army against Sennacherib. Sennacherib claims to have met and defeated him with great slaughter. The Bible tells us of some sort of disaster which befell the Assyrians, whom the angel of the Lord slew by night. Egyptian tradition seems in a blind way to have preserved some notice of a pestilence. This meets us, however, some centuries after the event, in the tale which the priests in Egypt told Herodotus. According to this, a priest of Vulcan, called Sethos, won a victory over the army of Sennacherib, king of the Arabians and Assyrians, because of the field-mice that gnawed the thongs of the bows and devoured the quivers of the army of Sennacherib in the night. The final result of this campaign is not narrated by Sennacherib, and we find no notice later in his inscriptions with regard to Judah or neighboring regions, which, from the Bible records, would appear to have been left unmolested during the remainder of his reign. He did, however, conduct other campaigns in the West, in Cilicia and Cappadocia in Asia Minor, where he boasts of his wonderful achievements in mountain climbing, and in Arabia. The great struggle of his reign was with Merodach-baladan and the Elamites. He destroyed the city of Babylon, and invaded and plundered Elam. The record of his rule in Babylonia is a record of devastation. The city of Babylon itself he turned into a smoking ruin. All that had been achieved in former reigns toward the permanent union of Babylonia and Assyria was lost in his reign.

The only old Hebrew inscription yet found may, perhaps, belong to this period; namely, the Siloah inscription. This inscription was cut in the rock on the side of an aqueduct tunneled under the hill of Ophel, south of the temple, in Jerusalem, and celebrated the completion of that tunnel. It has no date, refers to no known event, and, strangely enough, has no religious reference of any sort. The tunnel is commonly sup-

posed to have been bored by Hezekiah, in which case the inscription would belong to his reign. It reads: "Tunnel. Now this is the manner of the tunnel. The workmen were still lifting up the pick, each toward his fellow, and there were yet three cubits. The voice of one calling to his fellow, that there was a break (?) in the rock on the right. . . . And on the day of the tunneling the workmen struck pick to pick one against another, and the water ran from the outlet to the pool, 1200 cubits; and . . . cubits was the height of the rock above the head of the workmen." We have quoted this at length because of the peculiar interest attaching to it as the only old Hebrew inscription yet found.

Sennacherib was assassinated by one of his sons and succeeded by another, Esarhaddon, who ruled from 680 to 668. He had himself at once proclaimed governor of Babylon, as well as king of Assyria, and set out to restore the ancient city which his father, Sennacherib, had destroyed. He boasts that he enlarged and beautified its famous walls, Imgur-Bel and Nimitti-Bel, beyond that which they had been in former days; he also restored the famous temple, Esagila, of the god Marduk, with its great ziggurat. He rebuilt or repaired also many ancient temples in other cities of Babylonia, including the temple of En-lil at Nippur. The peaceful relations which he succeeded in establishing with the Elamites, after some invasions of Babylonia by the latter, were signalized by the return to Agade, in 673, of the gods which had been carried off by the Elamites at some previous time. In the west, Esarhaddon was concerned principally with the attempt to reduce to submission the wealthy coast cities of Phœnicia with their allies, as far northward as Cilicia, and with the conquest of Egypt. In 670, after a previous unsuccessful attempt, he invaded Egypt, captured the city of Memphis, and drove out the Ethiopians. Memphis was plundered and destroyed, and Esarhaddon says that he carried away from its temples fifty-five royal statues. He reorganized the government, gave Assyrian names to the cities, and set up new kings in the different nomes, with Necho of Saïs as chief among them.

A monolith of Esarhaddon, containing an account of the conquest of Egypt, and representing Tirhaka and his ally, Ba'al of Tyre, kneeling before him with rings through their lips, was found by the Germans in the only site yet explored in Syria, the ruin mound of Zinjirli, in the extreme northwest, not far from the Taurus Mountains. The oldest remains at this place

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were uncouth Hittite sculptures and bas-reliefs. The great door of the castle alone contained forty rude reliefs in stone. It was in the outer small court of this castle that the monolith of Esarhaddon stood. In his time the kingdom of Sam'al was a province of Assyria, and this was a garrison town. In the same place and in some neighboring villages were found also Aramæan inscriptions of Bar-Rekub and Panammu, which carry us back to the latter half of the preceding century, to the time of Tiglathpileser, whose faithful subject and ally Panammu, king of Yadi, claims to have been. These latter inscriptions are peculiarly important linguistically, as they throw light on the origin of the Aramaic dialect and its relationship to the Canaanite-Hebrew dialect of the same great Semitic family of languages. We have only one other old Aramæan inscription from northern Syria, a votive stele found in the little cone village of Nirab near Aleppo, which may be somewhat earlier than the inscription of Panammu. The discoveries at Zinjirli belong, it will be seen, to three different peoples: Hittites, Aramæans, and Assyrians. This mound is only one of almost countless ruins which dot the face of northern Syria; and the results of the German excavations at Zinjirli, in 1888-1891, hold out a promise that some day we shall know the history of that country from the records of its own towns as well as we know the history of Assyria.

In Esarhaddon's time there fell upon the provinces of Media and Armenia an invading horde of Indo-Europeans, the Cimmerians, coming apparently from the south of Russia. One division of these people, after attacking the kingdom of Urartu or Armenia to the north of Assyria, moved westward into Asia Minor. Assyria itself was not invaded; but a number of small subject states were overrun and cut off from the Assyrian empire, from Lake Van westward to Cappadocia and Cilicia. Eastward the same Manda hordes, as they are called in the Assyrian inscriptions, poured into Media, and in spite of the best efforts which the Assyrians could make, succeeded in establishing themselves in that country. Esarhaddon reports himself as victorious over them, but it is clear that his victories were without permanent results, and that, however he may have succeeded in defeating some individual companies of the invaders, their fellows, pressing on behind, succeeded in occupying and possessing the territory. At the end of this reign we find the country east of Assyria—modern Persia, as well as Armenia and the regions westward into the very heart of Asia

Minor — occupied by Indo-European peoples, who, coming in as barbarians, like the Goths, the Lombards, and others who at later times invaded the Roman Empire, soon settled down as occupants of the cities and tillers of the fields of the conquered territories. Assyria, although unable to protect and retain its outlying provinces and subject kingdoms, was nevertheless strong enough to repel invasion for the present. The history of the encroachments of these sturdy Indo-European barbarians upon the ancient Assyrian great power, and their establishment of new kingdoms to the east and the north, is singularly like the record of the commencement of the conquest of the Roman Empire by the Germanic hordes in later days.

Still one more famous reign, that of Ashurbanipal, son and successor of Esarhaddon, was to intervene before the downfall of the Assyrian power; but with the entrance upon the scene of these Indo-European invaders, the doom of the great empire of the East was already sealed. By a curious textual error, Ashurbanipal is known in the Old Testament as Asnapper (Ezra iv. 10). He is the Sardanapalus of the Greeks and Latins. Greek tradition tells of his luxury and effeminacy; and his own inscriptions seem to show that, like the later Turkish sultans, he no longer went forth with his armies, but intrusted such functions to his grand vizier, himself spending his time in his harem or in the chase. He was the greatest patron of art and letters among the Assyrian kings. It was the library which he collected in his palace at Nineveh which has furnished most of the remains which we now possess of early Babylonian literature. The clay books of this library were copies of originals contained in the temple libraries of old Babylonia, more particularly of Erech, as we learn from the colophons found on them. These books were written on clay tablets in series, each series having its title. Each tablet bore the name of its series, and at the bottom the first line of the next tablet in the series. This library contained works of grammar, lexicography, poetry, history, science, and religion. Under the latter head we may include both liturgical tablets, penitential psalms, some of which remind us strangely of the Hebrew in form and thought, and mythological texts. The most famous of the latter is the great solar epic of Gilgamesh, which from the religious standpoint played the same part in Babylonia that Homer did in Greece; as we can gather, among other things, from the numerous scenes from it which are found engraved on Babylonian seal cylinders; and the poem of the Descent of Ishtar into Hell,

which appears to have been used in some way in connection with the Tammuz worship, to which we have several references in the Bible. These remains of Ashurbanipal's library were discovered in the excavation of his palace at Nineveh in the fifties by Layard ; but their character and importance were not recognized until, in the early seventies, George Smith, of the British Museum, read on some of the fragments a flood story singularly like that of the Hebrew book of Genesis. These fragments proved later to be parts of the eleventh book of the great epic, the only book yet recovered with any degree of completeness. This famous discovery led the *Daily Telegraph* of London to send Smith to Nineveh for more remains of the great library in 1873. A little later, in 1875, he made a second expedition, in which he lost his life. This discovery attracted attention away from the colossi and monumental stone inscriptions of Khorsabad, Nineveh, and Calah, and even from the clay cylinders containing royal annals, to the more modest clay tablets ; and pointed the attention of the explorers to Babylonia, from which, according to his colophons, Ashurbanipal's scribes had obtained the originals of which their writings were copies. We have also numerous bas-reliefs of Ashurbanipal's reign ; and some of these, representing hunting scenes, where the king is shooting wild asses, or lions, are remarkable specimens of the sculptor's art. The most famous of all, perhaps, is "The Wounded Lioness." The Assyrian artists never attained to such excellence in depicting the human figure as they did in their animal scenes. Human beings are represented in a distinctly conventional way, but the lions and dogs and asses seem to have been studied from the life. Ashurbanipal's bas-reliefs and those of his predecessors, especially Sennacherib, give us also valuable representations of temples, ziggurats, cities, houses, siege implements, boats, and the like, which are instructive both from a practical and an artistic standpoint.

Ashurbanipal was a great builder, and has left us long lists of the buildings which he erected. The American excavations at Nippur showed that the last and most splendid restoration of the temple of Bel at that place was his work. Apparently, he found it desirable to strengthen the hands of En-lil, the ancient Bel of Nippur, as a counterpoise to the power of Babylon ; but in Babylon also he restored with much pomp Esagila, the temple of Bel Marduk, and one of his inscriptions contains an invocation to this god, an inscription which is historically interesting by its reference to the Manda hordes, their chief

Tugdammî, and his son Sandakshatra. But by far the greatest and most important of his works was, as already said, his library, which was, by the way, the development on a large scale of a work begun by his predecessors. In Proverbs xxv. 1 we have a notice that Hezekiah of Jerusalem was collecting writings, and it may possibly be assumed that such a literary movement was taking place in several places at once. It is presumably Ashurbanipal's devotion to the literary records of the past which makes his own records such models of literary style. His great cylinder inscriptions are not annals, giving us a record of his campaigns or his buildings in chronological order. They present an account of his achievements quite different from anything we find in the royal annals before his time. We read what people said and thought. The divine assistance is sought and found in dreams, omens, and sacrifices. Vivid sketches, picturesque descriptions, striking figures of speech, abound in his inscriptions. One would suppose, on a cursory reading, that he was a great conqueror; but a more careful study of the records of his wars and boasted conquests shows that, with all the wealth and splendor, the art and the literary culture, which must have made this seem to the ignorant part of the population of Nineveh the most brilliant and prosperous period of their history, it was in reality a reign of catastrophe. To some extent one is reminded of the times of the Comneni in Constantinople, when the empire was threatened by Crusaders on the north and Turks on the south and east; but the court was cultivated, the city wealthy and prosperous, art and literature were fostered, and the historians painted the story of the state in glowing colors, boastfully turning disasters into victories and invasions into conquests.

Esarhaddon, before his death, had conquered Egypt and parceled it out into provinces, over which he had set subject kings, achievements which are recorded in part in Ashurbanipal's inscriptions; but no sooner was Esarhaddon dead than all Egypt rose in revolt, supported and assisted by Tyre, which Esarhaddon had besieged but not captured, and other Phœnician cities. Ashurbanipal's inscriptions record the submission of Tyre; and Bacal, the king of that city, sent one of his daughters and several of his nieces as contributions to Ashurbanipal's harem, and his son as a hostage to be educated in Assyria. Similarly, Yakinlu, king of Arvad, and the princes of Cilicia and of Tabal in Cappadocia, sent their daughters for the same purpose.

Ashurbanipal's inscriptions give us some information with regard to events in that almost unknown region, Asia Minor, supplementing the information which we obtain from Greek sources. Almost no excavations have been conducted in Asia Minor. Rock-cut inscriptions of the Hittites have been discovered, as already stated, at various points. In the last few years the surface of the country has been traversed by various scholars, and numerous sites and some inscriptions of later periods have been discovered there, as also some most interesting rock-cut cities, the so-called cone cities of Cappadocia. On the western coast, excavations have been conducted on Greek sites at Ephesus, Assos, and Pergamos, besides the famous excavations at Troy. With the single exception of the latter, these excavations have dealt with the later Greek and Roman periods. We have Hittite inscriptions, not yet deciphered, which belong to a period perhaps at and before 1200 B. C., when that people occupied the greater portion of the central and southwestern part of Asia Minor. Latterly some clay tablets have been procured from Cappadocia, especially by the museums of St. Petersburg and Philadelphia. These tablets are written in a peculiar form of Babylonian or Assyrian script, and not in the tongue of the people. They show Assyrian or Babylonian influence in that region, and a considerable development of the commercial spirit; for, like the common Babylonian tablets, these inscriptions are all of a commercial character, so-called contract tablets. To precisely what period these tablets belong, however, is not yet altogether clear. The other inscriptions and remains which have been discovered in Asia Minor belong to later periods, chiefly after the Roman conquest and the establishment of Christianity in the country. They have been valuable especially in enabling scholars to write the history of the spread and development of Christianity in these regions. For earlier periods we are still in the dark. Some day the excavations of the numerous ruin sites which abound everywhere may enable us to write the history of this country, as we have been enabled by similar excavations to write the histories of Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia.

Greeks had long before this time settled on the coast lands of the West and of the South, forming numerous prosperous states similar to those in Greece proper, and having, on the West at least, much the same history as the latter. In the time of Ashurbanipal the kingdom of Lydia had come into being, occupying the central and western part of Asia Minor, with

Sardis as its capital. The king of this country was Gyges. According to the inscriptions of Ashurbanipal, Gyges, threatened by the Manda hordes, — the Cimmerians, those Indo-European invaders with whom Esarhaddon had contended, and who, passing the kingdoms of Armenia and Assyria, had roamed westward seeking habitations, — dreamed that Ashurbanipal could help him, and sent an embassy to ask his aid. When the ambassadors reached the borders of Assyria, their leader was asked the question, "Who then art thou, stranger, thou from whose land no courier has yet made his way?" an interesting evidence of the lack of relations with or knowledge of the interior of Asia Minor by the Assyrians. It was with the greatest difficulty, according to Ashurbanipal's account, that any one was found who could understand their speech and act as interpreter for them. Ashurbanipal tells us that he offered prayers to his gods on Gyges' behalf, and by their aid Gyges repelled the Manda.

Ashurbanipal's generals conducted two or three campaigns in Egypt, where Tirhaka, the king of Ethiopia, acted as the ally of the princes of Egypt in their rebellion against the Assyrian power. The Assyrians were victorious, captured Memphis, and carried off enormous plunder. In their treatment of the captured Egyptian cities they rivaled the atrocities recorded in the annals of Ashurnazirpal. Captured leaders were flayed alive and their skins spread on the city walls. Elders of cities were impaled upon stakes and placed around their cities. One of the Egyptian petty kings, Necho of Saïs, whom the Assyrians carried off as a captive, seems to have won Ashurbanipal's confidence, and was in consequence restored to his throne. Later, about 660, his son Psammetichus or Psametik rebelled successfully against the Assyrian power. Ashurbanipal says in his inscriptions that Gyges of Lydia supported him in this rebellion, in punishment for doing which Ashurbanipal prayed to his gods against him. Thereupon the gods deserted him, and Tugdammi and his Cimmerians overran the whole country of Lydia and killed Gyges, whose son, a refugee, became a suppliant of the Assyrians for aid.

The loss of Egypt by the Assyrians was connected with a great revolt of the southern provinces. Esarhaddon had made a younger son, Shamash-shum-ukin, king of Babylon, under Ashurbanipal as his suzerain. This king organized an insurrection against his brother, in which he was assisted by the Elamites, and by Aramæan and Arabian allies from the

Southwest. Ashurbanipal's generals deported him and laid siege to Babylon. Before that city was taken it was reduced to such extremities that human flesh was used for food. Shamash-shum-ukin, rather than surrender to his brother, caused himself to be burned as a sacrifice for the people. Then the gates of the city were opened. The Assyrians took a horrible revenge, murdering and torturing the population. It is characteristic of Ashurbanipal's records that we are told of the delay of his armies because he was waiting for favorable omens, of the dreams in which Ishtar of Arbela spoke to him and said, "I go before Ashurbanipal, the king, whom mine hands have created."

Ashurbanipal declared himself king of Babylon under the name of Kandalanu, and we have a number of Babylonian clay tablets dated in the years of his reign under that name. It would appear that he effectively destroyed the ancient kingdom of Elam. He took Susa, its capital, and pillaged it thoroughly, carrying off the gods and goddesses along with all the vast treasure of the city, destroying the graves of the kings and scattering their bones without, while their statues he carried captive with him. More than one campaign against Elam seems to be described. The country was already in a condition of disorganization and confusion. King overthrew king. There were always several rivals to the throne, one of whom would take refuge with Ashurbanipal, and, on being set upon the throne, shortly rebel against him. Ashurbanipal devastated all Elam ruthlessly; and his treatment of the country, and the utter ruin and destruction he left in his train, prepared the way for the incoming of the Persians, whom we find shortly after in occupation of this land whose civilization was almost as ancient as that of its hereditary rival and foe, Babylonia.

Interesting also is Ashurbanipal's account of his dealings with the Arabians. Yauta, son of Hazael, had sent an army of Kedarenes (Assyrians, Kadri or Kidri), a name with which we are familiar from the Hebrew Bible, to assist Shamash-shum-ukin in his war against his brother. This Yauta was king of Aribi; and with him, from what, according to the Assyrian inscriptions, would seem to be the custom of the country, was associated a queen, Adiya. He overran Edom, Ammon, Moab, and the Hauran (later he even stretched his conquests northward into Syria), on the west, at the same time that he rendered assistance to the Babylonians on the east. The account of the campaigns which the Assyrians conducted against him

introduces us to the king of the Nabathæans, at that time located southward of Aribi in Arabia; whom we meet again, somewhat before the commencement of the Christian era, moving northward and overrunning the whole of the region east of the Jordan. Two or three campaigns were conducted against these various Arabian countries, which seem also to have received assistance at one time or another from the Phœnician cities. Characteristic of Ashurbanipal's methods was his treatment of one Arabian king, Uaite, whom he captured, placed in a cage like a dog, and hung up at the gates of his capital, Nineveh. Elsewhere he tells how on one occasion he harnessed four kings to his chariot and drove them to the temple. Other captive princes he placed in cages with animals.

It is clear that, however successful these campaigns were in the winning of battles, they did not succeed in restoring the Assyrian kingdom. By the close of Ashurbanipal's reign Syria and Palestine were very nearly, if not altogether, lost to Assyria. Media had become a threatening power on the east, and Asia Minor with Armenia on the west. Ashurbanipal died in 626. Of his successors we know little, and it is only recently that we have obtained Babylonian inscriptions dated in the reigns of his son, Ashur-etil-ilani, and of another successor, Sin-shae-ishkun. We have also mention of another king, Sin-shum-lisir. There are no chronicles for this period, and such little information as we possess is derived largely from the Greek historians. A barbarian invasion of some description, known as the Scythian invasion, swept over a good part of the country in this period, very much as in later days the Huns overran Europe. Reference to this invasion is made in the Bible, in the books of the prophecies of Jeremiah and Zephaniah. A memorial of it was left in Palestine in the name Scythopolis, which belonged in the Greek period to Beisan, in the Jordan valley. We are told also that the Scythians reached Askalon on their road to Egypt. Nineveh finally fell somewhere about 610 or 609, apparently through a combined assault of the Babylonians under Nabonassar and the Medians; and for a brief period our world of Asia was parceled out between four great empires, — Lydia in Asia Minor; the kingdom of the Medes, which had sprung up to the east of Assyria during the reigns of Esarhaddon and Ashurbanipal; the kingdom of Babylon; and the kingdom of Egypt, which latter, under Pharaoh Necho, occupied and for a short time succeeded in holding the ancient Syrian and Palestinian possessions of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty.

With the reign of Nabopolassar we enter upon a new era of Babylonian power and prosperity, the neo-Babylonian. The Babylonian inscriptions of this period differ from the Assyrian, in that they record only works of peace, and have nothing or little to say with regard to wars and foreign campaigns. When the Assyrian kings wrote their cylinders, to be deposited in the corners of the temples which they built or restored, they devoted the greater part of their space to the account of their wars and victories, their treatment of the captives, and the like. The similar cylinders from Babylonian temples, outside of the ascriptions of praise and worship to the divinity at the commencement, and the curses at the close, according to universal Semitic custom, on any who should disturb the building or these records, are devoted to accounts of the restoration of cities, the construction of canals, and the building of temples. The differences in the cylinders are characteristic of the differences in the civilization of the two regions. We accordingly learn but little of the political history of this period from the Babylonian inscriptions. For this we are dependent chiefly on the Greek and Jewish historians. On the fall of Assyria, Egypt, as we have seen, seized Syria and Palestine. Babylon contested her claim to these territories, and in 606 the Egyptians and Babylonians encountered one another at Carchemish, the ancient Hittite city on the Euphrates. The leader of the Chaldean army — for the ruling nationality in Babylonia now was the Chaldeans, that people from the neighborhood of the Persian Gulf with whom Sargon and his successors had contended so frequently for the possession of Babylon — was Nebuchadrezzar, son of Nabopolassar the king. The Babylonians won a complete victory, and drove the Egyptians out of Syria and Palestine; but later we find the Egyptians instigating revolt; and when Nebuchadrezzar's generals were besieging Jerusalem the second time, an Egyptian army entered Palestine and obliged the Babylonians to raise the siege for a while. Nebuchadrezzar is one of the greatest men whose names we meet in ancient history. He is probably best known to us of to-day as the conqueror of Jerusalem, who deported the Jews to Babylonia. His inscriptions and remains reveal him as a great ruler, and his reign was evidently a period of wonderful prosperity. As already stated, the neo-Babylonian period in Babylonia, like the contemporary period of the twenty-sixth dynasty in Egypt, was one of archaic revival. The number of inscriptions from this neo-Babylonian period, the time of Nebuchadrezzar and his successors, which we

now possess as a result of excavations in Babylonia, is enormous. These inscriptions reveal in most minute detail the life of the people. We have records and contracts of every description, relating to the mercantile and other transactions of the day, which argue a very highly organized society and great industrial activity. Business houses, lasting age after age, were in existence, undertaking business of every sort, loaning money, caring for estates, and acting for their clients in the sale and transfer of property of every description. They performed, in fact, the functions of the bankers, trust companies, and lawyers of to-day. We have a great mass of legal records, showing us especially a high development of commercial law. These legal records of the Babylonians, unlike those of the Egyptians, begin at an early period. The earliest legal records of Egypt which we possess date from the time of the twenty-sixth dynasty, which was contemporary with the neo-Babylonian empire. The earliest legal records of the Babylonians which have been handed down to us are from the period of the supremacy of Ur, in the latter half of the third millennium B. C. From that time onward we have legal documents and commercial and other records which enable us, or will ultimately enable us, to trace, almost without a break, the practical, every-day history of the people of Babylonia in their commercial and business life.

Nebuchadrezzar was a mighty builder, and a vast number of temples, palaces, canals, and cities were restored and rebuilt in his period. The great ziggurat of the temple of Nebo at Borsippa, as it has come down to us, is of his construction. It is the ziggurat of this temple which appears to be the tower of Babel of the Bible. The inscription on the cylinders found in the corners of this ziggurat is worth quoting, both on this account, and also because of the very interesting religious statements and ascriptions which it contains:—

“Nebuchadrezzar, king of Babylon, the rightful ruler, the expression of the righteous heart of Marduk, the exalted high priest, the beloved of Nebo, the wise prince, who devotes his care to the affairs of the great gods, the unwearied ruler, the restorer of E-sagila and E-zida, the son and heir of Nabopolassar, king of Babylon, am I.

“Marduk the great god formed me aright and commissioned me to perform his restoration; Nebo, guider of the universe of heaven and earth, placed in my hand the right scepter; E-sagila, the house of heaven and earth, the abode of Marduk, lord of the gods, E-kua, the sanctuary of his lordship, I adorned gloriously with shining

gold. E-zida I built anew, and completed its construction with silver, gold, precious stones, bronze, *musukkani* wood, and cedar wood. *Timinanki*, the ziggurat of Babylon, I built and completed; of bricks glazed with lapis lazuli (blue) I erected its summit.

“At that time the house of the seven divisions of heaven and earth, the ziggurat of Borsippa, which a former king had built and carried up to the height of forty-two ells, but the summit of which he had not erected, was long since fallen into decay, and its water conduits had become useless; rain storms and tempests had penetrated its unbaked brickwork; the bricks which cased it were bulged out, the unbaked bricks of its terraces were converted into rubbish heaps. The great lord, Marduk, moved my heart to rebuild it. Its place I changed not and its foundation I altered not. In a lucky month, on an auspicious day, I rebuilt the unbaked bricks of its terraces and its encasing bricks, which were broken away, and I raised up that which was fallen down. My inscriptions I put upon the *kiliri* of its buildings. To build it and to erect its summit I set my hand. I built it anew as in former times; as in days of yore I erected its summit.

“Nebo, rightful son, lordly messenger, majestic friend of Marduk, look kindly on my pious works; long life, enjoyment of health, a firm throne, a long reign, the overthrow of foes, and conquest of the land of the enemy give me as a gift. On thy righteous tablet which determines the course of heaven and earth, record for me length of days, write for me wealth. Before Marduk, lord of heaven and earth, the father who bore thee, make pleasant my days, speak favorably for me. Let this be in thy mouth, ‘Nebuchadrezzar, the restorer king.’”

Bricks with Nebuchadrezzar’s inscriptions are found in great numbers in many parts of Babylon. At Baghdad, not many years since, a quay on the water front was found built of ancient bricks laid in bitumen, bearing the inscription of Nebuchadrezzar, who had restored the ancient city of Baghdad and rebuilt this quay. The Babylon of Nebuchadrezzar’s time has been a brick mine out of which neighboring cities have been built in all succeeding ages. The visitor to the modern city of Hillah will find in the walls of the houses numerous bricks bearing the inscriptions of this same king, taken from the ruins of Babylon. The great palace of the Persian Chosroes, at Ctesiphon, contains similar bricks; and the Greek capital, Seleucia, which lies opposite Ctesiphon on the west bank of the Tigris, was largely built out of the remains of the constructions of Nebuchadrezzar. Nevertheless, even to-day the ruins of Babylon, chiefly the Babylon of Nebuchadrezzar’s time, are enormous. These ruins are now

for the first time undergoing systematic exploration at the hands of the Germans. So great an impression did this man make upon this country, that after the Persians had conquered the land, as we learn from the inscription of Darius, pretenders arose claiming to be Nebuchadrezzar; and apparently, largely by the magic of that name, made themselves for a time kings of Babylon. The external power of Nebuchadrezzar was much less than that of the Assyrian kings. To his share of the Assyrian empire belonged, besides Babylonia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine. An inscription of his found in the Lebanon shows that a sort of forestry was practiced at this time in the famous cedar forests of that country, from which was obtained the timber for buildings in Babylonia.

But great as Nebuchadrezzar was, his kingdom endured but a brief period after his death. His son, Amil-Marduk (man of Marduk), Evil-Merodach of the Bible, was assassinated after a reign of one year. His murderer and successor, Nergal-shar-usur, reigned but three years; and his successor, Labash-Marduk, was assassinated at the end of nine months, to be succeeded by Nabonidus or Nabonaid, the last king of Babylonia. In the Bible, in the Book of Daniel, it is his son Bel-shar-usur, called Belshazzar, to whom is ascribed this position. The inscriptions show us that he was in reality crown prince, and commander of the armies in place of his father. Nabonidus reminds us somewhat of the reforming King Amenophis IV. of Egypt. Precisely in what his reforms consisted is not altogether clear, but it is evident that he offended the priests of the ancient religion in Babylon and throughout the country. We are told that in his reign the gods were not carried in procession; and Cyrus, in his inscriptions, records the restoration to their places of the gods which Nabonidus had carried away to Babylon. He seems to have resided, not at Babylon, but at an otherwise unknown place, Tema, very much as Amenophis deserted Thebes for Amarna. He was, for some reason, greatly interested in the past history of the country. One of his most famous inscriptions contains an account of the restoration of the temple of the sun god at Sippara. He tells us that he removed from the temple all the images of the gods and the like, and undertook a restoration, the principal object of which seems to have been to find the ancient original records. It was necessary to bring the army up from Gaza and set it to dig in the old temple, until at last he found what nobody before him had found for 3200 years — the original records of Naram-Sin, son of Sargon. We

have innumerable business documents from the reign of Nabonidus,—more even than from the time of the great Nebuchadrezzar. His own inscriptions, of which we have a few, differ from those of all preceding kings, in that we find in them most curious and interesting notices of the past history of the buildings which he restored. His reforming activity evidently did not involve the neglect or destruction of the temples of the gods, either in Babylon or other cities; and his bricks, declaring that he built—that is, rebuilt—the places, are found in numerous temples.

The inscriptions of his reign show us the encroachments and finally conquest of the new Persian power. Cyrus, king of Ansan, a part of the ancient kingdom of Elam, whose capital was Susa, had succeeded in overthrowing his suzerain, the king of Media, and making himself king of that country also. We have an interesting notice of this event in a cylinder inscription of Nabonidus:—

“At the beginning of my long reign (Sin and Merodach) showed me a vision. Merodach, the great lord, and Sin (Moon God), illuminator of heaven and earth, stood round about. Merodach spake with me: Nabonidus, king of Babylon, with thy chariot horses draw bricks and build the temple of Ilulhul, and let Sin, the great lord, take up his dwelling therein. With fear I spake to Merodach, lord of gods: That house which thou biddest me build the Mede holdeth, whose might is great. Merodach spake with me: The Mede of whom thou spakest, he, his land, and the kings that walk beside him, shall be no more.

“In the third year (thereafter), as it was beginning, they led him (the Mede) against Cyrus king of Elam, his petty vassal. With his few troops he (Cyrus) overthrew the numerous Medes. Astyages king of the Medes he captured and brought bound to his land.”

We have a similar notice in an account of Nabonidus' sixth year, contained in the official annals of Babylon: “(Astyages) gathered (his army) and marched against Cyrus king of Elam. His army revolted against him and seized him; they gave him up to Cyrus.” This involved Cyrus in war with the allies of Media, the kingdoms of Lydia and Babylon. The latter seems to have taken no immediate aggressive action. Lydia would seem to have done so or prepared to do so. Cyrus marched first, therefore, against the Lydians, and in a single battle defeated and dethroned Cræsus, the king of that country, and conquered and annexed to Persia the whole of his kingdom.

It was in 546 that Croesus was defeated, and by the end of 545 all Asia Minor had become part of the Persian empire; and the Greek cities on the mainland and the islands of the Ægean Sea had made submission to him. In the mean time, according to the annals of Nabonidus, which have been found in a clay cylinder, Nabonidus had made no preparations for a war between him and the new conqueror, which was inevitable. We are told of the mourning for the king's mother in 547, and learn that in the same year Cyrus crossed the Tigris below Arbela and took possession of the ancient land of Assyria. In 546 we are told that the king was in Tema, and his son Belshazzar was with the army in Akkad, and there was some sort of disturbance or riot in Babylon in that year. Then there is a break in the annals. In 539 we find the record that the army of Cyrus has entered northern Babylonia. It would appear that Nabonidus gathered into Babylon the gods and goddesses of all the land, from all the famous temples, whether for protection by them or of them is not stated. The chronicle, written somewhat after the fashion of those chronicles with which we are familiar in the Hebrew book of Kings, recording events of the various years as though by an official historiographer, tells us that Sippara, where Nabonidus appears to have prepared to make his first resistance, was taken without a blow on the 14th day of Tammuz, and Nabonidus fled. Two days later the army of Cyrus, under the command of Ugbaru (Gobryas), governor of Gutium, entered Babylon without fighting. Nabonidus was bound and taken to Babylon. On the 3d day of Marcheshwan Cyrus entered that city, greeted, according to the records which have come down to us, with applause as the deliverer of the people and the restorer of the ancient religion.

We have in the Hebrew scriptures a number of references to Cyrus as the deliverer of the Jews, who released them from captivity and restored them to their homes. An inscription of his own, contained in a cylinder from Babylon, seems to show us that this was part of a definite policy pursued by him:—

“Merodach sought out a righteous king after his own heart, his hand he held; Cyrus king of Elam. He named his name for dominion, all nations recorded his fame. Gutium, and all the host of the Medes, he subdued at his feet. The black-headed race, whom his hands had acquired, he cared for in justice and equity. Merodach the great lord . . . was pleased with the deeds of his second, righteous in hand and heart. He commanded him to go unto his city

Babylon; he caused him to take the road to Babylon. As friend and helper he went by his side. His many troops, whose number, like the waters of a river, could not be told, with brandished arms marched at his side. Without fight or battle he brought him into the midst of Babylon; his city of Babylon he spared. Nabonidus the king that worshiped him not he gave into his hand. All the men of Babylon, the whole of Sumir (Shinar) and Akkad, princes and governors, he subdued under him; they kissed his feet; they rejoiced in his reign; their faces shone. Bel, who by his might reviveth the dead, helpeth all that are in distress or trouble, bless him abundantly, make strong his name!

"I am Cyrus, king of multitudes, great king, mighty king, king of Babylon, king of Sumir and Akkad, king of the four quarters, son of Cambyses, the great king, king of Elam, grandson of Cyrus, the great king, king of Elam, great-grandson of Teispes, the great king, king of Elam, an ancient seed of royalty, whose rule Bel and Nebo loved, whose sovereignty is pleasing to the goodness of their hearts.

"So I entered into Babylon in joy and gladness, I took my royal dwelling in the king's palace. . . . Merodach the great lord . . . caused my many troops in peace to march into Babylon. . . . By his command on all the kings inhabiting all regions whatsoever, from the upper sea to the lower sea, inhabiting all lands, the kings of the West-land also, . . . they brought their heavy tribute to the midst of Babylon, they kissed my feet. . . . The gods (of all lands, which had been brought to Babylon) I restored to their places, and made them inhabit their ancient dwellings. All their peoples I gathered together, and restored to their homes."

This and other inscriptions show us that Cyrus was not the Zoroastrian worshiper which he was formerly supposed to have been. He and his immediate successors, the Achæmenid kings, were, as would appear from their inscriptions, somewhat eclectic in their religion. Recent excavations in Persia, conducted by the Frenchman Dieulafoy, and his wife, Mme. Dieulafoy, have laid bare the palace of the Persian kings at Susa, and revealed many curious details of Persian architecture, ornamentation, and art. We have also some inscriptions carved in the rocks in Persia, of which the most famous and important is the Behistun inscription of Darius. Besides their Persian inscriptions, we have, from the reign of Cyrus and the Persian kings who succeeded him, a great abundance of Babylonian clay tablets. This was evidently a prosperous period for Babylonia, and we are able to trace through these records the domestic and industrial life of the people as in the preceding neo-Babylonian period. The mass of clay tablets in the

museums of Europe and America, obtained from Babylon and other ruin mounds, is enormous. These cuneiform records continue, but in diminishing numbers, well into the Seleucidan period, after the conquest of the East by Alexander; but it is evident from dockets found on them that Aramæan was, even in the period of Nebuchadrezzar, beginning to supersede Babylonian for writing purposes, and that its more convenient Phœnician alphabet was taking the place of the cumbrous cuneiform script. As a spoken language, the *lingua franca* of Hither Asia, Aramæan, or Syrian as it was called by the Greeks and is called in the Bible by a geographical and linguistic blunder, had come into use earlier than this. In the Biblical account of Sennacherib's siege of Jerusalem, we find evidence that Aramæan was at that time the language in which foreigners held intercourse with one another. Dockets on the edges of Assyrian clay tablets show us that it was well known in Assyria even before that time. By the middle of the fifth century it had, as is shown by the Bible, supplanted Hebrew in Palestine as the spoken language of the people; and probably by the close of that century it had become the common language of Hither Asia, and for all practical purposes the Phœnician alphabet had supplanted cuneiform.

The Persians had already, before their conquest of Babylon, developed out of the cuneiform a script of their own, semi-alphabetic in character, having only some forty-two simple signs, in place of the hundreds of cumbrous compound signs of the Babylonian and Assyrian cuneiform. The official records of the Persian kings, so far as they have come down to us, are cut in this script on tombs and on the faces of cliffs in Persia and elsewhere. The earliest of these are found at the ruins of the ancient Pasargadæ, in Persia, which Cyrus made his royal residence after the conquest of Asia Minor and Babylonia. Here also was built his tomb, the Meshed-Murghab, on which, as former explorers report, stood in cuneiform characters the words, "I am Cyrus, the king, the Achæmenid." A stele found at that point contains a bas-relief of a winged figure, which shows us that the Persians had taken over in a somewhat barbarous fashion Babylonian art. Indeed, they were the inheritors, through their conquest of Elam, of the civilization of that region, which was Babylonian in origin, and also of its cuneiform script.

Reference has already been made to the excavations at Susa, and also to the inscription of Darius at Behistun. Some

Persian inscriptions have been found at the ruins of Persepolis; but the most famous of all the records of this period are the long inscriptions engraved on the rock-hewn sepulchre of Darius, at Naksh-i-rustam, and that great trilingual inscription, or rather three inscriptions, on the face of the rocks at Behistun. To cut inscriptions on the face of cliffs was a favorite custom of ancient kings. At the mouth of the Dog River, near Beirut, in Phœnicia, where the road along the Mediterranean is cut in the rock of a projecting headland, a number of Egyptian, Assyrian, and even Roman conquerors cut their inscriptions in the rock. From Armenia we have similar inscriptions of Babylonian, Assyrian, and Persian kings. But none of these inscriptions can be compared for extent, importance, or care of execution with the great inscriptions of Darius on the cliffs at Behistun in Persia, which gave Major Rawlinson the clew to the decipherment of the cuneiform script. Other scholars, like Grotefend earlier in the century, had, on the basis of names inscribed on vases, deciphered a few Persian characters. Major Rawlinson, working independently, and apparently without knowledge of their beginnings, was the first to succeed in actually reading a cuneiform inscription. The great inscriptions of Darius on the rock at Behistun are some three hundred feet above the level of the plain. The mere physical difficulties to be encountered in obtaining a correct transcript of these inscriptions are very great, and Major Rawlinson visited them many times before he finally obtained a complete transcript. He ascertained in the course of this work that "the entire surface of the rock had been carefully smoothed, preparatory to the engraving of the inscriptions on it; and when any portion proved to be unsound, it had been cut away, and fragments of a better quality, imbedded in molten lead, had been inserted with a neatness and precision that rendered a very careful scrubbing necessary in order to detect the artifice. Again, holes and fissures which perforated the rock had been filled up with good material; and a polish had been given to the whole structure." After the engraving of the rock had been accomplished, a coating of silicious varnish had been laid on, which was of greater hardness than the limestone beneath it.

The three languages in which the inscription was written were Persian, Semitic-Babylonian, and Median. A clew to characters was given here, as in the decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphs, by the identification first of certain proper

names, in this and various brief inscriptions, the place of finding of which or information obtainable regarding which showed what names should be sought for. The characters thus ascertained were applied in other cases until a sufficient number of characters had been determined to render feasible the attempt to form words. It was Major Rawlinson's acquaintance with Persian, and the publication by Burnouf, shortly before he commenced his decipherment, of the old Persian writings, which gave him the linguistic material to interpret the word thus formed, precisely as Coptic furnished to Egyptian explorers similar linguistic assistance. It was in 1844 that Rawlinson finally succeeded in transcribing the Persian column of the Behistun inscriptions, which he had first copied in 1836. His translation of this inscription was published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* in 1846, 1847, and 1849.

Having deciphered this simple script, he now set himself to the transcription and decipherment of the Babylonian cuneiform. This inscription was much more difficult to reach than the others, and was in a worse state of preservation, more than a third of the original inscription having been destroyed by the weather. Moreover, the characters were vastly more difficult and more complicated than the Persian. By means of the geographical and personal names in the Persian column, Rawlinson obtained his necessary clew to the characters; and then, using the same method as before, and finding his linguistic support in Hebrew and Arabic, he succeeded in interpreting the first Babylonian inscription ever read. His translation of this inscription was published in 1850. It is on Rawlinson's work that the whole so-called science of Assyriology is based.

Through the work of numerous explorers we have now gathered an immense mass of Babylonian and Assyrian inscriptions. Counting all these remains contained in the museums of Europe and America, we have, presumably, a couple of hundred thousand inscribed tablets or fragments of tablets; and the number is constantly being augmented, both through the scientific expeditions conducted in those regions, and through the material, obtained by native diggers, which is sent out of the country and sold to foreign collectors. The greater part of the literary remains comes, as already stated, from the discovery in Nineveh of the library of Ashurbanipal. The great Assyrian explorer was the Englishman, Sir Austen Henry Layard, who excavated at Nineveh, Calah, and Ashur; although more scientific work was done by the French, under Botta and Place, at

Khorsabad. This work was all done in the forties and fifties. Hormuzd Rassam succeeded Layard in Assyria, and in 1876 undertook his second mission, in which he discovered the gates of Balawat. Since the close of his work, in 1879, the ruins of Assyria have remained practically untouched.

In 1851 the French sent an expedition to Babylonia under Oppert; but the material results of this expedition were lost in the Tigris. At about the same time Sir Henry Rawlinson did some successful digging in Babylonia, especially at Birs Nimroud, the ziggurat of the ancient temple of Nabu at Borsippa, E-zida, where he found the cylinders of Nebuchadrezzar in 1854. But the most successful of the earlier explorers in Babylonia was Loftus, who conducted a number of unsystematic excavations in the south, especially at Erech, Larsa, and Ur. For more than twenty years the tablets which Loftus secured in these excavations lay unread in the British Museum, and no further excavations were conducted in Babylonia. Attention was again attracted to that region, as already stated, by George Smith's discoveries; and about 1878 the English recommenced work in Babylonia under Hormuzd Rassam, who excavated in the following years at a number of sites in northern Babylonia, notably at Abu Habbā, the ancient Sippara. At about the same time, in 1877, the Frenchman, de Sarzec, commenced the eminently successful excavations in Tello, the ancient Sirpurla or Lagash, which have continued ever since. The very successful and extensive excavations at Nippur, by the Americans of the University of Pennsylvania expedition, under myself, Haynes, and Hilprecht, were begun in 1889, and like the French excavations at Lagash, are still in progress. In 1899 the Germans commenced the systematic excavation of Babylon, which also is still in progress. The inscriptions found in Babylonia are, for the most part, non-literary documents. We have a very few fragments of a mythological character, and some of a liturgical character; but the great bulk are temple records, either of a business character, receipts of income, reports of various descriptions, and the like, or of a more religious nature, votive tablets, liturgical formulæ, etc., or business and legal documents of a secular nature.

A specimen of the liturgical literature found in Babylonia, which shows us also the character of the tablets which were dedicated as votives in the temples, is the following "Hymn to the Setting Sun," written in the old liturgical pre-Semitic Sumerian tongue, with an interlinear translation in Babylonian.

As already stated, the Sumerian language continued to be used for liturgical purposes in Babylonia in very much the same way that Latin is now used in the Roman Church. We have two copies of this hymn, the first of which has this colophon: "This is the hymn to the setting sun; the incantator says it after the beginning of the night." The second was a votive tablet, and has the following colophon: "Nabu-balatsu-ikbi, son of E-sagilian, for the preservation of his life has had this tablet written for Nebo, his lord, by Nabu-epis-akli, son of E-sagilian, and placed in the temple E-zida." The temple copy evidently belonged to a series intended for liturgical use; and after the library custom with which we are familiar from the tablets of Ashurbanipal, this tablet had on it also the first line of the tablet which followed in the series, "O Sun, rising in the shining sky." It has been noted that here, as in the ordinary Hebrew use, the evening is put before the morning, so that, contrary to our ideas, the "Hymn to the Setting Sun" was placed before the "Hymn to the Rising Sun" on the shelves of the temple library at Borsippa. The tablet was marked as follows, "Tablets which Nabu-damik, son of . . . has copied and translated from the old copy," which gives us some idea of the method and system pursued by the Babylonians in these collections. The hymn itself, as translated by Bertin in "Records of the Past," reads: —

"O Sun, in the middle of the sky, at thy setting,
 May the bright gates welcome thee favorably,
 May the door of heaven be docile to thee.
 • May the god director, thy faithful messenger, mark the way!
 In E-bara, seat of thy royalty, he makes thy greatness shine forth.
 May the Moon, thy beloved spouse, come to meet thee with joy.
 May thy heart rest in peace.
 May the glory of thy godhead remain with thee.
 Powerful hero, O Sun! shine gloriously.
 Lord of E-bara, direct in thy road thy foot rightly.
 O Sun, in making thy way, take the path marked for thy rays!
 Thou art the lord of judgments over all nations."

Here is a prayer of an earlier period from a lapis lazuli votive tablet dedicated to Bel of Nippur by King Mazi-Marrutash "for his life": —

"That he may hear his prayer;
 Hearken unto his desire;
 Accept his prayer;

Preserve his life;
Make long his days."

It is impossible, in this space, to give an idea of the range of the affairs of private life covered by the tablets found in the Babylonian ruin mounds. Here is a very well preserved tablet, given by a jeweler to his customer, the guarantee that an emerald set in a gold ring will not fall out for twenty years; here is a mortgage of an orchard, as security for the payment of a debt; here, from a tablet of the Persian period, is a sixty-year lease of lots and buildings; here is a statement of certain taxes received by a slave for his Persian master; here is a lease of fields and other property by a slave; and here is a receipt by an official for taxes. Many of these tablets show us the development of commercial law, in which Babylonia was far in advance of Egypt. Tablets of this character commence, as stated, in the latter part of the third millennium, but are especially numerous from the time of Nebuchadrezzar onward. In one case we are able to follow a family for two or three generations, by the suits with regard to inheritance: a childless couple had adopted a child to whom and her husband they willed their property. This will was contested by relatives.

In art and sculpture, and perhaps also in pure literature, the Babylonian and Assyrian civilization was inferior to the Egyptian. In the economic and commercial sphere, in matters scientific, in its effect upon the world and succeeding generations, the civilization of Babylonia was in advance of that of Egypt. It is to the Babylonians, not to the Egyptians, that we owe the scientific knowledge and the mythical conceptions which were borrowed and developed by the Greeks, and passed on from them to our modern civilization. It is this which lends a peculiar interest to the study of the old Babylonian remains.

With the Persian period we come to the end of our theme, as laid out. A vast amount of information bearing on the political history, and on the social and economical development, of Asia after this time has been derived from archæological discoveries, and we have reason to expect still greater results in the future; but for the most part this material comes to supplement and enlarge our knowledge as derived from Greek and Roman historians, and not as the primary or only source of information. We shall therefore not endeavor, in this sketch, to treat of the archæological discoveries belonging to later periods and the light which they have thrown upon history.

Two points only we desire to note, bearing upon the history of Babylonia and its relation to the outside world: from the time of Nebuchadrezzar onward, and more especially in the Persian period, after Nebuchadrezzar, we find, in the tablets which have been dug up at Babylon, Nippur, and elsewhere, a constantly increasing number of names of Jewish form, giving us most interesting evidence of the growth in wealth and commercial importance of the Jewish population settled in Babylonia. Among the finds of the latest period at Nippur, the times immediately succeeding the Arabic conquest, in the eighth century, we have a large number of bowls with Hebrew inscriptions. These were designed for medical use, the incantations upon them being intended to drive out the demons of disease. Water or some other liquid was placed in these bowls, and drunk by the sufferer with the recitation of certain formulæ. These incantations then entered into him and drove out the evil spirits which caused the disease. The bowls are interesting because of the light which they throw on the medical and magical ideas of this and earlier periods, and also as showing us something of the life of the large Jewish population which always resided in Babylonia.

From the time of Nebuchadrezzar onward, also, we find an increasing number of Aramæan dockets on the commercial tablets, which shows us that Aramæan was taking the place of Babylonian as the language of commerce, and that the convenient Phœnician alphabet was displacing the cumbrous Babylonian cuneiform. In the preceding pages we have heard much of the Aramæans in Babylonia. These people played precisely the same part in that country in antiquity which the invading Arabs do at the present time. In the Assyrian and Babylonian records we see the Aramæans steadily moving upward from Arabia. The rear guard of this long-continued invasion was the Nabathæans, who, as we know from notices in the New Testament and inscriptions found east of the Jordan, occupied that country northward to Damascus at about the beginning of the Christian era. After this it is an Arabic-speaking population which is constantly moving out of Arabia and pressing into more northern regions, until, in the seventh century A. D., the great Mohammedan invasion overthrew the Aramæan civilization and culture. Arabia seems to have overflowed with great eruptions at certain intervals; but in the intervening periods it was constantly sending out smaller floods of population into the lands northeastward and northwestward, and it is still

doing so to-day. Whenever a strong power controls the country, these people are either driven off or at once amalgamated. Where the opposite is the case, they roam among the settled populations, levying tribute and harassing the inhabitants of the land, precisely as we find to have been the case in the past.

We have noted in considerable detail the history of the conquests and invasions of Western Asia, because of the great interest which they seem to us to possess in showing the method of the development of civilization. We find a small region of high civilization, surrounded by semi-barbarous and barbarous tribes. At times the masters of the small central sphere of civilization stretch out into the surrounding regions and strive to subdue and annex the inhabitants, at times the civilization of the central region seems to be overthrown by the invasion of the barbarians; but we find that in the end the result of both movements is to civilize the barbarians and increase the sphere of civilization. It is precisely like the action of leaven in dough, to use a very homely simile. At the close of the period to which we have brought down our study, we find the Persians extending their empire over a larger region than had ever before been brought under one power. The Persian empire extended from the center of Asia in Egypt, including in its limits a number of Greek cities on the Asia Minor coast. The new Greek civilization which had taken the place of the older *Ægean* civilization was once more brought into contact with the civilization of the Orient, revived in a new form by the Indo-European Persians. Then came the conquests of Alexander, extending as far as India, which brought a still greater number of states and peoples into connection with one another, under a civilization different from any which had preceded. This prepared the way in its turn for the Roman epoch.

But we may not pursue this theme further. Our object in thus treating our subject has been to suggest how the relatively modern history which commences with the Greek and Roman times is connected with the history of the past; how the same motives, as it were, repeat themselves constantly, so that we have from the earliest times a consecutive and intelligible history of civilization, advancing always in the same way, with periods of apparent collapse through barbarian invasion, which in the end turn out to be the means of civilizing larger regions and infusing new life into the old civilization, until at last we reach the widely extended civilization of our own time, which yet comprehends but a relatively small part of the earth's surface.







